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IN THE HEART OF A FOOL



BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE REAL ISSUE
THE COURT OF BOYVILLE
STRATAGENS AND SPOILS
IN OUR TOWN
A CERTAIN RICH MAN
THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH
GOD'S PUPPETS
THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF
HENRY AND ME
IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

THE HEART OF A FOOL,

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Author of "In Our Town," "A Certain Rich Man,"
"The Martial Adventures of Henry
and Me," etc.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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FRANK WILLIAM TAUDOIS
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IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

CHAPTER I

MEING STAGE DERECTIONS, AND A CAST OF CHARACTERS

UNSHINE and prairie grass—well in the foreground. For the background, perhaps a thousand miles away or more than half a decade removed in time, is the Amerman Civil War. In the blue sky a meadow lark's love song. and in the grass the boom of the prairie chicken's wings are the only sounds that break the primeval silence, excepting the isoing of the wind which dimples the broad acres of tall grass -thousand upon thousand of acres—that stretch northward for miles. To the left the prairie grass rises upon a low hill, bited with limestone and finally merges into the mirage on the knife edge of the far horizon. To the southward on the carves the prairie grass is broken by the heavy green foliage there a sluggish stream that writhes and twists and turns trough the prairie, which rises above the stream and meets weiter limestone belt upon which the waving ripples of the unmowed grass wash southward to the eye's reach.

Enter R. U. E. a four-ox team hauling a cart laden with a printing press and a printer's outfit; following that are ther ox teams hauling carts laden with tents and bedding, bushold goods, lumber, and provisions. A four-horse team lading merchandise, and a span of mules hitched to a spring the come crashing up through the timber by the stream. It is and women are walking beside the oxen or the teams and the riding in the covered wagons. They are eagerly seek-through the timber by the stream. It is the equality of opportunity that is apposed to be found in the virgin prairies of the new West. The men are nearly all veterans of the late war, for the most part bearded youngsters in their twenties or early thirties.

The women are their fresh young wives. As the processic halts before the canvas, the men and women begin to unpathe wagons and to line out on each side of an imaginal street in the prairie. The characters are discovered as follows:

Amos Adams, a red-bearded youth of twenty-nine ar Mary Sands, his wife. They are printers and begin unpacing and setting up the printing material in a tent.

Dr. James Nesbit and Bedelia Satterthwaite, his wife,

the tent beside the Adamses.

Captain Ezra Morton, and Ruth his wife; he is selling

patent, self-opening gate.

Ahab Wright, in side whiskers, white neck-tie, flann shirt and carefully considered trousers tucked in shirt boots.

Daniel Sands, Jane, his young wife, and Mortimer, her i fant stepson. Daniel owns the merchandise in the wago Casper Herdicker, cobbler, and Brunhilde Herdicker, h

wife.

Herman Müller, bearded, coarse-featured, noisy; a Pen sylvania Dutchman, his faded, rope-haired, milk-eyed, sick wife and Margaret, their baby daughter.

Kyle Perry, owner of the horses and spring wagon. Dick Bowman, Ira Dooley, Thomas Williams, James M

Pherson, Dennis Hogan, a boy, laborers.

As other characters enter during the early pages of th

story they shall be properly introduced.

As the actors unload their wagons the spectators manotice above their heads bright, beautiful and evanescer forms coming and going in and out of being. These are the visions of the pioneers, and they are vastly more real that the men and women themselves. For these visions are the forces that form the human crystal.

Here abideth these three: sunshine and prairie grass and blue sky, cloud laden. These for ages have held domain and left the scene unchanged. When lo—at Upper Middle Estrance,—enter love! And love witched the dreams and visions of those who toiled in the sunshine and prairie grass under the blue sky cloud laden. And behold what they visione in the witchery of love, took form and spread upon the prairie.

ris in wood and stone and iron, and became a part of the lifs of the Nation. Blind men in other lands, in other times leaked at the Nation and saw only wood and stone and iron. Yet the wood and stone and iron should not have symbolized the era in America. Rather should the dreams and visions of the pioneers, of those who toiled under the sunsine and in the prairie grass have symbolized our strength. For half a century later when the world was agonizing in a death grapple with the mad gods of a crass materialism, mankind saw rising from the wood and stone and iron that had seemed to epitomize this Nation, a spirit which had lain hadden yet dormant in the Nation's life—a beautiful spirit of idealism strong, brave and humbly wise; the child of the dreams and visions and the love of humanity that dwelled in the hearts of the pioneers of that earlier time.

But this is looking forward. So let us go back to scene me. act one, in those days before the sunshine was shaded, the prairie grass worn off, and the blue sky itself was so staned and changed that the meadow-lark was mute!

And now we are ready for the curtain: and-music please.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE THE FOOL AND HIS LADY PAIR
WHAT HE SAID IN HIS HEART—THE SAME BEING THE TE
NO THESIS OF THIS STORY

STORY is a curious thing, that grows with a kir consciousness of its own. Time was, in its inv brate period of gestation when this story was t Amos Adams's story. It was to be the story of one who great visions that were realized, who had from the high whispers of their plans. What a book it would have if Amos and Mary could have written it-the story of dre come true. But alas, the high gods mocked Amos Ad Mary's clippings from the Tribune-a great litter of t furnished certain dates and incidents for the story. C when the Tribune was fresh from the press Mary and I would sit together in the printing office and Mary eaten pride would clip from the damp paper the grandilog effusions of Amos that seemed to fit into other items that to remind them of things which they could not print in newspaper but which would be material for their l What a bundle of these clippings there is! And there the diary, or old-fashioned Memory Book of Mary Ad What a pile of neatly folded sheets covered with I Adams' handwriting are there on the table by the wine What memories they revive, what old dead joys are bro to life, what faded visions are repainted. This is to be Book-the book that they dreamed of in their youthbefore little Kenyon was born, before Jasper was born deed before Grant was born.

But now the years have written in many things and it not be even their story. Indeed as life wrote upon hearts its mysterious legend—the legend that erased n of their noble dreams and put iron into their souls, t is evidence in what they wrote that they thought it woul

IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE THE FOOL

un: s story. Most parents think their sons will be heroes. their boy had to do his part in the world's rough work before the end the clippings and the notes in the Memory a show that they felt that a hero in blue overalls would ally answer for their Book. Then there came a time when os alone in his later years thought that it might be Kenis story; for Kenyon now is a fiddler of fame, and fiddlers te grand heroes. But as the clippings and the notes show th still another story, the Book that was to be their book story, may not be one man's or one woman's story. r not be even the story of a town; though Harvey's story (Indeed sometimes it has seemed that the ragie enough. of Harvey, rising in a generation out of the sunshine prairie grass, a thousand flued hell, was to be the story the Book.) But now Harvey seems to be only a sign of times, a symptom of the growth of the human soul. So Book must tell the tale of a time and a place where men women loved and strove and joyed or suffered and lost won after the old, old fashion of our race; with only new girdles and borders and frills in the record of their and play as the changing skirts of passing circumstance The Book must be more than Amos Adams's or his or his son's son's story or his town's, though it must of these. It must be the story of many men and many a each one working out his salvation in his own way If the threads woven into the divine design, carrying in its small place on the loom the inscritable pattern But most of all it should be the story ian destiny. shall explain the America that rose when her great ne exultant, triumphant to the glorious call of an -cee from sordid things environing her body and soul. -crated herself without stint or faltering hand to enge of democracy.

old days—the old days when Amos Adams was be printed the Harvey Tribune on a hand pressioned the ink upon the types; he pulled the great to impressed each sheet; and as they worked they it the coming of the new day. As a soldier a ned officer he had fought in the great Civil War ith that should make men free. And he was save

in those elder days that the new day was just dawning. An Mary was sure too; so the readers of the *Tribune* were a sured that the dawn was at hand. The editor knew that the were men who laughed at him for his hopes. But he an Mary, his wife, only laughed at men who were so blind the they could not see the dawn. So for many years they kept or rallying to whatever faith or banner or cause seemed sure in its promise of the sunrise. Green-backers, Granger Knights of Labor, Prohibitionists—these two crusaders for lowed all of the banners. And still there came no sunrist Farmers' Alliance, Populism, Free Silver—Amos marche with each cavalcade. And was hopeful in its defeat.

And thus the years dragged on and made decades and the decades marshaled into a generation that became a era, and a city rose around a mature man. And still in ha little office on a rickety side street, the Tribune, a weekly paper in a daily town, kept pointing to the sunrise; and Amos Adams, editor and proprietor, an old fool with the faith of youth, for many years had a book to write and story to tell—a story that was never told, for it grew beyon

him.

He printed the first edition of the Tribune in his tent under an elm tree in a vast, unfenced meadow that rose from th fringe of timber that shaded the Wahoo. Volume one, num ber one, told a waiting world of the formation of the town company of Harvey with Daniel Sands as president. was one of thousands of towns founded after the Civi War-towns that were bursting like mushrooms through the prairie soil. After that war in which millions of me gave their youth and myriads gave their lives for a ideal, came a reaction. And in the decades that followed th war, men gave themselves to an orgy of materialism. Harvey was a part of that orgy. And the Ohio crowd, the group tha came from Elyria-the Sandses, the Adamses, Joseph Cal vin, Ahab Wright, Kyle Perry, the Kollanders 1 and all th rest except the Nesbits-were so considerable a part of Har vey in the beginning, that probably they were as guilty as th rest of the country in the crass riot of greed that follows

¹The reader may be interested in seeing one of Mary Adams clippings with a note attached. Here is one concerning Mrs. Joh

CH WE INTRODUCE THE FOOL

brought Amos Adams to Harvey because and in those haleyon days all printers were able to write; and he brought Mary—but ry? He was never sure whether he brought ht him. For Mary Sands—dear, dear Mary a way with her. She was not Irish for nother.

tried to be fair with Daniel Sands because prother; even though there was a time after young soldier from the war and found that so hired a substitute and stayed at home, had ey, who was pledged to Amos,—a time when he killed Daniel Sands. That passed, Mary, ame; and for years Amos Adams bore Daniel e. What has all his money done for Daniel. e joy out of him—for one thing. And as for the about Elyria, Ohio, the grass is growing and for forty years only Mortimer, her son, and mouth and hair, was left in the world to the days when he was stark mad; and Mary, he Mary Sands, caught his heart upon the e him happy.

hat Mary brought Amos to Harvey with the Daniel Sands and his followers were known. settlers came to grow up with the country leir independent fortunes; but Mary and e the sunrise. For they were sure that men ing in a new world having found equality of uld not make this new world sordid, unfair

lipping from the Harvey Tribune of June, 1871,

rd Kollander arrived to-day from Elyria, Ohio. It Harvey and she was greeted by her husband, Hongister of Deeds of Greeley County, with a handsome street."

this note:

en of the Elyria settlers, Rhoda Kollander would and face the hardships of pioneer life; but she aut, get an office and build her a cabin before she la will not be happy as an angel unless they have leaven." and cruel as the older world was around them in the Amos and Mary took up their homestead just the town on the Wahoo, and started the *Tribune*, a hoped the high hopes of the Irish while Amos wrote of the news, set his share of the type, ran the errand advertising and bragged of the town in their editoria with all the faith of an Irishman by marriage.

What a fairy story the history of Harvey would should be written only as it was. For one could ev it once upon a time. Once upon a time, let us say, a land of sunshine and prairie grass. And then gr came and set in little white houses and new unpaint thumbed in faint green hedgerows and board fer checkered in the fields lying green or brown or loam the sluggish streams that gouged broad, zigzag fu the land. And upon a hill that overlooked a rockstream the genii, the spirit of the time, sat a glistened in the sunshine and when the town was year old, it was so newly set in, that its great stor house all towered and tin-corniced, beyond the scatt lying residences, rose in the high, untrodden grass. ple of Harvey were vastly proud of that schoolhor young editor and his wife used to gaze at it ado they drove to and from the office morning and even they gilded the town with high hopes. For then t in their twenties. The population of Harvey for part those first years was in its twenties also, when cheap. But thank Heaven the gilding of our tw lasting.

It was into this gilded world that Grant Adams 'Suckled behind the press, cradled in the waste badling under hurrying feet, Grant's earliest memo of work—work and working lovers, and their gathey worked wove strange fancies in his little mind.

It was in those days that Amos Adams and his a sidering the mystery of death, tried to peer behind For Amos tables tipped, slates wrote, philosophers, a and conquerors flocked in with grotesque advice, those curious phenomena that come from the act the abnormal mind, appeared and astounded the v

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they went about their daily work. The boy Grant used at, a wide-eyed, freckled, sun-browned little creature. ming his skinny little hands through his red hair, and stering about the unsolvable problems of life and death. at soon the problems of a material world came in upon at as the child became a boy: problems of the wood and problems of the constantly growing herd at play in r. in snow, on the ice and in the prairie; and then came more serious problems of the wood box, the stable and L. Thus he grew strong of limb, quick of hand, firm of and sure of mind. And someway as he grew from thood into boyhood, getting hold of his faculties—finding elf physically, so Harvey seemed to grow with him. wer the town where men needed money Daniel Sands's rages were fastened—not heavily (nothing was heavy at day of the town's glorious youth) but surely. at s gay ruthless politics, John Kollander's patriotism, ng always to the court house and its emoluments. Cap-Morton's inventions that never materialized, the ever ag sunrise of the Adams—all these things became defiy a part of the changeless universe of Harvey as Grant's ing faculties became part of his consciousness.

of here is a mystery: the formation of the social crystal. at crystal the outer facets and the inner fell into shape Nesbits, the Kollanders, the Adamses, the Calvins, the ons, and the Sandses, falling into one group; and the amses, the Hogans, the Bowmans, the McPhersons, the vs and Casper Herdicker falling into another group all separated from the valley. The separation was not the of moral sense; for John Kollander and Dan Sands low-ph Calvin touched zero in moral intelligence; and ld not have been business sense, for Captain Morton for dreams was a child with a dollar, and Dr. Nesbit never a: of debt a day in his life; without his salary from ayers John Kollander would have been a charge on minty. In the matter of industry Daniel Sands was wel, but Jamie McPherson toiling all day used to come and start up his well drill and its elatter could be far into the night, and often he started it hours before Nor could aspirations and visions have furnished

the line of cleavage; for no one could have hopes so high for Harvey as Jamie, who sank his drill far into the earth, pur his whole life, every penny of his earnings and all his strength into the dream that some day he would bring coal or oil or gas to Harvey and make it a great city. Yet when he found the precious vein, thick and rich and easy to mine, Daniel Sand and Joseph Calvin took his claim from him by chicanery as easily as they would have robbed a blind man of a penny and Jamie went to work in the mines for Daniel Sands grumbling but faithful. Williams and Dooley and Hogar and Herdicker bent at their daily tasks in those first years each feeling that the next day or the next month or at most the next year his everlasting fortune would be made. And Dick Bowman, cohort of Dr. Nesbit, many a time and oft would wash up, put on a clean suit, and go out and round up the voters in the Valley for the Doctor's cause and scorn his task with a hissing; for Dick read Karl Marx and dreamed of the day of the revolution. Yet he dwelled with the sons of Essua, who as they toiled murmured about their stolen birthright. When a decade had passed in Harvey the social crystal was firm; the hill and the valley were east into the solid rock of things as they are. No one could say why; it was a mystery. It is still a mystery. As society forms and reforms, its cleavages follow unknown lines.

It was on a day in June—late in the morning, after Grant and Nathan Perry—son of the stuttering Kyle of that name, had come from a cool hour in the quiet pool down on the Wahoo and little Grant, waiting like a hungry pup for his lunch, that was tempting him in the basket under the typerack, was counting the moments and vaguely speculating as to what minutes were—when he looked up from the floor and saw what seemed to him a visitor from another world.

² Let us read Mary Adams's clipping and note on the arrival of young Thomas Van Dorn in Harvey. The clipping which is from the local page of the paper reads:

[&]quot;Thomas Van Dorn, son of the late General Nicholas Van Dorn of Schenestady, New York, has located in Harvey for the practice of law and his advertising card appears elsewhere, Mr. Van Dorn is a Yale man and a law graduate of that school as well as an alumnus of the college. As a youth with his father young Thomas stopped in Harvey the day the town was founded. He was a member of the

creature was talking to Amos Adams sitting at the desk; Amos was more or less impressed with the visitor's ndor. He wore exceedingly tight trousers—checked users, and a coat cut grandly and extravagantly in its ness, a high wing collar, and a soup dish hat. He was ha tigure as the comic papers of the day were featuring the exquisite young man of the period.

fouth was in his countenance and lighted his black eyes. soval, finely featured face, his blemishless olive skin, his ong jaw and his high, beautiful forehead, over which a kk wing of hair hung carelessly, gave him a distinction it brought even the child's eyes to him. He was smiling

mently as he said.

"I'm Thomas Van Dorn—Mr. Adams, I believe?" he ked and added as he fastened his fresh young eyes upon the nor's. "you scarcely will remember me—but you doubtemember the day when father's hunting party passed ough town? Well—I've come to grow up with the country."

The editor rose, roughed his short, sandy beard and red the youth pleasantly. "Mr. Daniel Sands sent me

First party organized by Wild Bill which under General Van Dorn's rage escorted the Russian Grand Duke Alexis over this part of state after buffalo and wild game. Mr. Thomas Van Dorn remembles that day sold for \$100 in gold to the General the plot now known Iborn's addition to Harvey. Mr. Thomas Van Dorn still has bed to the plot and will soon put the lots on the market. He was maant caller at the Tribuse office this week. Come again, say

by oven a paper whereon the clipping is pasted is this in Mary was band:

To famous Van Dorn baby! How the years have flown since the sale of his mother's elopement and his father's duel with Sir sale bay's mother after two other marriages and a sad period on ranety stage died alone in penury! And Amos says that the sale was so insolent to his men in the war, that he dared not to action with them for fear they would shoot him in the back the bay is as lovely and gentle a creature as one could ask to This is as it should be."

to you, Mr. Adams—to print a professional card in your paper," said the young man. He pronounced them "cahd" and "papuh" and smiled brightly as his quick eyes told him that the editor was conscious of his eastern accent. While they were talking business, locating the position of the card in the newspaper, the editor noticed that the young man's eyes kept wandering to Mary Adams, typesetting across the room. She was a comely woman just in her thirties and Amos Adams finally introduced her. When he went out the Adamses talked him over and agreed that he was an

addition to the town.

Within a month he had formed a partnership with Joseph Calvin, the town's eldest lawyer; and young Henry Fenn, who had been trying for a year to buy a partnership with Calvin, was left to go it alone. So Henry Fenn contented himself with forming a social partnership with his young rival. And when the respectable Joseph Calvin was at home or considering the affairs of the Methodist Sunday School of which he was superintendent, young Mr. Fenn and young Mr. Van Dorn were rambling at large over the town and the adiacent prairie, seeking such diversion as young men in their exceedingly early twenties delight in: Mr. Riley's saloon, the waters of the Wahoo, by moonlight, the melliferous strains of "Larboard watch," the shot gun, the quail and the prairie chicken, the quarterhorse, and the jackpot, the cocktail, the Indian pony, the election, the footrace, the baseball team. the Sunday School pienic, the Fourth of July celebration, the dining room girls at the Palace Hotel, the cross country circus and the trial of the occasional line fence murder case-all were divertissements that engaged their passing voung attention.

If ever the world was an oyster for a youth the world of Harvey and the fullness thereof was an oyster to Thomas Van Dorn. He had all that the crude western community cherished: the prestige of money, family, education, and that indefinable grace and courtesy of body and soul that we call charm. And Harvey people seemed to be made for him. He liked their candor, their strength, their crass materialism, their bray and bluster, their vain protests of democracy and their unconscious regard for his caste and cul-

IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE THE FOOL

So whatever there was of egoism in his nature grew becked by Harvey. He was the young lord of the manor. rever Harvey might hoot at his hat and gibe at his elided and mock his rather elaborate manners behind his back: extheless he had his way with the town and he knew that was the master. While those about him worked and wor-I Tom Van Dorn had but to rub lightly his lamp and the re appeared and served him. Naturally a young man of conspicuous talents in his exceedingly early twenties has the vast misfortune to have a lamp of Aladdin to asks genii first of all for girls and girls and more girls. m incidentally he asks for business and perhaps for poliand may be as an afterthought and for his own comfort may pray for the good will of his fellows. Tom Van Dorn sme known in the vernacular as a "ladies man." It did thurt his reputation as a lawyer, for he was young and th is supposed to have its follies so long as its follies there follies. No one in that day hinted that Tom Van m was anything more dangerous than a butterfly. zied from girl to girl, from love affair to love affair. n heart to heart in his gay clothes with his gay manners his merry face. And men smiled and women and girls mer-d and boys hooted and all the world gave the young i his way. But when he included the dining room girls the Palace Hotel in his list of conquests, Dr. Neshit an squinting seriously at the youth and, late at night ang from his professional visits, when the doctor passed yang fellow returning from some humble home down rice river, the Doctor would pipe out in the night, "Tut, I m—this is no place for you."

Et the Doctor was too busy with his own affairs to assume guardianship of Tom Van Dorn. As Mayor of Harvey Doctor made the young man city attorney, thereby bindthe youth to the Mayor in the feudal system of political attaching all the prestige and charm and talent of the to the Doctor's organization.

Fir. Nesbit in his blithe and cock-sure youth was born pourtes as the sparks fly upward. Men looked to him maderahip and he blandly demanded that they follow he was every man's friend. He knew the whole

county by its first name. The men, the women, the chi dren, the dogs, the horses knew him and he knew and love them all. But in return for his affection he expected loyalt He was a jealous leader who divided no honors. Seve months in the year he wore white linen clothes and his whit clad figure bustling through a crowd on Market Street of Saturday or elbowing its way through a throng at any form gathering, or jogging through the night behind his sorr mare or moving like a pink-faced cupid, turned Nemesis a county convention, made him a marked man in the con munity. But what was more important, his distinction has a certain cheeriness about it. And his cheeriness was voca ized in a high, piping, falsetto voice, generally gay and near always soft and kindly. It expressed a kind of incarna good nature that disarmed enmity and drew men to his instinctively. And underneath his amicability was iro Hence men came to him in trouble and he healed their il cured their souls, went on their notes and took their hear for his own, which carried their votes for his uses. So he b came calif of Harvey.

Even deaf John Kollander who had political aspirations a high order learned early that his road to glory led throng obedience to the Doctor. So John went about the coun demanding that the men who had saved the union shou govern it and declaring that the flag of his country shou not be trailed in the dust by vandal hands-meaning course by "vandal hands" the opposition candidate for reg ter of deeds or county clerk or for whatever county off John was asking at that election; and at the conventi-John's old army friends voted for the Doctor's slate and the election they supported the Doctor's ticket. deaf John Kollander in his blue army clothes with their bra buttons and his campaign hat, always cut loose from I Nesbit's paternal care after every election. For the Doct after he had tucked John away in a county office, asked on to appoint John's deputies and that Mrs. Kollander keep of

of the Doctor's office and away from his house.

"I have no objections," the Doctor would chirrup the ample, good-natured Rhoda Kollander who would have him during John's periods of political molting, pretending advise with the Doctor on her husband's political status, o your society from May until November every two years, wdy, but that's enough. Now go home! Go home, man," he commanded, "and look after your growing fam-r."

And Rhoda Kollander would laugh amiably in telling it as say. "Now I suppose some women would get mad, but w. I know Doc Jim! He doesn't mean a thing!" Wherepon she would settle down where she was stopping until real time and reluctantly remain to eat. As she settled safortably at the table she would laugh easily and exclaim: Now isn't it funny! I don't know what John and the sys will have. There isn't a thing in the house. But, w. I suppose they can get along without me once in a life-ine." Then she would laugh and eat heartily and sit

rand until the crisis at home had passed.

But the neighbors knew that John Kollander was openwa can of something, guthering the boys around him ei as they ate, recounting the hardships of army life to add : • to an otherwise stale and unprofitable meal. Afterward ready he would go to some gathering of his comrades and bre light, bleed and die for his country. For he was an corngible patriot. The old flag, his country s honor, and be preservation of the union were themes that never tired He organized his fellow veterans in the town and waiv and helped to organize them in the state and was were going to other towns to attend camp fires and rallies ke ban dinners and reunions where he spoke with zeal and requence about the danger of turning the country over 12- southern brigadiers. He had a set speech which was pally admired at the rallies and in this speech it was his m: to reach for one of the many flags that always adorned balatform on such occasions, tear it from its hanging and maping it proudly about his gaunt figure, recite a diabetween himself and the angel Gabriel, the on den of was that so long as John Kollander had that flag is him at the resurrection, no question would be asked Blaven's gate of one of its defenders. Now the fact was John Kollander was sent to the war of the rebellion a weeks before the surrender of Lee at Appointtox, as Daniel Sands's paid substitute and his deafness was caused by firing an anvil at the peace jubilee in Cincinnati, the powder on the anvil being the only powder John Kollande ever had smelled. But his descriptions of battle and the hardships and horrors of war were none the less vivid and

harrowing because he had never crossed the Ohio.

Those were the days when the *Tribune* was at its zeniththe days when Jared Thurston was employed as its fore
man and Lizzie Coulter, pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired Lizzi
Coulter helped Mary Adams to set the type. It was not
long Day of Triumph, but while it lasted Mary and Amo
made the most of it and spoke in a grand way about "the
office force." They even had vague notions of starting
daily and many a night Jared and Amos pored over the
type samples in the advertising in Rounds Printer's Cabinet
picked out the type they would need and the other equip
ment necessary for the new venture. But it was only
dream. For gradually Jared found Lizzie's eyes and be
found more to interest him there than in the type-book, and

so the dream faded and was gone.

Also as Lizzie's eyes began to glow in his sky. Jared le his interest lag in the talk at Casper Herdicker's shoe shop though it was tall talk, and Jared sitting on a keg in corner with little Tom Williams, the stone mason, besid him on a box, and Denny Hogan near him on a vacant wor bench and Ira Dooley on the window ledge would wrang until bed time many a night as Dick Bowman, wagging warlike head, and Casper pegging away at his shoes, ton society into shreds, smashed idols and overturned civilization tion. Up to this point there was complete agreement be tween the iconoclasts. They went so far together that the had no quarrel about the route of the mob down Fift Avenue in New York-which Dick knew only as a legend bu which Casper had seen; and they were one in the belief that Dan Sands's bank and Wright & Perry's store should fall early in the sack of Market Street. But when it came to reconstructing society there was a clash that mounted to cataclysm. For Dick, shaking his head violently, demanded a government that should regulate everything and Caspe waving a vicious, flat-nosed hammer, battered down all gov ent and stood for the untrammeled and unhampered ty of the individual. Night after night they looted civtion and stained the sky with their fires and the ground the oppressor's blood, only to sink their claws and s into each other's vitals in mortal combat over the

bout the time that Jared Thurston four ' the new stars had ranged across his ken, Tom Van Dorn, the hande, cheerful, exquisite Tom Van Dorn began to find the stes between Casper and Dick Bowman diverting. So y a night when the society of the softer sex was either ing or inconvenient, the dapper young fellow would come gging Henry Fenn with him, to sit on a rickety chair observe the progress of the revolution and to enjoy carnage that always followed the downfall of the esinhed order. He used to sit beside Jared Thurston who. g a printer, was supposed to belong to the more intelal of the crafts and hence more appreciative than Wils or Dooley or Hogan, of his young lordship's point of : and as the debate waxed warm, Tom was wont to pinch lean leg of Mr. Thurston in lieu of the winks Tom dared venture. But a time came when Jared Thurston sat t from Van Dorn and stared coldly at him. And as Tom Henry Fenn walked out of the human slaughter house Dick and Casper had made after a particularly bloody It against the capitalistic system. Henry Fenn walked for be beside his friend looking silently at the earth while Dorn mooned and star-gazed with wordy delight. Henry i his face, looked at Tom with great, bright, sympathetic and cut in:

fom—why are you playing with Lizzic Coulter? She is in your class or of your kind. What's your idea in ng in between Jared and her; you'll only make trou-

smile, a gay, happy, and withal a seductive smile lit up madsome, oval face of young Mr. Van Dorn. The smile me a laugh, a quiet, insinuating, good-natured, lightal laugh. As he laughed he replied:

Lizzie's all right, Henry—don't worry about Lizzie." in he laughed a gentle, deep-voiced chuckle, and held

up his hand in the moonlight. A brown scab was line across the back of the hand and as Henry saw it Van Dor spoke: "Present from Lizzie—little pussy." Again he chuckled and added, "Nearly made the horse run away, to Anyway," he laughed pleasantly, "when I left her she prom

ised to go again."

But Henry Fenn returned to his point: "Tom," he crice "don't play with Lizzie—she's not your kind, and it's breaking Jared's heart. Can't you see what you're doing You'll go down there a dozen times, make love to her, hol her hand and kiss her and go away and pick up another girl. But she's the whole world and Heaven to boot for Jared. She's his one little ewe lamb, Tom. And she'd be happy with Jared if—"

"If she wants Jared she can have him. I'm not holdin her," interrupted the youth. "And anyway," he exclaimed "what do I owe to Jared and what do I owe to her or t

any one but myself!"

Fenn did not answer at once. At length he broke the s lence. "Well, you heard what I said and I didn't smil when I said it."

But Tom Van Dorn did smile as he answered, a smile of such sweetness, and of such winning grace that it sugar

coated his words.

"Henry," he cried in his gay, deep voice with the exuber ance of youth ringing in it, "the world is mine. You know what I think about this whole business. If Lizzie doesn' want me to bother her she mustn't have such eyes and such hair and such lips. In this life I shall take what I find that I can get. I'm not going to be meek nor humble nor patient nor forgiving and forbearing and I'm not going to refrait from a mutton roast because some one has a ewe lamb."

He put a warm, kind, brotherly hand on the shoulder be side him. "Shocked, aren't you, Henry?" he asked, laugh

ing.

Henry Fenn looked up with a gentle, glowing smile on hi rather dull face and returned, "No, Tom. Maybe you can make it go, but I couldn't."

"Well, I can. Watch me," he cried arrogantly. "Henry I want the advantage of my strength in this world and I'm

going to go puling around, golden-ruling and bending back to give the weak and worthless a ride. Let 'em Let 'em fall. Let 'em rot for all I care. I'm not id of their God. There is no God. There is nature. to the place where man puts on trousers it's a battle of s and teeth. And nature never intended pants to mark line where she changes the order of things. And the le, weakling, groveling, charitable, cowardly philosophy hrist—it doesn't fool me, Henry. I'm a pagan and I the advantage of all the force, all the power, that nature me, to live life as a dangerous, exhilarating experience. Il live life to the full—live it hard—live it beautifully, ive it! live it! Henry, live it like a gentleman and not in understrapper and bootlicker! I intend to command. bey! Rule, not serve! I shall take and not give-not save as it pleases me to have my hand licked now and As for Lizzie and Jared," young Mr. Van Dorn i a gay hand, "let them look out for themselves. re not my worries!"

sut, Tom," remonstrated Henry as he looked at the ad, "it's nothing to me of course, but Lizzie—" In. Henry," Van Dorn laughed gayly, "I'm not going art Lizzie. She's good fun: that's all. And now look Mr. Preacher—you come moralizing around me about

Mr. Preacher—you come moralizing around me about I'm doing to some one else, which after all is not my tess but hers; and I'm right here to tell you, what you're g to yourself, and that's your business and no one's else, re drinking too much. People are talking about it. it! Whisky never won a jury. In the Morse case you so d up for your speech and I beat you because in all your inng about the wrong to old man Müller and his 'pretty theyed daughter' as you called her, you forgot slick and the flaw in Morse's deed.'

I suppose you're right. Tom. But I was feeling kind ? hat day, mother'd been sick the night before and—" And so you filled up with a lot of bad whisky and drivated wept and stumbled through the case and I beat you. you, Henry, I keep myself fit. I have no time to look tothers. My job is myself and you'll find that unless you rater yourself no one else will, at least whisky won't. It

I find girling is beating me in my law cases I quit girlin But it doesn't. Lord, man, the more I know of human n ture, the more I pick over the souls of these country girls as blow open the petals of their pretty hearts, the wiser I am.

"But the girls, Tom-the girls-" protested the sombe

eyed Mr. Fenn.

"Ah, I don't hurt 'em and they like it. And so long your whisky hamestrings you and my girls give me what need in my business-don't talk to me."

Tom Van Dorn left Fenn at his mother's door and as Fen saw his friend turn toward the south he called, "Aren't yo

going to your room?"

"Why, it's only eleven o'clock," answered Van Dorn. T the inquiring silence Van Dorn called, "I'm going down ! see Lizzie."

Henry Fenn stood looking at his friend, who explained "That's all right. I said I'd be down to-night and she wait."

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH WE CONSIDER THE LADIES-GOD BLESS 'EM!

URING those years in the late seventies and the early eighties, the genii on the Harvey job grunted and grumbled as they worked, for the hours were long and tedious and the material was difficult to handle. Perry's wife died, and it was all the genii could do to find him a cook who would stay with him and his lank, slab-sided son, and when the genii did produce a cook-the famous Katrina, they wished her on Kyle and the boy for life, and she ruled them with an iron rod. And to even things up. they let Kyle stutter himself into a partnership with Ahab Wright—though Kyle was trying to tell Ahab that they should have a partition in their stable. But partition was too much of a mouthful and poor Kyle fell to stuttering on it and found himself sold into bondage for life by the genii, dispensing nails and cod-fish and calico as Ahab's partner, before Kyle could get rid of the word partition.

The genii also had to break poor Casper Herdicker's heart—and he had one, and a big one, despite his desire for blood and plunder; and they broke it when his wife Brun-hilde deserted the hearthstone back of the shoe-shop, rented a vacant store room on Market Street and went into the millimery way of life. And it wasn't enough that the tired genii had to gouge out the streets of Harvey; to fill in the gulleys and ravines; to dab in scores of new houses; to toil and moil over the new hotel, witching up four bleak stories upon the prairie. It wasn't enough that they had to cast a spell on people all over the earth, dragging strangers to Harvey by trainloads; it wasn't enough that the overworked genii should have to bring big George Brotherton to town with the railroad—and he was load enough for any engine; his heart itself weighed ten stone; it wasn't enough that they

had to find various and innumerable contraptions for Cap tain Morton to peddle, but there was Tom Van Dorn's new black silk mustache to grow, and to be oiled and curled daily so he had to go to the Palace Hotel barber shop at least one every day, and passing the cigar counter, he had to pass b Violet Mauling-pretty, empty-faced, doll-eyed Violet Mau ing at the cigar stand. And all the long night and all th long day, the genii, working on the Harvey job, east spell put on charms, and did their deepest sorcery to take of the power of the magic runes that young Tom's black at were putting upon her; and day after day the genii felt the highest potencies fail. So no wonder they mumbled an grumbled as they bent over their chores. For a time, the genii had tried to work on Tom Van Dorn's heart afte he dropped Lizzie Coulter and sent her away on a wear life pilgrimage with Jared Thurston, as the wife of an itine ant editor; but they found nothing to work on under Tom cigar holder-that is, nothing in the way of a heart. Ther was only a kind of public policy. So the genii made the public policy as broad and generous as they could and let go at that.

Tom Van Dorn and Henry Fenn rioted in their twentie John Kollander saved a bleeding country, pervaded th courthouse and did the housework at home while Rhods his wife, who couldn't cook hard boiled eggs, organize the French Cooking Club. Captain Ezra Morton spent h mental energy upon the invention of a self-heating molassi spigot, which he hoped would revolutionize the grocer business while his physical energy was devoted to introduing a burglar proof window fastener into the proud home that were dotting the tall grass environs of Harvey. Adams was hearing rappings and holding high communic with great spirits in the vasty deep. Daniel Sands, havin buried his second wife, was making eyes at a third and spin ning his financial web over the town. Dr. and Mrs. Nesh were marvelling at the mystery of a child's soul, a maiden soul, reaching out tendril after tendril as the days mad years. The Dick Bowmans were holding biennial reception to the little angels who came to the house in the Doctor valise-and welcomed, hilariously welcomed babies they were

elcomed with cigars and free drinks at Riley's saloon by and in awed silence by Lida, his wife—welcomed even gh the parents never knew exactly how the celestial ts were to be robed and harped; while the Joe Calvins of d Elm Street, opulent in an eight room house, with the is one bath tub, scowled at the angels who kept on comevertheless—for such is the careless and often captious of angels that come to the world in the doctor's black -kept on coming to the frowning house of Calvin as ently and as idly as they came to the gay Bowmans. ing back on those days a generation later, it would seem the whole town were a wilderness of babies. They came be hill in Elm Street, a star-eyed baby named Ann even to the Daniel Sandses, and a third baby to the Ezra tons and another to the Kollanders (which gave Rhoda xcuse for forming a lifelong habit of making John serve breakfast in bed to the scorn of Mrs. Nesbit and Mrs. heker who for thirty years sniffed audibly about Rhoda's the laziness) and the John Dexters had one that came went in the night. But down by the river—there they in flocks. The Dooleys, the McPhersons, the Williamses the hordes of unidentified men and women who came to beards, mix mortar, make bricks and dig--to them the atom of Heaven was very near, for they suffered little iren and forbade them not. And also, because the kingwas so near—so near even to homes without sewers. ses where list and cold and often hunger came—the chilwere prone to hurry back to the Kingdom discouraged their little earthly pilgrimages. For those who had zed chains and hewed wood and drawn water in the a's first days seemed by some specific gravity of the social em to be holding their places at those lower levels—al-* reaching vainly and eagerly, but always reaching a litugher and a little further from them for that equality of ortunity which seemed to lie about them that first day n the town was born.

the upper reaches of the town Henry Fenn's bibulous its became accepted matters to a wider and wider circle Tom Van Dorn still had his way with the girls while town grinned at the two young men in gay reproval. But Amos Adams through his familiar spirits got solem cryptic messages for the young men—from Tom's moth and Henry's father. Amos, abashed, but never afraid, us to deliver these messages with incidental admonitions of I own—kind, gentle and gorgeously ineffective. Then would return to his office with a screne sense of a duty w done, and meet and feast upon the eyes of Mary, his will keen, hungry eyes, filled with more or less sinful pride

his strength.

No defeat that ever came to Amos Adams, and because was born out of his time, defeat was his common portio and no contumely ever was his in a time when men scorn the evidence of things not seen, no failure, no apparent wea ness in her husband's nature, ever put a tremor in her fai in him. For she knew his heart. She could hear his arm clank and see it shine; she could feel the force and the pr cision of his lance when all the world of Harvey saw only dreamer in rusty clothes, fumbling with some stupid a ponderous folly that the world did not understand. printing office that Mary and Amos thought so grand w really a little pine shack, set on wooden piers on a side stre Inside in the single room, with the rough-coated walls about the press and type-cases covered with inky old sale bills, as specimens of the Tribune's printing-inside the office whi seemed to Mary and Amos the palace of a race of gian others saw only a shabby, inky, little room, with an o fashioned press and a jobber among the type racks in t gloom to the rear. Through the front window that look into a street filled with loads of hav and wood, and wi broken wagons, and scrap iron from a wheelwright's sho Amos Adams looked for the everlasting sunrise, and Mary sa it always in his face.

But this is idling; it is not getting on with the Boo A score of men and women are crowding up to these pag waiting to get into the story. And the town of Harvey, he it is bursting its bounds, how it is sprawling out over the white paper, tumbling its new stores and houses and g mains and water pipes all over the table; with what a clatt and clamor and with what vain pride! Now the pride those years in Harvey came with the railroad, and her

g at the paper, stands big George Brotherton with his one heart. He has been sputtering and nagging for a pages to swing off the front platform of the first iger car that came to town. He was a fat, overgrown in his late teens, but he wore the uniform of a train ov. and any uniform is a uniform. His laugh was re crash of worlds—and it is to-day after thirty years. the road pushed on westward Brotherton remained rvey and even though the railroad roundhouse employed undred men and even though the town's population and then trebled, still George Brotherton was better everything else that the railroad brought. He found in a pool and billiard hall; but that was a pent-up for him and his contracted powers sent him to Daniel for a loan of twenty-five dollars. The unruffled or, the calm impudence with which the boy waived the banker's request for a second name on George's and the boy's obvious eagerness to be selling somesecured the money and established him in a cigar and news stand. Within a year the store became a enter that rivaled Riley's saloon and being near the of things in business, attracted people of a different from those who frequented Casper Herdicker's dez school in the shoe shop. To the cigar stand by day Dr. Nesbit with his festive but guileful politics, Joe a. Amos Adams, stuttering Kyle Perry, deaf John nder, oceasionally Dick Bowman, Ahab Wright in hite necktie and formal garden whiskers, Rev. John r and Captain Morton; while by night the little store forum for young Mortimer Sands, for Tom Van for Henry Fenn, for the clerks of Market Street for such gay young blades as were either unmaror being married were brave enough to break the For thirty years, nearly a generation, they been meeting there night after night and on rainy days, z the world apart and putting it together again to suit And though strangers have come into the coun-Brotherton's, Captain Morton remains dean. And h the Captain does not know it, being corroded with there still clings about the place a tradition of the day when Captain Morton rode his high wheeled bicycle the town ever had seen, in the procession to his w eral. They say it was the Captain's serene conviction his agency for the bicycle—exclusive for five c would make him rich, and that it was no lack of respect for his wife but rather an artist's pride in as the distributor of a long-felt want which perc Morton on that high wheel in the funeral process Mary Adams who knew, who was with the strick when death came, who was in the lonely house family came home from the cemetery, says that Ez was real. Surely thirty years of singlehearted dethe three motherless girls should prove his love.

Those were gala days for Captain Morton; t universe was flowering in his mind in schemes and devices which he hoped to harness for his power a And the forensic group at Mr. Brotherton's had i hand information from the Captain as to the nati proposed activities and his prospective conquests. the Captain in his prime was surveying the world about to come under his domain the house of Ada and bleak and poor, down near the Wahoo on the l which the Adamses had taken in the sixties becam of itself, a gay and festive habitation. Childhoc should make a home bright and there came a time little house by the creek fairly blossomed with you The children of the Kollanders, the Perrys, the Ca Neshits, and the Bowmans—girls and boys were ev and they knew all times and seasons. But the red freekled face of Grant Adams was the center of bed of youth.

Grant was a shrill-voiced boy, impulsive and pa generous and all but obsessed with a desire to p weak. Whether it was bug, worm or dog, or hunt or bullied child or drunken man, fly-swarmed and of boys in the alley, or a little girl teased by her p Grant—fighting mad, came rushing in to do batt victim. Yet he was no anemic child of ragged ner fist went straight when he fought, and landed w His eyes saw accurately and his voice carried ter as a vivid youth, and without him the place down river would have been bleak and dreary. But be-Grant was in the world, the rusty old phaëton in which and Mary rode daily from the farm to their work, ally bedecked itself with budding childhood blooming outh, and it was no longer drab and dusty, but a ble chariot of life. When Grant was a sturdy boy of little Jasper Adams came into this big bewildering

And after Grant and his gardenful of youth were Jasper's garden followed. And there was a short seaen the two gardens were growing together. It was in eason while Grant was just coming into shoeblacking aper collars, that in some indefinite way, Laura Nesbit, ter of the Doctor and Bedelia Satterthwaite, his blue d Maryland wife, separated herself from the general of the universe and for Grant, Laura became a parperson. In Mary Adams's note book she writes with nal pride of his fancy for Laura: "It is the only time int's life when he has looked up instead of down for ning to love." And the mother sets down a communifrom Socrates through the planchette to Amos, der that "Love is a sphere center"—a message which res the fond parents worked into tremendous import rir child. Though a communication from some anonyage called the Peach Blow Philosopher, who began ing Amos as a familiar spirit about this time recorded acle, also carefully preserved by Mary in her book the prophecies for Grant that, "Carrots, while less nt than roses, are better for the blood." And while smic forces were wrestling with these problems for and Laura, the children were tripping down their teens all innocent of the uproar they were making the sages and statesmen and conquerors who flocked the planchette board for Amos every night. For . Grant carved tiny baskets from peach-pits and coffee for her he saved red apples and candy globes that held r precious insides gorgeous pictures; for her he combed ir and washed his neck; for her he scribbled verses in eves met skies, and arts met hearts, and beams met s and loves the doves.

The joy of first love that comes in early youth-and alway it does come then, though it is not always confessed is gawky and somewhat guilty joy that spends itself in signal and blushes and Heaven knows what of self-discovery. The Grant in Laura's autograph album after all his versifying in the kitchen table could only write "Truly Yours" and leave her to define the deep significance of the phrase so obviously inverted. And she in his autograph album could only trust herself-though naturally being female she was bolder-to the placid depths of "As ever your friend," Though in lean, hungry-eyed Nathan Perry's book she burst into glosing words of deathless remembrance and Grant wrote in Emma Morton's album fervid stanzas wherein "you" rimed with "the wandering Jew" and "me" with "eternity." At school where the subtle wisdom of childhood reads many things not writ in books, the names of Grant and Laura were linked together, in the innocent gossip of that world.

They say that modern thought deems these youthful experiences dangerous and superfluous; and so probably they will end, and the joy of this earliest mating season will be bottled up and stored for a later maturity. God is wise and good. Doubtless some new and better thing will take the place of this first moving of the waters of life in the hear: but for us of the older generation that is beginning to fade,

member—and the Bowmans better than any one else—that aura Nesbit shared what she had with every one. She ever ate a whole stick of candy in her life. From her school mch-basket, the Dooleys had their first oranges and the Williamses their first bananas. Apples for the Bowmans and maple sugar—a rare delicacy on the prairies in those lays for every one came from her wonderful basket. bough her mother kept Laura in white aprons when the wher girls were in ginghams and in little red and black woolen, though the child's wonderful yellow hair, soft and wavy like her father's plumey roach, was curled with great are and much pride, it was her mother's pride—the grim Setterthwaite demand for caste in any democracy. wen with those caste distinctions there was the face that miled, the lips that trembled in sympathy, the heart that felt he truth.

"Jim," quoth the mother on a day when the yard was full of Dooleys and Bowmans and Calvins-Calvins, whom Mrs. Nesbit regarded as inferior even to the Dooleys because of the vast Calvin pretense-"Jim, Laura has inherited that common Indiana streak of yours. I can't make her a Satterthwaite—she's Indiana to the bone. Why, when I go to town with her, every drayman and ditch digger and stableman calls to her, and the yard is always full of their tow-

headed children. I'll give her up."

And the Doctor gurgled a chuckle and gave her up also. She always came with her father to the Adamses on Sunday afternoons, and while the Doctor and Amos Adams on the porch went into the matter of the universe as either a phantasm superinduced by the notion of time, or the notion of time as an hallucination of those who believed in space, down by the creek Grant and Laura sitting under the oak near the silent, green pool were feeling their way around the universe, touching shyly and with great abasement the cords that lead from the body to the soul, from material to the spiritual, from dust to God.

It is a queer world, a world that is past finding out. Here are two children, touching souls in the fleetest, lightest way in the world, and the touch welds them together forever. And along come two others, and even as the old song has it, "after touch of wedded hands," they are strangers yet. None knows what makes happiness in love. Certainly marriage is no part of it. Certainly it is not first love, for first lover often quarrel like cats. Certainly it is not separation, for absence, alas, does not make the heart grow fonder; nor is it children—though the good God knows that should help; for they are love incarnate. Certainly it is not respect, for respect is a stale, cold comforter, and love is deeper that respect, and often lives without it—let us whisper the truth in shame. What, then, is this irrational current of the stull of life, that carries us all in its sway, that brings us to earth that guides our destiny here—makes so vastly for our happiness or woe, gives us strength or makes us weak, teaches a wisdom or leads us into folly unspeakable, and all unseen unmeasured and infinitely mysterious?

There was young Tom Van Dorn. Love was a pleasurable emotion, and because it put a joyous fever in his blood, it enhanced his life. But he never defined love; he merely lived e rainy day when the conclave in Brotherton's cigar was weary of discussing the quarrel of Mr. Conklin and laine and the eccentricities of the old German Kaiser, ibject of love came before the house for discussion. Esbit, who dropped in incidentally to buy a cigar, but rily to see George Brotherton about some matters of n the Third ward, found young Tom Van Dorn strokinew silky mustache, squinting his eyes and considermself generally in the attitude of little Jack Horner he plum episode.

eaking broadly," squeaked the Doctor, breaking irrinto the talk. "touching the ladies, God bless 'em—from Tom's angle, there's nothing to 'em. Broad is the at that leadeth to destruction." The Doctor turned oung Van Dorn, and looked critically at some obvious tof Van Dorn's remarks as she picked her way across addy street, showing something more than a wink of stockings, "Tom, there's nothing in it—not a thing world."

.—I don't know," returned the youth, wagging an ent, though goodnatured head at the Doctor: "what there in the world if not in that? The world's full-flowers, trees, birds, beasts, men and women—the damn universe is after with it. It's God; there is no bod—just nature building and propagating and pering herself."

suppose." squeaked the Doctor with a sigh, as he d for his morning paper, "that if I had nothing else to a living except practice law with Joe Calvin on the id just be twenty-five years old three hundred days in ar, and no other chores except to help old man Sands his waterworks deal, I would hold some such general myself. But when I was twenty-five, young man, a and I were running a race with the meal ticket, ir notions as to the moral government of the universe hard and were deepset, and we can't change them

rge Brotherton, Henry Fenn, Captain Morton and Adams came in with a kind of Greek chorus of general ment with the Doctor. Van Dorn cocked his hat over

his eyes and laughed, and then the Doctor went or

high falsetto:

"It's all right, Tom; go it while you're young. I kind of love's young dream generally ends in a night He hesitated a minute, and then said: "Well, so we're all here in the family, I'll tell you about a carlast night. There's an old fellow—old Dutchmar exact, down in Spring township; he came here with we founded the town; husky old boy, that is, he us fifteen years ago. And he had Tom's notion about th God bless 'em, when he was Tom's age. When I fir him his notion was causing him trouble, and had so one leg, and last night he died of the ladies, God bless."

The Doctor's face flinehed with pain, and his tret winced as he spoke: "Lord, but he suffered, and to his physical torment, he knew that he had to leave his ter all alone in the world—and without a mother and a dollar; but that isn't the worst, and he knew it—at This being twenty-five for a living is the hardest job—when you're sixty, and the old man knew that. has missed his blood taint; she's not scarred nor dis It would be better if she were; but he gave her so worse—she's his child!" For a moment the Doc silent, then he sighed deeply and shut his eyes as "Boys, for a year and more he's been seeing all that bud like a glorious poison in his daughter."

Van Dorn smiled, and asked casually, "Well, wh name?" The rest of the group in the store looke their noses and the Doctor, with his paper under l obviously ignored the question and only stopped in to to pipe out: "This wasn't the morning to talk to m

ladies-God bless 'em."

The men in the store watched him as he started ac street, and then saw Laura skip gayly toward him, two, holding hands, crossed the muddy street togethe was laughing, and the joy of her soul—a child's sou like a white flame in the dull street and George Bro who saw the pair in the street, roared out: "Wel now isn't that something worth looking at? The Niagara Falls and Pike's Peak—for me." n Morton looked at the gay pair attentively for a and spoke: "And I have three to his one; I tell lemen—three to his one; and I guess I haven't told lemen about it, but I got the exclusive agency for inties for Golden's Patent Self-Opening Fruit Can, ite necessity for every household, and in another three will be wearing their silks and diamonds!" I proudly around the group and added: "My! that take any difference. Silk or gingham, I know I've est girls on earth-why, if their mother could just see how they're unfolding-why, Emma can make as good hash as her mother," a hint of tears stood ie eyes. "Why-men, I tell you sometimes I want d go right off to Heaven to tell mother all the fine it 'em-eh?'' Deaf John Kollander, with his hand s affected ear, nodded approval and said, "That's ways said. James G. Blaine never was a true friend ldier!"

orn had been looking intently at nothing through window. When no one answered Captain Morton,

addressed the house rather impersonally:

is the blindest of the mammals. You'd think as nan as Dr. Nesbit would see his own vices. Here yor of Harvey, boss of the town. He buys men ty's father's money and sells 'em in politics like of for his own gain; not for his family's gain; but the joy of the sport; just as I follow the ladies, s 'em; and yet he stands up and reads me a n the wickedness of a little more or less innocent

The young man lighted his cigar at the alcohol the counter. "Morty," he continued, squinting his stroking his mustache, and looking at the boy with ty, "Morty, do you know what your old dad and rous Nesbit pasha are doing? Well, I'll tell you g you didn't learn at military school. They're putideal by which we've voted one hundred thousand worth of city bonds as bonus in aid of a system of r works and have given them to your dad outright, ag in a plant that he will own and control; and that mild for seventy-five thousand dollars." Van Dorw

smiled a placid, malevolent smile at the group and went "And the sheik of the village there helped Daniel Sands it through; helped him buy me as city attorney, with father's bank's legal business; helped buy Dick Bown poor devil with a houseful of children for a hundred do for his vote in the council, helped work George here for vote in the council by lending money to him for his busin and so on down the line. The Doc calls that politics, regards it as one of his smaller vices; but me?" scoffed young man, "when I go gamboling down the primrose) of dalliance with a lady on each arm-or maybe more, I haled before the calif and sentenced to his large and virti displeasure, Man,"-here young Mr. Van Dorn drum his fingers on the showcase and considered the universe cal through the store window-"man is the blindest of m mals." After which smiling deliverance, Thomas Van I picked up his morning paper, and his gloves, and sta with some dignity into the street.

"Well, say,"-Brotherton was the first to speak-"ra

cool-"

"Shame, shame!" cried John Kollander, as he buttoned his blue coat with its brass buttons. "Where was Blue when the bullets were thickest? Answer me that," No

answered, but Captain Morton began:

"Now, George, why, that's all right. Didn't the pervote the bonds after you fellows submitted 'em? Of conthey did. The town wanted waterworks; Daniel Saknew how to build 'cm—eh! The people couldn't build themselves, could they?" asked the Captain triumphare Brotherton laughed; Morty Sands grinned,—and, shame to Amos Adams, the rugged Puritan, who had opposed bonds in his paper so boldly, he only shook a sorrowful hand lifted no voice in protest. Such is the weakness of thunderers without their lightning! Brotherton, who seemed uneasy, went on: "Say, men, didn't that france call for a system of electric lights and gas in five years at telephone system in ten years more—all for that \$100,6 I'm right here to tell you we got a lot for our money."

Again Amos Adams swallowed his Adam's apple and in as boldly as a man may who thinks with his lead per I don't forget the street car franchises you gave away at me time. Water, light, gas, telephone and street car hises for lifty years and one hundred thousand to boot! med to me you were giving away a good deal!"

John Kollander's approving nod and George Brothergreat laugh overcame the editor, and the talk turned to

things.

re came a day in Harvey when men, looking back at from the perspective of another day, believed that in old days of Harvey, Daniel Sands was master and esbit was servant. And there was much evidence to te that Daniel's was the master spirit of those early

But the evidence was merely based on facts, and fren are far from the truth. The truth is that Daniel was the beneficiary of much of the activity of Doctor in those days, but the truth is also that Doctor Nesbit hat he did-won the county seat for Harvey, secured aroad, promoted the bond election, which gave Daniel the franchises for the distribution of water, gas and enty -- not because the Doctor had any particular regard amel Sands but because, first of all, the good of the as the Doctor saw it, seemed to require him to act as est; and second, because his triumph at any of these as meant power, and he was greedy for power. lays used his power to make others happy. No man are to the Doctor looking for work that he could not ork for that man. Men in ditches, men on light poles, n the court house, men at Daniel Sands's furnaces, grading new streets, men working on city or county ats knew but one source of authority in Harvey, and as Doctor James Nesbit. Daniel Sands was a mere grabbing incident of that power. Daniel could have sone to vote with him; the county seat would have gone wal town, the railroad would not have veered five miles .:- way to reach Harvey, and a dozen promoters would *rangled for a dozen franchises but for Dr. Nesbit.

i if Dr. Neshit made it his business to see that Dick an had work, it was somewhat because he knew how the little Bowmans needed food. And if he saw to it bek's vote in the council occasionally yielded him a substantial return from those whom that vote benefited a munificently, it was partly because the Doctor felt how sore Lida Bowman, silently bending over her washtub, needed the little comforts which the extra fifty-dollar bill would bring that Dick sometimes found in his monthly pay enveloped And if the Doctor saw to it that Ira Dooley was made for man of the water works gang, or that Tom Williams had the contract for the stone work on the new court house, it was largely in payment for services rendered by Ira and Tom is bringing in the Second Ward for John Kollander for count clerk. The rewards of Ira and Tom in working for the Doctor were virtue's own; and if re-marking a hundred ballow was part of that blessed service, well and good. And also must be recorded that the foremanship and the stone contract were somewhat the Doctor's way of showing Mrs. Doctor's way of showin

ley and Mrs. Williams that he wished them well.

Doctor Nesbit's scheme of politics included no punishment for his enemies, and he desired every one for his friend. The round, pink face, the high-roached, yellow hair, the friendly blue eyes, had no place for hate in them, and in the high pitched, soft voice was no note of terror to evil doers. countenance did not betray his power; that was in his tirele little legs, his effective hands, and his shrewd brain motive by a heart too kind for the finer moral distinctions that me must make who go far in this world. Yet because he had heart, a keen mind, even without much conscience, and vision larger than those about him, Dr. Nesbit was the leader. He did not move in a large sphere, but in his sma sphere he was the central force, the dominating spirit. An off in a dark corner, Daniel Sands, who was hunger incarnal and nothing more, spun his web, gathered the dust and the flies and the weaker insects and waxed fat. To say that h mind ruled Dr. Nesbit's, to say that Daniel Sands was maste and Dr. Nesbit servant in those first decades of Harveywhatever the facts may seem in those later days-is one those ornately ridiculous travesties upon the truth that fac sometimes are arranged to make. But how little did the know what they were building! For they and their kind a over America working in the darkness of their own selfis desires, were laying footing stones-quite substantial ye

WE CONSIDER THE LADIES

mary—for the structure of a growing civilization which is time, stripped of its scaffolding and extraneous debris, to stand among the nations of the earth as a tower of steousness in a stricken world.

CHAPTER IV

THE ADAMS FAMILY BIBLE LIES LIKE A GENTLEMAN

When the ass speaks, or the man brays, the comedy. Yet fate may stop the mouth of a man or ass, and in the dumb struggle for voice, if fate the screws of destiny upon duty, there is tragedy. Onl consequences of a day or a deed can decide whether it have the warm blessing of our smiles or the bitter bened of our tears.

This, one must remember in reading the chapter of story that shall follow. It is the close of the story to Mary Adams, with her memory book and notes and clips has contributed much. For of the pile of envelopes all bered in their order; the one marked "Margaret Müller" the last envelope that she left. Now the package that cerns Margaret Müller may not be transcribed separ but must be woven into the woof of the tale. The pacontains a clipping, a dozen closely written pages, a photograph—a small photograph of a girl. The photos is printed on the picture of a scroll, and the likeness of girl does not throb with life as it did thirty years ago Then the plump, voluptuous arm and a it was taken. ders in the front of the picture seemed to exude life a bristle with the temptation that lurked under the b lashes shading her big, innocent, brown eyes. And her her wonderful brown hair that fell in a great rope to knees, in this photograph is hidden, and only her fr covering a fine forehead, are emphasized by the pi maker. One may smile at the picture now, but then wh was taken it told of the red of her lips and the pink o flesh, and the dimples that forever went flickering acros In those days, the old-fashioned picture porti with great clearness the joy and charm and impuden that beautiful face. But now the picture is only grote

rather than discloses that once, when she was but ung girl. Margaret Müller had wonderfully molded arms simulders, regular features and enchanting eyes. But is all the picture shows. In the photograph is no hint her mellow voice, of her eager expression and of the idering fires of passion, ambition and purpose that ked through those gay, bewitching eyes. The old-fashd frizzled hair on her forehead, the obvious pose of her d with its cheap rings, the curious cut of her dress, made er that travesty of the prevailing mode which country ers printed in their fashion columns, the black courtster beauty spot on her cheek and the lace fichu draped r her head and bare shoulders, all stand out like grinning royles that keep much of the charm she had in those days prisoned from our eyes to-day. So the picture alone is of great service. Nor will the clipping tell much. It only ords:

Miss Margaret Müller, daughter of the late Herman Müller of ing Township, this county, will teach school in District 18, the see District in Prospect Township, this fall and winter. She will rd with the family of ye editor."

Now the reader must know that Margaret Müller's eyes a been turned to Harvey as to a magnet for three years. It had chosen the Adams district school in Prospect Townsp. terause the Adams district school was nearer than any her school district to Harvey; she had gone to the Adamses board because the little bleak house near the Wahoo was a nearest house in the district to Harvey and to a social rele which she desired to enter—the best that Harvey of red.

She saw Grant, a rough, ruddy, hardy lad, of her own time life, moving in the very center of the society she cherished ther dreams, and Margaret had no gay inadvertence in her hence of creation. So when the lank, strapping, red-headed to of a man's height, with a man's shoulders and a child's met, started to Harvey for high school every morning, as he started to teach her country school, he carried with him, mide his lunch, a definite impression that Margaret was a he girl. Often, indeed, he thought her an extraordinarily he girl. Tales of provess he brought back from the Harvey

High School, and she listened with admiring face. For related to youths whose names she knew as children o socially elect.

A part of her admiration for Grant was due to the fact Grant had leaped the social gulf—deep even then in Ha—between those who lived on the hill, and the dwelle

the bottoms near the river.

This instinctively Margaret Müller knew, also-though haps unconsciously-that even if they lived in the bot the Adamses were of the aristoi; because they were fr of the Nesbits, and Mrs. Nesbit of Maryland was the fou head of all the social glory of Harvey. Thus Mar Müller of Spring Township came to camp before Harve a lifetime siege, and took her ground where she could straight at the Nesbits and Kollanders and Sandses Mortons and Calvins. With all her banners flying, bar gaudy and beautiful, banners that flapped for men sometimes snapped at women, she set her forces down b Harvey, and saw the beleaguered city through the pe of Grant's fine, wide, blue eyes, within an easy day's of her own place in the world. So she hovered over G played her brown eyes upon him, flattered him, u sciously as is the way of the female, when it would win f and because she was wise, wiser than even her own knew, she cast upon the youth a strange spell.

Those were the days when Margaret Müller came fir early bloom. They were the days when her personality too big for her body, so it flowed into everything she we on the tips of every ribbon at her neck, she glowed we kind of electric radiance. A flower in her hair seems much a part of her as the turn of her cleft chin. A be her bosom was vibrant with her. And to Grant ever things she touched, after she was gone, thrilled him as the

they were of her.

Now the pages that are to follow in this chapter are written for him who has reached that grand estate whe may feel disdain for the feverish follies of youth. A lad be an ass; doubtless he is. A maid may be as fitful a west wind, and in the story of the fitfulness and folly o man and the maid, there is vast pathos and pain, from w

of this story is not what befell the youth and the maid; any tragedy that befalls a youth and a maid, is natural igh and in the order of things, as Heaven knows well. strange part of this story is that Mary and Amos Adams e. for all their high hopes of the sunrise, like the rest of us his world—only human; stricken with that inexplicable ental blindness that covers our eyes when those we love

most needing our care.

et how could they know that Grant needed their care? he not in their eves the fairest of ten thousand? They arined him in a kind of holy vision. It seems odd that a ipping, pimple-faced, freckled, red-headed boy, loud-ithed and husky-voiced, more or less turbulent and generin trouble for his insistent defense of his weaker playtes—it seems odd that such a boy could be the center of h grand dreams as they dreamed for their boy. Yet there the boy and there were the dreams. If he wrote a comation for school that pleased his parents, they were sure oretold the future author, and among her bundle of notes the Book, his mother has cherished the manuscript for his aplete works. If at school Friday afternoon, he spoke a ee, "trippingly on the tongue," they harkened back over ancestry to find the elder Adams of Massachusetts who sa great orator. When he drove a nail and made a creditle bobsled, they saw in him a future architect and stored the ident for the Romance that was to be biography. When organized a base-ball club, they saw in him the budding dership that should make him a ruler of men. ant's odd mania to take up the cause of the weak-often when causes that revealed a kind of fanatic chivalry in him Mary noted too; and saw the youth a mailed knight in the pat Battle that should precede and usher in the sunrise. Jasper was a little boy and his parents loved him dearly; n Grant, the child of their honeymooning days, held their And so their vanity for him became a kind of mellow ndness that separated them from a commonsense world. ad here is a curious thing also—the very facts that were wing Grant a leader of his fellows should have warned lary and Amos that their son was setting out on his journey from the heart of his childish paradise. He was growin tall, strong, big-voiced, with hands, broad and muscular, the made him a baseball catcher of a reputation wider than the school-grounds, yet he had a child's quick wit and merry heart. Such a boy dominated the school as a matter of course, yet so completely had his parents daubed their eye with pride that they could not see that his leadership is school came from the fact that a man was rising in him-th far-casting shadow of a virility deep and significant as de tiny itself. They could not see the man's body; they say only the child's heart. It was natural that they should as themselves what honor could possibly come to the house Adams or to any house, for that matter, further than the which illumined it when Grant came home to announce the he had been elected President of the senior class in the Harvey High School and would deliver the valedictory a dress at commencement. When Mary and Amos learns that news, they had indeed found the hero for their book at selool. Grant felt always, over and about him, the concrousness of the spell of Margaret Müller, yet he did not know what the spell was. He wrestled with it when finally ze came rather dimly to sense it, and tried with all the greagth of his ungainly soul to be loyal to the choice of his His will was loyal, yet the smiles, the eyes, the soft tempting face of Margaret always were near him. Furious storms of feeling swaved him. For youth is the time of tempest. In our teens come those floods of soul stuff through the gates of heredity, swinging open for the last time in life. floods that bring into the world the stores of the qualities of mind and heart from outside ourselves; floods stored in Heaven's reservoir, gushing from the almost limitlessly deep sorings of our ancestry; floods which draw us in resistless currents to our destinies. And so the ass, laden with this relay of life from the source of life, that every young, blind rings into the world, floundered in the flood.

Grant thought his experience was unique. Yet it is the common lot of man. To feel his soul exposed at a thousand new areas of sense; to see a new heaven and a new earth—strange, mysterious, beautiful, unfolding to his eyes; to smell new wents; to hear new sounds in the woods and fields; to look open-eyed and wondering at new relations of things that unfold in the humdrum world about him, as he fices out of the blind paradise of childhood; to dream new dreams; to aspore to new heights, to feel impulses coming out of the dark that tremble like the blare of trumpets in the soul,—the is the way of youth.

With all his loyalty for Laura Nesbit—loyalty that ensuring ther as a comrade and friend, such is the contradiction of youth that he was madly jealous of every big icey at the contry school who east eyes at Margaret Müller. And because she was ages older than he, she knew it; and it bleased for She knew that she could make all his combs and crests in bands and wattles and spurs glisten, and he knew in some deep instinct that when she sang the emotion in her voice was a call to him that he could not put into words. Thus though the autumn, Margaret and Grant were thrown together daily in the drab little house by the river. Now a low and a girl thrown together commonly make the speaking

donkeys of comedy. Yet one never may be sure that they may not be the dumb struggling creatures of the tragic muse. Heaven knows Margaret Müller was funny enough in her capers. For she related her antics-her grand pouts, her elaborate condescensions, her crass coquetry and her hidings and seekings-into what she called a "case." In the only wisdom she knew, to open a flirtation was to have a "case." So Margaret ogled and laughed and touched and ran and giggled and cried and played with her prey with a practiced lore of the heart that was far beyond the boy's knowledge. Grant did not know what spell was upon him. He did not know that his great lithe body, his gripping hands, his firm legs and his long arms that had in their sinews the power that challenged her to wrestle when she was with him-he did not know what he meant to the girl who was forever teasing and bantering him when they were alone. For it was only when Margaret and Grant were alone or when no one but little Jasper was with them, that Margaret indulged in the joys of the chase. Yet often when other boys came to see her-the country boys from the Prospect school district perhaps, or lorn swains trailing up from Spring Township-Margaret did not conceal her fluttering delight in them from Mary Adams. So the elder woman and the girl had long talks in which Margaret agreed so entirely with Mary

in his attic bedroom in vague agonies and self accusapen in hand, trying to find honest words that would it his tedious letter. Being a boy and being not enoutside the gate of his childish paradise, he did not stand the shadow that was clouding his heart.

there came one day when the gate closed and looking he saw the angel—the angel with the flaming sword. he knew. Then he saw the face that made the shadow hat day a great trembling came into his soul, a blackf unspeakable woe came over him, and he was ashamed light. After that he never wrote to Laura Nesbit.

May Margaret's school closed, and the Adamses asked remain with them for the summer, and she consented · listlessly. The busy days of the June harvest comwith the duties of printing a newspaper made their w visits with the Nesbits irregular. It was in July that Nesbit asked for Margaret, and Mary Adams rememthat Margaret, whose listlessness had grown into sula, had found some excuse for being absent whenever eshits came to spend the afternoon with the Adamses. in August, when Amos came home one night, he saw aret hurry from the front porch. He went into the and heard Mary and Grant sobbing inside and heard woice lifted in prayer, with agony in her voice. o prayer for forgiveness nor for mercy, but for guidand strength, and he stepped to the bedroom and saw to kneeling there with Margaret's shawl over the chair Mary knelt. There he heard Mary tell the story of iv's shame to her God.

th and partings have come across that threshold during three decades. Amos Adams has known anguish and t with grief many times, but nothing ever has cut him heart like the dead, hopeless woe in Mary's voice as rayed there in the bedroom with Grant that August

A terrible half-hour came when Mary and Amos with Margaret. For over their shame at what their ad done, above their love for him, even beyond their tope for him, rose their sense of duty to the child who ming. For the child they spent the passion of their and love and hope as they pleaded with Margaret for

a child's right to a name. But she had hardened her her She shook her head and would not listen to their ple ings. Then they sent Grant to her. It is not easy to which was more dreadful, the impudent smile which turned to the parents as she shook her head at them, or scornful laugh they heard when Grant sat with her. T was a long and weary night they spent and the sun rose the morning under a cloud that never was lifted from the hearts.

In the six or seven sordid, awful weeks that followed bef Kenyon was born, they turned for comfort and for help Dr. Nesbit. They made his plan to save the child's gname, their plan. Of course—the Adamses were self They felt a blight was on their boy's life. They could understand that in Heaven there is neither marriage; giving in marriage; that when God sends a soul throuthe gates of earth it comes in joy even though we greet it sorrow. Their gloom should have been lighted; part of blackness was their own vain pride in Grant. Yet they we none the less tender with Margaret, and when she went do into the valley of the shadow, Mary went with her and stand supported the girl in the journey.

When Doctor Nesbit was climbing into the buggy at gate, Grant, standing by the hitching-post, said: "Docto sometime—when we are both older—I mean Laura—" got no further. The Doctor looked at the boy's ashen further and knew the cost of the words he was speaking. He stopp reached his hand out to Grant and touched his shoulder. think I know, Grant—some day I shall tell her." He got is the buggy, looked at the lad a moment and said in his his aqueaky voice: "Well, Grant, boy, you understand all it's your burden—don't you? Your mother has say Margaret's good name. But son—son, don't you let folks bear that burden." He paused a moment further a sighed: "Well, good-by, kid—God help you, and make man of you," and so turning his cramping buggy, he draway in the dusk.

Thus came Kenyon Adams, recorded in the family Bible the third son of Mary and Amos Adams, into the wilders of this world.

CHAPTER V

BY WHICH MARGARET MÜLLER DWELLS IN MARBLE HALLS AND HENRY FENN AND KENYON ADAMS WIN NOTABLE VICTORIES

HE world into which Kenyon Adams came was a busy and noisy and ruthless world. The prairie grass was leaving Harvey when Grant Adams came, and the mendow lark left in the year that Jasper came. When Kenyou entered, even the blue sky that bent over it was threat-For Dr. Nesbit returning from the Adamses the sening that Kenyon came to Harvey found around the welldril at Jamey McPherson's a great excited crowd. were elbowing each other and craning their neeks, and wagging their heads as they looked at the core of the drill. it contained unmistakably a long worm of coal. ngh; saw rising over Harvey such dreams as made the angels But, for the dreams were all of money, and its vain display lad power. And when men rose after dreaming those drams, they swept little Jamey McPherson away in short two-r. For he had not the high talents of the money maker. 2 He had only persistence, industry and a hopeful spirit and tragge vision that he was discovering coal for the common wel. So when Daniel Sands put his mind to bear upon the * Torm of coal that came wriggling up from the drilled hole on James's lot, the worm crawled away from James and Sames went to work in the shaft that Daniel sank on his neant for near the McPherson home. The coal smoke from Lix el Sands's mines began to splotch the blue sky above be town, and Kenyon Adams missed the large leisure and mous comraderie that Grant had seen; indeed the only escrety person whom Kenyon saw in his life until he was -Beaven knows how old—was Rhoda Kollander. The hum ad bastle of Harvey did not ruffle the calm waters of her wal. She of all the women in Harvey held to the early weem of the town of going out to spend the day

"So that Margaret's gone," she was saying to Mary Ada sometime during a morning in the spring after Kenyon 1 born. "Law me-I wouldn't have a boarder. I tell Joi the sanctity of the home is invaded by boarders these day and her going out to the dances in town the way she does sh'd think you'd be glad to be alone again, and to have you own little flock to do for. And so Grant's going to be carpenter-well. well! He didn't take to the printing trail did he? My, my!" she sighed, and folded her hands about her apron—the apron which she always put on after a me as if to help with the dishes, but which she never soiled wrinkled-"I tell John I'm so thankful our little Fred h such a nice place. He waits table there at the Palace. a gets all his meals—such nice food, and can go to school to and you wouldn't believe it if I'd tell you all the nice m he meets—drummers and everything, and he's getting su good manners. I tell John there's nothing like the kind folks a boy is with in his teens to make him. And he a Tom Van Dorn every day nearly and sometimes gets a dir for serving him, and now, honest, Mary, you wouldn't belie it, but Freddie says the help around the hotel say th Mauling girl at the cigar stand thinks Tom's going to mar her, but law me—he's aiming higher than the Maulings. old man is going to die-did you know it? They came f John to sit up with him last night. John's an Odd Fello you know. But speaking of that Margaret, you know she a friend of Violet's and slips into the cigar stand sometim and Violet introduces Margaret to some nice drummers. I heard John say that when Margaret gets this term of scho taught here, the Spring Township people have made D Jim get her a job in the court house—register of deeds off But I tell John—law me, you men are the worst gossit Talk about women!"

Little Kenyon in his crib was restless, and Mary Ada was clattering the dishes, so between the two evils, M Kollander picked up the child, and rocked him and patt him and then went on: "I was over and spent the day wi the Sandses the other day. Poor woman, she's real pur Ann's such a pretty child and Mrs. Sands says that Mort not goin' back to college again. And she says he just mor

ad Laura Nesbit. Seems like the boy's got no sense. Laura's just a child-she's Grant's age, isn't she-not than eighteen or nineteen, and Morty must be nearly v-three. My—how they have sprung up. I tell John r, I'll be thirty-six right soon now, and here I've worked laved my youth away and I'll be an old woman before now it." She laughed good naturedly and rocked the ng child. "Law me, Mary Adams, I sh'd think you'd Grant to stay with George Brotherton there in the stand, instead of carpentering. Such elegant people he set there, and such refined influences since Mr. Brotherput in books and newspapers, and he could work in the ng office and deliver the Kansas City and St. Louis and go dailies for Mr. Brotherton, and do so much better re can carpentering. I tell John, if we can just keep y among nice people until he's twenty-five, he'll stay Now look at Lide Bowman. Mary Adams, we she was a smart woman until she married Dick and ust see her—living down there with the shanty trash I those ignorant foreigners, and she's growing like 'em. lost two of her babies, and that seems to be weighing · mind, and I can't persuade her to pick up and move there. It's like being in another world. And Mary -let me tell you-Casper Herdicker has gone into the Yes, sir, he closed his shop and is going to work in ne, because he can make three dollars a day. But law ou'll not see Hildy Herdicker moving down there. keep her millinery store and live with the white folks." dishes were put away, and in the long afternoon Adams sat sewing as Rhoda Kollander rambled on. be third time Rhoda came back to comment upon the bat Grant Adams had quit working in the printing -a genteel trade, and had stopped delivering papers r. Brotherton's newspaper stand—a rather high vocand was degrading himself by learning the carpenter's when Mary Adams cut into the current of the stream

ell, my dear, it was this way. There are two reasons trant is learning the carpenter's trade. In the first the boy has some sort of a passion to cast his lot among

the poor. He feels they are neglected and—well, he has sort of a fierce streak in him to fight for the under deg and—''

"Well, law me, Mary—don't I know that? Hasn' Freddie told me time and again how Grant used to fight for Freddie when he was a little boy and the big boys plague him. Grant whipped the whole school for teasing a little half-witted boy once—did you know that?" Mary Adams shook her head. "Well, he did, and—well now, isn't that nice. I can see just how he feels!" And she could. Nevel lived a more sympathetic soul than Rhoda. And as she rocked she said: "Of course, if that's the reason—law me Mary, you never can tell how these children are going to turn out. Why, I tell John—"

"And the other reason is, Rhoda, that he is earning two dollars a day as a carpenter's helper, and since Kenyon came we seem to be miserably hard pushed for money." Marg Adams stopped and then went on as one carefully choosing

with ham-like hands; Jasper came in from school full town's adventure into coal and the industries, and his ter trickled into the powerful but slowly spoken insist-of Mrs. Kollander's talk and was lost and swept finally silence. After supper Grant retired to a book from the side Library, borrowed of Mr. Brotherton from stock—same and Lilies' was its title. Jasper plunged into his keeping studies and by the wood stove in the sitting-a Rhoda Kollander held her levee until bedtime sent her

uring the noon hour the next day in Mr. Brotherton's r store and news stand, the walnut bench was filled that and just installed for the comfort of his customers. At end, was Grant Adams who had hurried up from the s to buy a paper-bound copy of Carlyle's "French Revoon": next to him sat deaf John Kollander smoking his a cigar, and beside Kollander sat stuttering Kyle Perry, fully sponging his morning Kansas City Times over Dr. bit's shoulder. The absent brother always was on the Hie at Mr. Brotherton's amen corner, and the burnt offerof the moment was Henry Fenn. He had just broken : a protracted drouth—one of a year and a half-and group was shaking sad heads over the county attorney's nfall. The doctor was saying, "It's a disease, just as ladies. God bless 'em' will become a disease with Tom Dorn if he doesn't stop pretty soon—a nervous disease soner or later they will both go down. Poor Henry-*.a and I noticed him at the charity ball last night; he

A trifle polite—a wee bit too punctilious for these lati-

I was going to say decorative—what Mrs. Neshit calls re—kind of rococco in manner," squeaked the doctor, sighed. "And yet I can see he's still fighting his devil all trying to keep from going clear under."

It's a sh-sh-sh-a-ame that ma-a-an should have th-that lof a d-d-d-devil in him—is-isis-n't it?' said Kyle Perry, John Kollander, who had been smoking in peace, blurted "What else can be expected under a Democratic admin-uson? Of course, they'll return the rebel flags. They'll

pension the rebel soldiers next!" He looked around approval, and the smiles of the group would have lured I further but Tom Van Dorn came swinging through the with his princely manner, and the Doctor rose to go. motioned George Brotherton to the rear of the room and a gently:

"George—old man Mauling died an hour ago; John Der and I were there at the last. And John sent word for to have you get your choir out—so I'll notify Mrs. New Dexter said he was a lodge member with you—what led

George!"

"Odd Fellow," returned the big man, then asked, "P

bearer!"

"Yes," returned the Doctor. "There's no one else we but the lodge in his case. You will sing him to sleep your choir and tuck him in as pall-bearer as you've doing for the dead folks ever since you came to town." Doctor turned to go, "Meet to-night at the house for depractice, I suppose!"

Brotherton nodded, and turned to take a bill from Town Dorn, who had pocketed a handful of cigars and a new terms of the second of the second

ber of papers.

"We were just talking about Henry, Tom," remark Mr. Brotherton, as he handed back the change.

"He's b-back-sl-slidden," prompted l'erry.

"Oh, well—it's all right. Henry has his weaknesses—all have our failings. But drunk or sober he danced a detimes last night with that pretty school teacher from P pect Township." Grant looked up from his book, as Dorn continued, "Gorgeous creature—" he shut his and added: "Don't pity Henry when he can get a wellike that to favor him!"

As John Kollander thundered back some irrelevant of ment on the moment's politics, Van Dorn led Brotherton the further end of the counter and lowering his voice said

"You know that Mauling girl at the Palace

counter?"

As Brotherton nodded, Van Dorn, dropping his to a whisper, said: "Her father's dead—poor child—been spending her money—she hasn't a cent. I know; I

lking to her more or less for a year or so. Which your lodges does the old man belong to, George?" a the big man said: "Odd Fellows," Van Dorn I into an inner coat pocket, brought out some bills pping them to Brotherton, so that the group on the n the corner could not see, Van Dorn mumbled:

l her folks this came from the lodge—poor little

e, she's their sole support."

an Dorn lighted his cigar at the alcohol burner Henry urned into the store. Fenn stood among them and his electric smile, that illumined his lean, drawn face id, "Here," a pause, then, "I am," another pause, nore searching smile. "I am again!"

Brotherton looked up from the magazine counter he was sorting out *Centurys*, and *Harpers* and *Scrib*rom a pile: "Say—" he roared at the newcomer, —say, Henry—this won't do. Come—take a brace:

urself together. We are all for you."

"answered Fenn, smiling out of some incandescence heart, "that's just it: You're all for me. The boys Riley's saloon are all for me. Mother—God bless wn at the house is for me so strong that she never or falters. I can get every vote in the delegation, own!"

. Henry, why these tears?" sneered Van Dorn.

e all got to have our fun."

resume, Tom," snapped Fenn, "that you've got your flairs of the heart so that you can take 'em or let me!" But to the group in the amen corner, Fenn ip his head in shame. He looked like a whipped dog. one the crowd disappeared, all but Grant, who was gover his book, and deaf John Kollander.

and Brotherton went back to Brotherton's desk and sked. "Did I—George, was it pretty bad last night? —she—that Müller girl—what a wonderful woman George, do you suppose—"Fenn caught Grant's eyes ing toward them. The name of Margaret Müller had I his ears. But Fenn went on, lowering his voice: estly believe she could, if any one could." Fenn put a, tapering hand upon Brotherton's broad fat paw.

and smiled a quaint, appreciative smile, frank and ge It was one of those smiles that carried agreement with a had been said, and with everything that might be Brotherton took up the hallelujah chorus for Margaret w "Fine girl—bright, keen—well say, did you know she's ing the books here of me for the chautauqua course an trying for a degree—something in her head besides hair

-well, say!"

He stopped in the middle of the sentence, and brodown his great hand on his knee. "Well, say—observe the prize idiot! Get the blue ribbon and pin it on ; Uncle George. Look here at me overlooking the main Well, say, Henry—here are the specifications of one I juiey plan. Funeral to-morrow—old man Mauling; obliparty to die. Uncle George and the angel choir to offiwith Uncle George doubling in brass as pall-bearer, new Mrs. Sands, our bell-voiced contralto, is sick; also oing party to be sick. Need new contralto: Müller girl voice like morning star, or stars, as the case may Fenn flashed on his electric smile, and rose, looking a ction.

"That's the idea, Henry, that finally wormed its way my master mind," cried Brotherton, laughing his big la "That's what I said before I spoke. You are to drive Prospect Township this evening- Hey, Grant," e. Brotherton to the boy on the bench in the Amen con "Does that pretty school ma'am board with you peop And when Grant shook his head, Brotherton went on: -she's moved across the district I remember now. anyway, Henry, you're to drive into Prospect Town this evening and produce one large, luscious brunette tralto for choir practice at General Nesbit's piano at o'clock sharp." He stood facing Fenn whose eyes were g ing. The lurking devil seemed to slink away from Brotherton, seeing the change, again burst into his laugh bringing Fenn to the front of the store roared: "Well -Hennery-are there any flies on your Uncle Geor scheme ?"

Grant began buttoning his coat. Fenn, free for the ment of his devil, was happy, and Brotherton looked a and cried, "Now get out of here—the both of you; you're take And say," called Brotherton to Fenn, "bring by up to the Palace Hotel for supper, and we'll fill her full

If rea food, so's she can sing—well, say!"

That evening going home Grant met Margaret and Fenn Baturn of the road, and before they noticed him, he saw a businar look in her eyes as she gazed at the man, saw how low; they were sitting in the buggy, saw a score of little bugs that sent the blood to his face and he strode on past bem without speaking. That night he slipped into the room there the baby lay playing with his toes, and there, standwover the little fellow, the youth's eyes tilled with tears and for the first time he felt the horror of the baby lifting from him. He did not touch the child, but tiptoed from he room ashamed to be seen.

To Margaret Müller, the baby's mother, that night opened then world. To begin with, it marked her entrance through by prais of the Palace Hotel as a guest. She had someas fitted into the office with its loose, tiled floors and Late, onex splendor to speak to Miss Mauling of the news we then she came as a fugitive and saw things only fur-But this night Margaret walked in through the "La-Entrance," sat calmly in the parlor, while Mr. Fenn by her name upon the register, and after some delirious For is of grand conversation with Mr. Fenn in the gilded ■ of pleasure with its chemille draperies and its apoplectic kname all puffed to the bursting point, she had walked Mr. Fenn through the imposing halls of the wonderful the like a rescued princess in a fairy tale, to the during ME there to meet Mr. Brotherton, and the eldest Miss Morwho recently had been playing the cabinet organ at brais to guide Mr. Brotherton's choir. Now the eldest le Morton was not antique, being only a seant tiffeen in bet crosses and pig tails. But at the urgent request of Brotherton, and "to fill out the table, and to take the raids out of her apron by a square meal at the Palace,"

Mr. Brotherton explained to the Captain, she had been two-1 and curled and seared by her sisters and her far and sent along with Mr. Brotherton possibly in his ulster pocket, and she sat breathing irregularly and

looking steadily into her lap in great awe and trepidation Margaret Müller, in the dining-room whose fame be spread to the outposts of Spring township and to the fa nesses of Prospect, behaved with scarcely less constrain than the eldest Miss Morton. She gazed at the beamed ce ing, the high wainscoting, the stenciled walls, the fresce upon the panels, framed by the beams, the wide sideboar the glittering glass and the plated silver service, and if h eyes had not been so beautiful they would have betray her wonder and admiration. As it was, they showed an stasy of delight that made them shine and when Hen Fenn saw them he looked at Mr. Brotherton, and Mr. Brotherton, erton looked at Mr. Fenn, and the moon in Mr. Brotherton face beamed a lively approval. Moreover the cigar salesm from Leavenworth and a hardware drummer from St. Los and a drygoods salesman from Chicago and a travelling au tor for the Midland saw Margaret's eyes and they too look at one another and gave their unqualified approval. other years-in later years-when she was at Bertolin Grand Palace in Naples or in some of the other Grand P aces of other effete and luxurious capitals of Europe, M. garet used to think of that first meal at the Palace house Harvey and wonder what in the world really did become the dozen fried oysters that she so innocently ordered. S could see them looming up, a great pyramid of brown batter, garnished with cress, and she knew that she h blundered. But she did not see the wink that Mr. Broth ton gave Mr. Fenn nor the glare that Mr. Fenn gave I Brotherton; so she faced it out and whether she ate them left them, she never could recall.

But it was a glorious occasion in spite of the fried oyste. What though the tiles of the floor of the Palace were cracke what though the curtains sagged, and the furniture with shabby, and the walls were faded and dingy; what thou the great beams in the dining-room were dirty and the carpets in the halls bedraggled, and the onyx gapping great cracks upon the warped walls of the office; what thou the paint had faded and the varnish cracked all over house! To Margaret Müller and also to the eldest Morton, who only managed to breathe below her locket in the same of t

ere under the stars, it was a dream of marble halls, frowsy Freddie Kollander and the other waiter who t in the food on thick, cracked oblong dishes were and serfs by their sides.

n they started up Sixth Avenue, the eldest Miss was trying to think of everything that had happened the younger Misses Morton, Martha and Ruth—what e and what Miss Müller wore, and what Freddie Kolwho waited on them, and also went to high school, en he saw her, and how Mr. Fenn acted when Miss got the big platter of oysters, and what olives tasted if anything had been cooked in the Peerless Cooker ther had just sold Mr. Paxton and in general why rit of mortal should be proud.

Miss Müller entertained no such thoughts. She was g upon the air of some elysium, and she took and r. Fenn's arm with an unnecessary tightness and numming the tune that told of the girl who dreamed elt in marble halls; and then, as they left the thick of n and were walking along the board sidewalks that Elm Crest on Elm Street, they all fell to singing that and as one good tune deserved another, and as they ging to practice the funeral music that evening, they her tunes of a highly secular nature that need not be ated here. And as Miss Müller had a substantial folded snugly within her, and the ambition of her life ming but a few blocks ahead of her, she walked closer Fenn, county attorney in and for Greeley county, than ally necessary. So when Mr. Brotherton walked le with the eldest Miss Morton stumbling intermitover the edge of the sidewalk and walking in the eds beside it, Miss Müller put some feeling into her voice and they struck what Mr. Brotherton was to call a barbershop chord, and held it to his delight. be frosty air rang with their voices, and the rich voice of the young woman thrilled with passion p for words. So deep was it that it might have the hovering soul of the dead whose dirges they o sing and brought back to him the time when he I thrilled with youth and its inexpressible joy.

Up the hill they go, arm in arm, with fondling vouttering the unutterable. And now they turn into a lobroad avenue of elms, of high, plumey elms trimmed a tended, mulched and cultivated for nearly twenty years, a apple of one man's eye; great elms set in blue grass, braning only at the tops, elms that stand in a grove around irregular house, elms that shade a broad stone walk leadiup to a wide, hospitable door. The young people ris There is a stirring in the house, Margaret Müller's heart a-flutter—and the eldest Miss Morton wonders whether Lau or the hired girl will open the door, and in a moment—en Margaret Müller into the home of the Nesbits.

As the wide door opens, a glow of light and life is upon the young people. Standing in the broad reception is Doctor Nesbit, with his finger in a book—a poel book if you please—and before him with his arm about and her head beneath his chin stands his daughter. Comidown the stairs is Mrs. Bedelia Satterthwaite Nesbit—of Maryland Satterthwaites—tall, well-upholstered, with lar features and a Roman nose and with the makings of a deuchin, if she ever would deign to bend her queenly he and finally with the pomp of a major general in figure a mien.

She ignores the debris of the carpenters who have be putting in the hardwood floors, without glancing at it, a walking to her guests, welcomes them with regal splend receiving Miss Müller with rather obvious dignity. Mesbit in those days was a woman of whom the doctor se "There is no foolishness about Bedelia." The jovial Brotherton attempts some pleasant hyperbole of speewhich the hostess ignores and the Doctor greets with smile. Mrs. Nesbit leads the way to the piano, being a wom of purpose, and whisks the eldest Miss Morton upon stool and has the hymn book opened in less time than takes to tell how she did it. The Doctor and Laura sta watching the company, and perhaps they stand awkward which prompts Mr. Brotherton in the goodness of his he to say, "Doctor, won't you sit and hear the music?"

Mrs. Nesbit looks around, sees the two figures standing n

the fire and replies, "No, the Doctor won't."

e chirps a mocking echo-"No, the Doctor

ton glances at Mr. Fenn, and the Doctor sees il right, boys—that's all right; I may be satrap I have the power of life and death over my bat's down town. Out here, I'm the minority

opens the hymn book, smooths the fluttering without looking toward the Doctor: "I supse well begin now." And she begins beating her index finger and marking the accents with

they can hear the gentle drone of the Doctor's the intervals in the music, reading in some to his daughter. They are reading Tennyand sometimes in the emotional passages his and his eyes fill up and he cannot go on. At daughter puts her head upon his shoulder and r tears away upon his coat and they are silent begin again. When his throat cramps, she and they sit dreaming for a time and the ream and the dreams they read differ only in y is made with words.

d night for Margaret Müller. She has come vorld—the world of her deep desire. Mrs. e girl's wandering eyes, taking note of the me making an inventory. No article of the vases and jars and plaques and jugs and grotesque souvenirs of far journeys across the lings nor steel engravings nor photographs of ities nor storied urns nor animated busts ndering, curious brown eyes of the girl. But onderment, though her eyes wander far and er are too far to flash back betimes at Henry rinks from the woman's eyes as from a deep r well. He does not see that she is staring. utes speed, he knows that he is electrified with rrents from her glowing face and that they rapture that he has never known before.

be sure of one thing: Mrs. Nesbit—the that

was Satterthwaite of the Maryland Satterthwaites-she see what is in the wind. She is not wearing gold-rimmed nose glasses for her health. Her health is exceptionally good And what is more to the point, as they are singing, Mrs. Nesbit gives George Brotherton a look-one of the genuine old Satterthwaite looks that speak volumes, and in effect it tells him that if he has any sense, he will take Henry Fens home before he makes a fool of himself. And the eldest Miss Morton, swinging her legs under the piano stool and drumming away to Mrs. Nesbit's one- and two- and three and four-ands, peeps out of the corners of her eyes and sees Miss Müller gobbling Mr. Fenn right down without chewing him, and whoopee but Mrs. Nesbit is biting nails and Mr. Brotherton, he can't hardly keep his face straight from laughing at all, and if Ruth and Martha ever tell she will never tell them another thing in the world. And she mustn't forget to ask Mrs. Nesbit if she's used the instant the little figure of the Doctor is in the room. It is at the red-faced boy, and quick as a flash he sees in mouth, the dazed, gaping eyes, the graying face aret as she leans heavily upon George Brotherton. It instant the Doctor sees her rally, grapple with bring back the slow color as if by main strength, and hard forced smile, as the boy stands in impotent before them.

ve the spring wagon here, Doctor—hurry—hurry expostulates the youth, as the Doctor climbs into cost, and then looking at Margaret the boy exclaims "Wouldn't you like to go, too, Maggie? Wouldn't

as hold of herself now and replies: "No, Grant, think your mother will need me," but she almost grip as she asks weakly, "Do you?"

ther second they are gone, the boy and the Doctor, the night, and the horse's hoofs, clattering fainter ter as they hurry down the road, bring to her the a little heart beating fainter and fainter, and she to her soul with a hard hand.

long Margaret Müller and Henry Fenn are alone gy driving to Prospect township.

her desire. And she knows that down in the valley immers a single light is a little body choking for lighting for life.

rs my helpless soul on thee," swirls through her id she is cold—very cold, and sits aloof and will not not talk. Ever the patter of the horse's feet in y is borne upward by the wind, and she feels in her faltering of a little heart. She dares not hope that tart up again; she cannot bear the fear that it will

! leaves the man who knew her inmost soul but an b; hardly a word she speaks at parting; hardly she him as she slips into the house, cold and shivth the sound of every hoof-beat on the road in the ringing her back to the helpless soul fluttering in body that once she warmed in hers.

Thus the watchers watched the fighting through the the child fighting so hard to live. For life is dear child—even though its life perpetuates shame and only sorrow—life still is dear to that struggling little there under that humble roof, where even those that I and hover in agony over it in its bed of torture, feel it goes out into the great mystery from whence it it will take a sad blot from the world with it. A hope and fear and love and tenderness and grief a mingled in the horror that it may die, in the mute que that asks if death would not be merciful and kind. A night the watchers watched, and the watcher who was was afraid to pray, and as the daylight came in, was gray, the child on the rack of misery sank to sleep, and a little smile of peace at victory.

Then in the pale dawn, a weary man, trudging slowly up the hill into Harvey, met another going ou the fields. The Doctor looked up and was astonished

CHAPTER VI

E THE REAUTY AND CHIVALRY OF HARVEY; ALSO HEREIN
WE BREAK OUR FIRST HEART

NOWNS are curiously like individuals. They take their character largely from their experiences, laid layer upon layer in their consciousnesses, as time moves, though the experiences are seemingly forgotten, the res of those experiences are ineffaceably written into the Four or five towns lie buried under the Harvey is to-day, each one possible only as the other upholds it, all inexorably pointing to the destiny of the Harvey is, and to the many other Harveys yet to rise upon the mate—the Harveys that shall be. There was, of course, medity before the town was; the strong New England strain blood that was mixed in the Ohio Valley and about the heat Lakes and changed by the upheaval of the Civil War. den came the hegira across the Mississippi and the infant on in the Missouri Valley—the town of the pioneers town that only obeyed its call and sought instinctively eschool house, the newspaper, orderly government, real mate gambling and "the distant church that topt the bethoring hill." In the childhood of the town the cattle appeared and with the cattle trade came wild days and disorder. But the railroad moved westward and the trail moved with the railroad and then in the early descence of the town came coal and gas and oil. And sudhaly Harvey blossomed into youth.

It was a place of adventure; men were made rich overment by the blow of a drill in a well. Then was the time fruit equality of opportunity to come which the pioneers much if ever it was coming. But alas, even in matters there luck, the fates played favorites. In those fat must began raining red-wheeled buggies on Sundays, is mart traps drawn by horses harnessed gaudily in white or tan appeared on the streets. Morty Sands of hired a band from Omaha or Kansas City, and held revel in the Sands opera house, where all the new da of that halcyon day were tripped. The waters of Wahoo echoed with the sounds of boating partiesfrequently given by Morty Sands, and his mandolin tered gayly on a dozen porches during the summer of ings of that period. It was Morty who enticed II Fenn into the second suit of evening clothes ever played in Harvey, though Tom Van Dorn and George Bi erton appeared a week later in evening clothes plus w gloves and took much of the shine from Henry and Mo splendor. Those were the days when Nate Perry and yo Joe Calvin and Freddie Kollander organized the little er -the Spring Chickens, they called themselves-and the crowd was wont to ape its elders and peek through the f at the grandeur of the grown-ups. But alas for the erowd, month by month it was doomed to see its little kidnaped to bloom in the upper gardens. Thus E Morton went; thus Ave Calvin disappeared, and so L Nesbit vanished from the Spring Chickens and appeared Morty Sands's bower! Doctor Nesbit in those days of Morty the "head gardener in the rosebud garden of girls And a lovely garden it was. Of course, it was more or democratic; for every one was going to be rich; every was indeed just on the verge of riches, and lines of were loosely drawn. For wealth was the only line marked the social differences. So when Henry Fenn, young county attorney, in his new evening clothes bro Margaret Müller of the Register of Deeds office to M Sands's dances, Margaret had whatever social distinction wits gave her; which upon the whole was as much disting as Rhoda Kollander had whose husband employed garet. The press of the social duties in that day wei heavily upon Rhoda, who was not the woman to neglect larger responsibilities to so good a husband as John lander, by selfishly staying at home and keeping house him. She had a place in society to maintain, that the of her country might not be sullied by barring John a county office.

he real queen-rose in the garden was Laura Nesbit. How d she was! What lips she had in those days of her first bloom, and what frank, searching eyes! And her laugh hat chimed like bells through the merriment of the youth t always was gathered about her—her laugh could start action in Morty Sands's heart as far as he could hear the me. It was a matter of common knowledge in the rowd," that Morty Sands had one supreme aim in life: the stahip of Laura Nesbit. For her he lavished clothes upon melf until he became known as the iridescent dream! ther he bought a high-seated cart of great price, drawn by Mack horse in white kid harness! For her he learned a mle concert of Schubert's songs upon the mandolin and ormized a serenading quartette that wore the grass smooth der her window. For her candy, flowers, books—usually a books with padded covers, or with handpainted decorams or with sumptuous engravings upon them or in them. hed into the Neshits' front room, and lay in a thick coating to the parlor table.

Someway these votive offerings didn't reach the heart of a goldess. She rode beside him in his stanhope, and she his bouquets and read his books, such as were intended a reading; and alas for her figure, she ate his candy. But the things did not prosper his suit. She was just looking wind in the market of life. Pippa was forever passing wind in the market of life. Pippa was forever passing wind her heart singing, "God's in his heaven—all's right the world." She did not blink at evil; she knew it, thorred it, but challenged it with love. She had a vague that evil could be vanquished by inviting it out to dinner that a triple it in for tea frequently and she believed if it is refused to transform itself into good, that the thing to with evil was to be a sister to it.

The closest she ever came to overcoming evil with evil was be spanked little Joe Calvin for persisting in tying to the Morton cat's tail, whereupon Morty Sands rose to the Morton cat's tail, whereupon Morty Sands rose to the girl nine rahs, exhibiting an enthusiasm that the him for a year. So Laura thought that if the mixing had not helped much the soul of little Joe, it had to mething worth while into Morty Sands. The thought had her. For Morty was her problem. During the first

months after her return from boarding school, she had broke him—excepting upon minor moonlight relapses—of trying t kiss her, and she had sufficiently discouraged his declarations of undying devotion, so that they came only at we dings, or after other mitigating circumstances which, after

pinching his ear, she was able to overlook.

But she could not get him to work for a living. He wouldn't even keep office hours. Lecturing settled nothing. Lecturing a youth in a black and gold blazer, due trousers and a silk shirt and a red sash, with socks and he to match his coat, lecturing a youth who plays the mandele while you talk, and looks at you through hazel eyes with the intelligence of an affectionate pup, lecturing a you who you know would be kissing you at the moment if you weren't twenty pounds heavier and twice as strong—some way doesn't arouse enthusiasm. So Morty Sands remains a problem.

Now an affair of the heart when a man is in his twentiand a girl is just passing out of her teens, is never static;

is dynamic and always there is something doing.

It was after one of Morty's innumerable summer dances the Sands Opera House, that Fate cast her dies for the fin throw. Morty had filled Laura Nesbit's program scanda ously full. Two Newports, three military schottisches, the York, the Racket-ask grandpa and grammer about the dances, ye who gyrate in to-day's mazes-two waltz qui drilles and a reel. And when you have danced half the ev ning with a beautiful girl, Fate is liable to be thumping vi orously on the door of your heart. So Morty walking hom under a drooping August moon with Laura Nesbit that night determined to bring matters to a decision. As they came w the walk to the Nesbit home, the girl was humming the tun that beat upon his heart, and almost unconsciously they fe to waltzing. At the veranda steps they paused, and hi arm was around her. She tried to move away from him, at enffed him as she cried: "Now Morty-you know-yo know very well what I've always-"

"Laura—Laura—" he eried, as he held her hand to be face and tried to focus her soul with his brown eye "Laura," he faltered, then words deserted him: the fin

ech he had planned melted into, "O, my dear—my dear!" the kept her hand. The pain and passion in his voice unto the girl's heart. She was not frightened. She did care to run. She did not even take his persisting arm mabout her. She let him kiss her hand reverently, then sat with him on the veranda step and as they sat she whis arm from her waist until it was hooked in her arm, dher hand held his.

"Oh. I'm in earnest to-night, Laura," said Morty, gripng her hand. "I'm staking my whole life to-night, Laura. In deadly—oh, quite deadly serious, Laura, and oh—"

"And I'm serious too, Morty," said the girl—"just as rous as you!" She slipped her hand away from his and a her hand upon his shoulder gently, almost tenderly. But wouth felt a certain calmness in her touch that dishearted him.

la a storm of despair he spoke: "Laura-Laura, can't nee how can you let me go on loving you as I do until am mad! Can't you see that my soul is yours and always ■ b-en! You can call it into heights it will never know ithout you! You—you—O, sometimes I feel that I could by to you as to God!" He turned to her a face glowing to a white and holy passion, and dropped her hand from 1sh ulder and did not touch her as he spoke. Their eyes * scadfastly in a silence. Then the girl bowed her head to bled. For she knew, even in her teens, she knew with tatuitions that are old as human love upon the planet # she was in the naked presence of an adoring soul. When ould speak she picked up the man's soft white hand. I resed it. She could not have voiced her eternal denial - retainly. And Morty Sands lifted an agonized face ze stars and his jaws trembled. He had lighted his altar and it was quenched. The girl, still holding his hand, *-nd-rlv:

Y-s. yes." he answered as one who realizes a finality. • kind enough—yes, I know you're kind. Laura!" He

IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

stopped and gazed at her in the moonlight—and it was a flame on the charred altar of his heart had sprung up a second as he spoke: "And I never—never shall—I reshall love any one else—I never, never shall!"

The girl rose. A moment later the youth followed Back into its sheath under his countenance his soul slip and he stood before the girl smiling a half deprecatory a But the girl's face was racked with sorrow. She had tragedy. Her pain wounded him and he winced in heart. Wherefore he smiled quite genuinely, and stepback, and threw a kiss at the girl as he said: "It's not Laura! Don't mind! It's nothing at all and we'll fuit! Won't we!"

And turning away, he tripped down the walk, leaving gazing after him in the moonlight. At the street he tu back with a gay little gesture, blew a kiss from his v finger tips and cried, "It's nothing at all—nothing at a And as she went indoors she heard him call, "It's nothing all!"

She heard him lift his whistle to the tune of the v quadrille, but she stood with tears in her eyes until the b tune died in the distance.

CHAPTER VII

THICH WE SEE HOW LIFE TRANSLATES ITSELF INTO THE MATERIALISM ABOUND IT

OAL and oil and gas and lead and zinc. The black sprite, the brown sprite, the invisible sprite, the two gray sprites—elemental sprites they were—destined bound servants of man. Yet when they came rushing out earth there at Harvey, man groveled before them, and his immortal soul to these trolls. Naturally enough al Sands was the high priest at their altar. It was fitthat a devil worship which prostrated itself before coal il and gas and lead and zinc should make a spider the al of its servility. So the spider's web, all iron and steel es below ground, all steel and iron and copper in wires ails above ground, spread out over the town, over the ry near the town, and all the pipes and tubes and rails rires led to the dingy little room where Daniel Sands pinning his web. He was the town god. Even the heifer of Baal was a nobler one. And the curious about this orgy of materialism, was that Harvey il the thousands of Harveys great and small that filled ica in those decades believed with all their hearts tey were essentially kind hearts—that quick, easy and ant profits, really made the equality of opportunity every one desired. They thought in terms of democ--which is at bottom a spiritual estate,—and they like gross materialists. So they fooled the world, they deceived themselves. For the soul of America ot reflected in that debauch of gross profit making. oul of America still aspired for justice; but in the of the day, believed quite complacently because a few mt rich quick (stupid men too,) and many men were -do. that justice was achieved, and the world ready for the millennium. But there came a day when Harve

and all its kind saw the truth in shame.

And life in Harvey shaped itself into a vast greedy dream A hard, metallic timbre came into the soft, high voice of D James Nesbit, but did not warn men of the metallic pla that was galvanizing the Doctor's soul; nor did it disturb to Doctor. Amos Adams saw the tinplate covering, heard 1 sounding brass, and Mary his wife saw and heard too; b they were only two fools and the Doctor who loved the laughed at them and turned to the healing of the sick at the subjugation of his county. So men sent him to 1 state Senate. Curiously Mrs. Nesbit-she whom Geor Brotherton always called the General—she did not shake t spell of the trolls from her heart. They were building win and ells and lean-tos on the house that she called her house and she came to love the witchery of the time and place at did not see its folly. Yet there walked between these to entranced ones, another who should have awakened. I she was young, fresh from the gods of life. Her eyes, flinehing, glorious eyes, should have seen through the dres of that day. But they were only a girl's eyes and we happy, so they could not see beyond the spell that fell arous them. And alas, even when the prince arrived, his kiss wa poisoned too.

When young Thomas Van Dorn came to the Nesbit has on a voyage of exploration and discovery—came in a hand some suit of gray, with hat and handkerchief to match, as a flowing crepe tie, black to harmonize with his flowing mustache and his wing of fine jet black hair above his intended face, Laura Nesbit considered him reflectively, as

catalogued him.

"Tom," explained the daughter to her father rather cold one morning, after the young man had been reading Swi burne in his deep, mellow pipe-organ of a voice to the fami until bed-time the night before, "Tom Van Dorn, father, the kind of a man who needs the influence of some street woman!"

Mrs. Nesbit glanced at her husband furtively and caughis grin as he piped gayly:

"Who also must carry the night key!"

three laughed but the daughter went on with the guing: "He is a young man of strong predilections, finite purpose and more than ordinary intellectual ty."

nd so far as I have counted, Laura," her father interlagain, "I haven't found an honest hair in his handhead; though I haven't completed the count yet!" ther smiled aimably as he made the final qualification. girl caught the mother's look of approval shimmerross the table and laughed her gay, bell-like chime. ou've made a bad guess, mother."

in she laughed gayly: "It's not for me to open a for the Direction of Miscalculated Purposes. Still," to said seriously, "a strong woman is what he needs." to omitting the latch-key," gibed her father, and the rifted into another current.

next Sunday afternoon young Tom Van Dorn apl with Rossetti added to his Swinburne, and crowded Sands clear out of the hammock so that Morty had to a a porch chair, and woke up frequently and was un-. While the gilded youth slept the Woman woke and d. and Morty was left disconsolate.

shadows were long and deep when Tom Van Dorn om the hammock, closed his book, and stood beside the poking with a gentle tenderness from the burning of his black eyes into her eyes. He paused before g away, and held up a hand so that she could see, about it, a flaxen hair, probably drawn from the hampillow. He smiled rather sadly, dropped his eyes to be closed in his hands, and quoted softly:

'And around his heart, one strangling golden hair!'"

lid not speak again, but walked off at a great stride the stone path to the street. The next day Rossetti's seame to Laura Nesbit in a box of roses.

Sunday following Laura Nesbit made it a point to go er parents to spend the day with the Adamses down river on their farm. But not until the Nesbits piled eir phaëton to leave did Grant appear. He met the lat the gate with a great bouquet of woods flowers, saying, "Here, Mrs. Nesbit—I thought you might like the But they found Laura's hands, and he smiled grateful her for taking them. As they drove off, leaving him locagerly after them, Dr. Nesbit said when they were of hearing, "I tell you, girls—there's the makings of a mareal man!"

That night Laura Nesbit in her room looking at the rose and smelled the woods flowers on her table beside

fading roses.

As her day dreams merged into vague pictures fli through her drowsy brain, she heard the plaintive, trem voice of Morty Sands's mandolin, coming nearer and ne and his lower whistle taking the tune while the E s crooned an obligato; he passed the house, went down street to the Mortons' and came back and went home a still trilling his heart out like a bird. As the chirping I into the night sounds, the girl smiled compassionately

slept.

As she slept young Thomas Van Dorn walked alone u the elm trees that plumed over the sidewalks in those rons with hands clasped behind him, occasionally gr into the twinkling stars of the summer night, consider rather seriously many things. He had come out to t over his speech to the jury the next day in a murder pending in the court. But the murderer kept sinking his consciousness; the speech would not shape itself to p him, and the young lawyer was forever meeting n squarely and abruptly the vision of Laura Nesbit, seemed to be asking him disagreeable and conclusive tions, which he did not like to answer. Was she worth the sacrifice that marriage would require of him? in love with her? What is love anyway? Wherein d differ from certain other pleasurable emotions, to which was not a stranger? And why was the consciousness of growing larger and larger in his life? He tried to w reflectively, but he had no music in his soul and whis gave him no solace.

It was midnight when he found himself walking pas Nesbit home, looking toward it and wondering which the open windows was nearest to her. He flinehed

shame when he recollected himself before other houses gazing at other windows, and he unpursed his lips that were wont to whistle a signal, and went down the street shudder-Then after an impulse in which some good angel of remore shook his teeth to rouse his soul, he lifted his face to the sky and would have cried in his heart for help, but istead he smiled and went on, trying to think of his speech and resolving mightily to put Laura Nesbit out of his heart maily for the night. He held himself to his high resolve for four or five minutes. It is only fair to say that the white dad figure of the Doctor coming clicking up the street with has cane keeping time to a merry air that he hummed as he walked distracted the young man. His first thought was to turn off and avoid the Doctor who came along swinging his medicine case gayly. But there rushed over Van Dorn a seeling that he would like to meet the Doctor. He recoghad that he would like to see any one who was near to Her It was a pleasing sensation. He coddled it. He was proud of the knew what it meant. So he stopped the preoccupied ware in white, and cried, "Doctor-we're late to-night!"

"Well, Tom, I've got a right to be! Two more people in Harvey to-night than were here at five o'clock this afternoon is ause I am a trifle behindhand. Girl at your partner's I — Calvin's, and a boy down at Dick Bowman's!" He is said and smiled and added musingly, "And they're as I woi down at Dick's as though he was heir to a kingdom!"

And Joe - I suppose - not quite --- "

Oh, Joe, he's still in the barn, I dropped in to tell him it was a girl. But he won't venture into the house to see the where before noon to-morrow! Then he'll go when she's way plant.

Dick really isn't more than two jumps ahead of the wolf.

🗻 . e. Doctor!"

"Well," grinned the elder man, "maybe a jump-and-a-

half or two jumps."

The young man exclaimed, "Say, Doctor! I think it wild be a pious act to make the fellows put up fifty dollars frinck to-night. I'll just go down and raid a few poker games and make them do it."

The Doctor stopped him: "Better let me give it to Dick

if you get it, Tom!" Then he added, "Why don't you he Christian hours, boy? You can't try that Yengst case morrow and be up all night!"

"That's just what I'm out here for, Doctor-to get

head in shape for the closing speech."

"Well," sniffed the Doctor, "I wish you no bad luck, I hope you lose. Yengst is guilty, and you've no business "Doctor," cut in Van Dorn, "there's not a penny in Yengst case for me! He was a poor devil in trouble; he came to my office for help! Do you consider the most of your sick folks—whether they have lived virtuous; upright lives when they come to you stricken and in pa They're just sick folks to you in your office, and they're

poor devils in trouble for me."

The Doctor cocked his head on one side, sparrow-w looked for a moment at the young man and piped, "You's

brassy pup, aren't you!"

A second later the Doctor was trudging up the strephomeward, humming his bee-like song. Van Dorn watchim until his white clothes faded into the shades of the nighteen he turned and walked slowly townward, with his has behind him and his eyes on the ground. He forgot Yengst case, and everything else in the universe exceptively girl's gray eyes, her radiant face, and the glory of her assing soul. It was calling with all its power to Tom Van Doto rise and shine and take up the journey to the stars. A when one hears that call, whether it come from man or material from friend or brother, or sweetheart or child, or from challenge within him of the holy spirit, when he heeds call, no matter where he is while he hears, he walks we God!

So it came to pass the next day that Thomas Van Dewent before the jury and pleaded for the murderer in Yengst case with the tongue of men and of angels. For knew that Dr. Nesbit was loitering in the clerk's office, joining the courtroom to listen to the plea. Every fulty of his mind and every capacity of his body was away and they said around the court house that it was "speech of Tom's life!" The Doctor on the front steps of courthouse met the young man in the daze that follows

al flight, munching a sandwich to relieve his brain, he multitude made way for him as he went to his

Il. Tom-" piped the Doctor as he grasped the sweaty, nds of the young orator, "if Yengst had been inno-

you suppose you could have done as well?"

Dorn gave his sandwich to a passing dog, and took tor's arm as they walked to their common stairway. they had walked a dozen steps the Doctor had uns situation in local politics that needed attention, and orn could not lead the elder man back to further of his speech. Yet the young lawyer knew that he ved the Doctor deeply.

night in his office Tom Van Dorn and Henry Fenn h their feet in the window sill, looking through the indow into the moon. In their discourse they used borate, impersonal anonymity that youth engages to

ne baggage of its intimate confidences.

got to have a pretty woman, Henry," quoth the lawhis friend, while the moon blushed behind a cloud. aust have beauty above everything, and after that

anners, and after that good blood.'

noon came out and smiled at Henry. "Tom, let me something, I don't care! I used to think I'd be and choosey. But I know my own heart. I don't I'm the kind of fellow, I guess, who just gets it bad nes down all broken out with it." He turned his smile into Tom Van Dorn's face, and finding no quick e smiled whimsically back at the moon.

re fellows are that way, Henry," assented Van Dorn, ot I! I couldn't love a servant girl no matter how she was—not for keeps, and I couldn't love an ugly s. and I'd leave a bluestocking and clope with a girl if I found the bluestocking crocked or faded in h! Yet a beautiful woman, who remained a woman m't become a moral guide-" he stared brazenly at and in the cloud that whisked by he saw a score ies of other women whose faces had shone there. i passed. He went on: "Oh, she could hold med hold me-I think!"

The street noises below filled the pause. Henry r looked eagerly into the sky and wistfully at the moon a spoke, "Hold me? Hold me?" he cried, "Why, T though I'd fall into hell myself a thousand timescouldn't lose me! I'd still-still," he faltered, "I'd still He did not finish, but sat down and putting his hand the arm of his friend's chair, he bent forward, smiled the handsome young face in the moonlight and said : -you know the kind of a fool I am, Tom-now!"

"That's what you say, Henry-that's what you say no Van Dorn turned and looked at his friend. "You're st ing it out all right, Henry-against the rum fiend-I

sume? When does your sentence expire?"
"Next October," answered Fenn.

"Going to make it then?"

"That's the understanding," returned Fenn.

"And you say you've got it bad," laughed Van D "And yet-say, Henry-why didn't you do better with jury this afternoon in the Yengst case? Doesn't it-I m that tremendous case you have on with the Duchess of Mü -doesn't it put an edge on you? What was the matter w

you to-day?"

Fenn shook his head slowly and said: "It's different w me. I just couldn't help feeling that if I was worth woman's giving herself-was worth anything as a man. want to be dead square with that Yengst creature—and I to thinking, maybe in his place, drunk and hungry-w I just couldn't, Tom-because-because of-well, I wan her to marry a human being first-not a county at ney!"

"You're a damn fool!" retorted Van Dorn. "Do think you'll succeed in this world on that basis! I tell if I was in love with a woman I'd want to take that Yer case and lay it before her as a trophy I'd won-lay it bel

her like a dog!"

Fenn hesitated. He disliked to give pain. But fin he said, "I suppose, Tom, I'd like to lay it before hera man!"

"Hell's delight!" sneered Van Dorn, and they turned the subject of the tender passion, and went to consider in stipulations that Van Dorn was asking of the county bey in another matter before the court.

e next day young Thomas Van Dorn began rather itely to prepare his pleading in still another suit in ancourt, and before the summer's end, Morty Sands's lolin was wrapped in its chamois skin bag and locked in ahogany case. Sometimes Morty, whistling softly and ully, would pass the Nesbit home late at night, hoping his chirping might reach her heart; at times he made ther formal call upon the entire Nesbit family, which as obviously encouraged to repeat by the elders. But y was inclined to hide in the thicket of his sorrow and er his heart out to the cold stars. Tom Van Dorn perd the Nesbit home by day with his flowers and books andy, and by night—as many nights a week as he could beg or steal—by night he pervaded the Nesbit home like at the stinate haunt.

efell upon the whole family and made violent love to boctor and Mrs. Nesbit. He read Browning to the Docume did his errands in politics like a retrieving dog. Nesbit learned through him to her great joy that the rethwaite, who was the maternal grandfather of the governor of Maryland, was not descended from the same rice hanged by King John in his war with the barons, from the Sussex branch of the family that remained to the Crown. But Tom Van Dorn wasted no time rength in foolishness with the daughter of the house. Matack upon her heart was direct and unhalting. He doff other suitors with a kind of animal jealousy. He her even from so unimportant a family friend as t Adams.

adually, as the autumn deepened into winter and Tom Dorn found himself spending more and more time in url's company he had glimpses of his own low estate gh the contrast forced upon him daily by his knowledge hat a good woman's soul was. The self-revelation tened him; he was afraid of what he saw inside himn those days, and there can be no doubt that for a seasis soul was wrestling with its doom for release. No believe passion was it that spurred him forward in his

attack upon the heart of Laura Nesbit. Within him, raged the fierce battle between the spirit of the tin crass, material and ruthless—and the spirit of things as should be. It was the old fight between compromise the ideal.

As for the girl, she was in that unsettled mind in v young women in their first twenties often find thems when sensing by an instinct new to them the coming grown-up man with real matrimonial intentions. girl somewhat above the middle height, with a slim, blown figure, with fair hair, curling and blowing about pink and white face, and with solemn eyes-premate gray eyes, her father called them-with red lips, with t teeth that flashed when she smiled, and with a laugh the murmur of gay waters; given a more than usual am of inherited good sense, and combine that with a work sentiment that perfect health can bring to a girl of two two; then add one exceptionally fascinating man of this more or less-a handsome young man; a successful ma young men go, with the oratorical temperament and en of a head to be a good consulting lawyer as well as a lawyer with more than local reputation; add to the y man that vague social iridescence, or aura or halo young men wear in glamor, and that old men wear in si -a past; and then let public opinion agree that he is his worst enemy and declare that if he only had some st woman to take hold of him-and behold there are the gredients of human gunpowder!

Doctor Nesbit smelled the burning powder. Vaint

tried to stamp out the fire before the explosion.

"Bedelia," said the Doctor one day, as the parents he the girl talking eagerly with the young man, "what do make out of this everlasting 'Tom, Tom, Tom,' out the the living room?"

Mrs. Nesbit rocked in her chair and shook an omi head. Finally she said: "I wish he'd Tom himself I and stay there, Doctor." The wife spoke as an oracle emphasis and authority. "You must speak to the child

The little man puckered his loose-skinned face into a

absurdly pitiful smile and shrilled back:

-I did speak to her. And she-' he paused. ?" demanded the mother.

just fed me back all the decent things I have said when he has done my errands." He drummed his clolessly on his chair and sighed mournfully: why I said those things! I really wonder!"

he voices of the young people rose gayly and dis-

is musings.

asy now after a quarter of a century has unfolded is for us to lay blame and grow wise in retrospect. sy to say that what happened was fore-doomed to and yet here was a man, walking up and down the verandahs that Mrs. Nesbit had added to the house imes, walking up and down, and speaking to a girl in alight, with much power and fire, of life and his and his aspirations.

and over he had sung his mating song. Formerly he de love as he tried lawsuits, exhibiting only such is the case required. There can be no doubt, howit when he made love to Laura Nesbit, it was with all ers of his heart and mind. If he could plead with or hire, if he could argue with the court and wrangle uncil, how could he meet reason, combat objecd present the case of his soul and make up the brief wn destiny?

d not try to shield himself when he wooed Laura but she saw all that he could be. A woman has her f sex, her elaborate, prematernal pride in her powwhen man appeals to a woman's powers for saving en he submits the proofs that he is worth saving, n he is handsome, with an education in the lore of t that gives him charm and breaks down reserves riers—but these are bygones now—bygones these ive years and more. What was to be had to be, and ght have been never was, and what their hopes and is were, whose hearts glowed in the fires of life in so long ago—and what all our vain, unfruited hopes th, only a just God who reads us truly may say. ust God would give to the time and the place, the the age, its share in all that followed.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN MORTON ACTS AS COURT HERALD AND MORT AND GRANT ADAMS HEAR SAD NEWS

PRING in Mrs. Nesbit's garden, even in the when a garden in Harvey meant chiefly lett radishes and peas, was no casual event. opened formally for the Nesbits with crocuses a einths; smiled genially in golden forsythia, bridal and tulips, preened itself in flags and lilacs before in roses and peonies. Now the spring is always v it knows what the winter only hopes or fears. Ever forth in spring that have been hidden since their s And it was with the coming of the first crocuses Nesbit found in his daughter's eyes a joyous look, exultant-a look which never had been inspired by he lavished upon her. It was not meant for him was as truly a spring blossom as any that blust garden. When it came and when the father rethe mother also saw it, they feared to speak of themselves and by indirection.

For they knew their winter conspiracies had vain was the trip to Baltimore; in vain was the grand opera in New York, and they both knew proposed trip to Europe never would occur parents saw that look of triumphant joy in the face, when they saw how it lighted up her contains a flame when Tom Van Dorn was near or was her, they knew that from the secret recesses from the depths of her being, love was spiknew that they could not uproot it, and the to try. For they accepted love as a fact of that when once it has seeded and grown up a part of that heart and only God's own wi

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at change the destiny that love has written upon the life which love rests. So in the wisdom of the spring, the rests were mute and sad.

There was no hint of anger in their sorrow. They realized it if she was wrong, and they were right, she needed them thy more than if they were wrong and she was right, and they tried to rejoice with her—not of course expressly baidly, but in a thousand ways that lay about them, made her as happy as they could. Their sweet acquired in what she knew was cutting the elders to the quick, the girl many an hour of poignant distress. Yet the use of her heart was not moved. The Satterthwaite in ras dominant.

Doctor," spoke the wife one morning as they sat alone their breakfast, "I think—" She stopped, and he she was listening to the daughter, who was singing in adertone in the garden.

es." he answered, "so do I. I think they have set-

e man dropped his glance to the table before him, where ands rested helplessly and cried, "Bedelia—I don't—I: like it!"

e color of her woe darkened Mrs. Nesbit's face as her res trembled for a second, before she controlled her"No, Jim—no—no! I don't—I'm afraid—afraid, of i't know what!"

of course, he's of excellent family—the very best!" the ventured.

and he's making money—and has lots of money from eople!" returned the father.

and he's a man among men!" added the mother.

th, yes—very much that,—and he's trying to be de-Honestly, Bedelia, I believe the fellow's got a new on himself!" The Doctor's voice had regained its timit was just a little hard, and it broke an instant later eried: "O Lord, Lord, mother—we can't fool ouri: let's not try!" They looked into the garden, where firl stood by the blooming lilacs with her arms filled blossoms.

length the mother spoke, "What shall we do!"

"What can we do?" the Doctor echoed. "What can a human creatures do in these cases! To interfere does good! The thing is here. Why has it come? I do know." He repeated the last sentence piteously, and won gently:

"They say it was a stolen tide—the Lord who sent He knows all!" But why—why—why—did it wash in he What does it mean? What have we done—and what—w

has she done!"

The little Doctor looked up into the strong face of wife rather helplessly, then the time spirit that is after our sanity—touched them, and they smiled. "Perh Jim," the smile broke into something almost like a lat "father said something like that to mother the day I s among the magnolias trying to pluck courage with the fers to tell him that I was going with you!"

They succeeded in raising a miserable little laugh, and

squeezed her hand.

The girl moved toward the house. The father turned put on his hat as he went to meet her. She was a hesit self-conscious girl in pink, who stopped her father a toddled down the front steps with his medicine case, she put her hand upon him, saying:

"Father," she paused, looking eagerly at him, then tinued, "there's the loveliest yellow flag over here." father smiled, put his arm about the girl and piped: the pink rosebud will take us to the yellow flag!" I walked across the garden to the flower and she exclain

"Oh, father--isn't it lovely!"

The father looked tenderly into her gray eyes, patted on the shoulder and with his arm still about her, he led to a seat under the lilacs before the yellow flower, looked from the flower to her face and then kissed her a whispered: "Oh my dear, my dear." She threw her a about him and buried her face, all flushed, upon his shoul He felt her quiver under the pressure of his arm and fore she could look at him, she spoke:

"Oh, father! Father! You—you won't—you w blame—" Then she lifted up her face to his and c passionately: "But all the world could not stop it nowBut, oh, father, I want you with me," and she shook rm. "You must understand. You must see Tom as him, father." She looked the question of her soul in zious, searching glance. Her father reached for one r hands and patted it. He gazed downward at the iris, but did not see it.

z, dear, I know—I understand."

was sure that you would know without my spelling it to you. But, oh, father," she cried, "I don't want id mother to feel as you do about Tom, for you are

You are all—all wrong!"

Doctor's fat hand pressed the strong hand of the girl. " he began slowly, his high-keyed voice was pitched oft tone and he spoke with a woman's gentleness, 's quite a man, but—" he could only repeat, "quite Then he added gently: "And I feel that he it's genuine now-his-love for you, daughter." octor's face twitched, and he swallowed a convulsive ob as he said, "Laura—child—can't you see, it really no difference about Tom-not finally!" He blinked dped and went on with renewed courage. "Can't you ild-you're all we've got-mother and I-and if you fom-why-" his face began to crumple, but he conit, and blurted out, "Why by johnnie you can have And what's more," his voice creaked with emotion as ught his hand down on his knee, "I'm going to make he best father-in-law in the whole United States." dy rocked for a moment as he spurred himself to a fort. Then he said: "And mother-mother'll ber will—she'll make him—" he could get no further, : felt the pressure of her hand, and knew that she stood. "Mother and I just want you to be happy and kes Tom for that—why Tom's what it takes, I guess mat's all we want to know!"

girl felt the tears on his face as she laid her cheek

a she spoke: "But you don't know him, father! lon't understand him! It's beautiful to be able to do I can do—but," she shuddered, "it's so awful—I mean at devil that used to be in him. He is so ashamed, so

sorry—and it's gone—all gone—all, every bit of it gone father!" She put her father's hand to her flaming che

and whispered, "You think so, don't you, father?"

The father's eyes filled again and his throat chokel. "Laura," he said very gently, "my professional opinion this: You've a fighting chance with Tom Van Dornabout one in ten. He's young. You're a strong, forceful woman—lot's of good Satterthwaite in you, and precious little of the obliging Nesbits. Now I'll tell you the truth, Laura; Tom's got a typical cancer on his soul. But he's young; and you're young, and just now he's undergoing moral regeneration. You are new blood. You may purify him. If the moral tissue isn't all rotten, you may care him."

The girl gripped her father's hand and cried: "But you

think I can-father, you think I can?"

"No," piped the little man sadly, "no, daughter, I deal think you can. But I hope you can; and if you'd like know, I'm going to pray the God that sent me to you mother to give you the sense and power He gave her." The Doctor smiled, withdrew his arm, and started for the street He turned, "And if you do save him, Laura, I'll be mighty proud of you. For," he squeaked good naturedly, "it's big job—but when you've done it you'll have something whom for it—I'll say that for him—you'll certainly have something to show for it," he repeated. He did not whistle as he walked down the street and the daughter thought that he kept his eyes upon the ground. As he was about to pas from her view, he turned, waved his hand and threw her kiss, and with it she felt a blessing.

But curiously enough she saw only one of the goodly company of Doctor Nesbits that trudged down the hill in his white linen suit, under his broad-brimmed panama has Naturally she hardly might be expected to see the conscience less boss of Hancock and Greely counties, who handled the money of privilege seekers and bought and sold men gayly as a part of the day's work. Nor could she be expected as see the helpless little man whose face crumpled, whose hear sank and whose courage melted as he stood beside her at the garden, the sad, hopeless little man who, as he went dawn

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bill was captain of the groups that walked under his The amiable Doctor, who was everybody's i and was loyal to those who served him, the daughter ted that day; and the State Senator did not attract She saw only a gentle, tender, understanding father, love shone out of his face like a beacon and who merry kisses as he disappeared down the hill—a ruddy-

white phantom in a golden spring day!

e place between his home and Market Street the father and the politician took command of Dr. Nesbit's soul. e gave thought to the Nesbit machine. The job of the it before the machine was to make George Brotherton, id the strength of a man who belonged to all the lodges n, mayor of Harvey. "Help Harvey Hump" was s's alliterative slogan, and the translation of the sloto terms of Nesbitese was found in a rather elaborate o legalize the issuance of bonds by the coal and oil adjacent to Harvey, so that Daniel Sands could spin s web of iron and copper and steel,—rails and wires pes into these huddles of shanties that he might sell light and heat and power and communication and ortation.

n the boss—even Old Linen Pants—was not without se of humor, nor without his joyous moments when he d human nature in large, raw portions. As he walked the hill there flashed across his mind a consciousness pride of George Brotherton in his candidacy. That expressed itself in a feud George had with Violet ng who, having achieved stenography, was installed offices of Calvin & Van Dorn as a stenographer—the rapher in fact. She on her part was profoundly of her job and expressed her pride in overhanging seeding mischievous looking bangs upon her low ither narrow brow. In the feud between George and . it was her consecrated task to keep him waiting as s possible before admitting him to Van Dorn's inner and it was Mr. Brotherton's idea never to call her by ght name, nor by any name twice in succession. zez or Mande or Mabel or Gwendolyn or Pet or Sweetor Dearest, in rapid succession, and in return for his

pseudonymnal attentions, Mr. Brotherton always was of receiving from Miss Mauling upon leaving the of an elaborately turned-up nose. For Miss Mauling was p ish and far from happy. She had been conscious for no a year that her power over young Mr. Van Dorn was fail or that her charms were waning, or that something was pening to elog or eloy her romance. On a certain morning she had sat industriously writing, "When in course of human events," "When in the course of hu events it becomes necessary," "When in the course of man events it becomes necessary for a people to separate upon her typewriter, over and over and over again, w she listened to Captain Morton selling young Mr. Van I a patent churn, and from the winks and nods and sly and nudges the Captain distributed through his canvas was obvious to Miss Mauling that affairs in certain quar had reached a point.

That evening at Brotherton's Amen corner, where gay young blades of the village were gathered-Car Morton decided that as court herald of the community should proclaim the banns between Thomas Van Dorn Laura Nesbit. Naturally he desired a proper entrance the conversation for his proclamation, but with the lasting ting-aling and tym-ty-tum of Nathan Perry's ma lin and the jangling accompaniment of Morty's mand opening for the court herald was not easy. Grant Ad was sitting at the opposite end of the bench from the Capt deep in one of Mr. Brotherton's paper bound books-to-"The Stones of Venice," and young Joe Calvin sadly st ing his first stogy, though still in his knickerbockers. greedily feasting his eyes upon a copy of the pink P Gazette hanging upon a rack above the counter. He Fenn and Mr. Brotherton were lounging over the e ease, discussing matters of state as they affected a con attorney and a mayor, when the Captain, clearing his the

addressed Mr. Brotherton thus:

"George—I sold two patent churns to two bridegre to-day—ch?" As the music stopped the Captain, loo at Henry Fenn, added reflectively: "Bet you four George, you can't name the other one—what say?" No

and the Captain took up his solo. "Well—it's this-: I see what I see next door. And I hear what my my. So this morning I sashays around the yard till a a certain young lady a standing by the yaller rose ext to our line fence and I says: 'Good morning i,' I says, 'from what I see and hear and cogitate,' I it's getting about time for you to join my list of r customers.' And she kind of laughs like a Swiss ger's chime—the way she laughs; and she pretended in't understand. So I broadens out and says, 'I sold Kollander her first patent rocker the day she came n to begin housekeeping with. I sold your pa and natent gate before they had a fence. I sold Joe Calwoman her first apple corer, and I started Ahab t up in housekeeping by selling him a Peerless cooker. ald household necessities to every one of the Mrs. s' and 'y gory, madam,' I says, 'next to the probate and the preacher, I'm about the first necessity of a marriage in this man's town,' I says, 'and it looks ' I says, 'it certainly looks to me—' And I laughs e langhs, all redded up and asts: 'Well, what are lling this spring, Captain?' And I says, 'The Apox churn,' and then one word brought on another e says finally, 'You just tell Tom to buy one for the our Lares and Penates,' though I got the last word and tried to sell him Lares and spuds and then Lares urphies before he got what I was drivin' at. But I ly sold the other bridegroom, Henry-eh?" ilence greeted the Captain's remarks.

s of Venice' grew bleak and cold for Grant Adams.
e and walked rather aimlessly toward the water cooler
rear of the store and gulped down two cups of water.
he came back to the bench the group there was busy
he Captain's news. But the music did not start
Morty Sands sat staring into the pearl inlaid ring
I the hole in his mandolin, and his chin trembled.
Ik drifted away from the Captain's announcement in
sent, and Morty saw Grant Adams starding by the
looking through a window into the street. Grant

la tower of strength. For a few minutes Morty tried

to restore his soul by thrumming a tune—a swelittle tune, whose words kept dinging in his head:

"Love comes like a summer sigh, softly o'er us stealing; "Love comes and we wonder why, at love's shrine we're k

But that only unsteadied his chin further. So his mandolin under his arm, and moved rather over to Grant Adams. To Morty, Grant Ada though half a dozen years his junior, represented and fellowship. As Morty rose Grant stepped th open door into the street and stood on the curb. M tiptoeing up to the great rawboned youth and whi "Grant—Grant—I'm so—so damned unhap don't mind my telling you—do you!" Grant fel

of his cousin tighten around his own arm. Gra at the stars, and Morty gazed at the curb; presently a deep sigh and said: "Thank you, Grant." His his hold of the boy's arm and walked away with

CHAPTER IX

ERRIN HENRY FENN MAKES AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

HE formal announcement of the engagement of Laura Nesbit and Thomas Van Dorn came when Mrs. Nesbit began tearing out the old floors on the second of the Nesbit home and replacing them with harded floors. Having the carpenters handy she added a and tower with which to impress the Schenectady Van with the importance of the Maryland Satterthwaites. this architectural outburst the town read the news of the perment. The town was so moved by the news that Hilds Herdicker was able to sell to the young women her millinery suzerainty sixty-three hats, which had been lered "especially for Laura Nesbit," at prices ranging \$2.00 to \$57. Each hat was carefully, indeed furrely. brought from under the counter, or from the back am of the shop or from a box on a high shelf and secretly hibited and sold with injunctions that the Nesbits must k le told what Mrs. Herdicker had done. One of these was in reach of Violet Mauling's humble twenty dol-Poor Violet was having a sad time in those days. eandy, no soda water, no ice cream, no flowers; no buggy however clandestine, nor fervid glances-nothing but rd work was her unhappy lot and an occasional clash ith Mr. Brotherton. Thus the morning after the newly beted Mayor had heard the formal announcement of the mazement, he hurried to the offices of Calvin & Van Dorn congratulate his friend:

"Hello. Maudie," said Mr. Brotherton. "Oh, it isn't ladie—well then, Trilby, tell Mr. Van Dorn the handsome lateman has came."

Hearing Brotherton's noise Van Dorn appeared, to summer his guest to the private office.

"Well, you lucky old dog!" was Mr. Brotherton's ing. "Well, say—this is his honor, the Mayor, come collect your dog tax! Well, say!" As he walked in office all the secret society pins and charms and significe the Shriners' charm, the Odd Fellows' links, the Wood ax, the Elks' tooth, the Masons' square and compass Knights Templars' arms, were glistening upon his wr

front like a mosaic of jewels!

Mr. Brotherton shook his friend's hand, repeating and over, "Well, say—" After the congratulatory mony was finished Mr. Brotherton cried, "You old drel—I'd rather have your luck than a license to st a mint!" Then with an eye to business, he sugg "I'll just about open a box of ten centers down at my of the letters and arts for you when the boys drop around the backed out of the room still shaking Mr. Van I hand, and still roaring, "Well, say!" In the outer he waved a gracious hand at Miss Mauling and "Three sugars, please, Sadie—that will do for cream! went laughing his seismic laugh down the stairs.

That evening the cigar box stood on the counter in erton's store. It was wreathed in smilax like a voti fering and on a card back of the box Mr. Brotherto

written these pious words:

"In loving memory of the late Tom Van Dorn,
Recently engaged.

For here, kind friends, we all must lie;
Turn, Sinner, turn before ye die!

Take one."

Seeing the box in the cloister and the brotherhood bled upon the walnut bench Dr. Nesbit, who came a political errand, sniffed, and turned to Amos A "Well, Amos," piped the Doctor, "how's Lincoln th

ning?"

The editor looked up amiably at the pudgy, whit figure of the Doctor, and replied casually though ear "Well, Doc Jim, I couldn't seem to get Lincoln But I did have a nice chat with Beecher last night said: 'Your friend, Dr. Nesbit, I observe, is a low

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mpregationalist.' And when I asked what he meant wher replied, 'High church Congregationalists believe in w England; low church Congregationalists believe in d!' Sounds like him—I could just see him twitching his and twinkling his eyes when it came!'' Captain Morlooked suspiciously over his steel-bowed glasses to say ily:

Tgory, Amos—that thing will get you yet—what say?"

sked, turning for confirmation to the Doctor.

mos Adams smiled gently at the Captain, but addressed Doctor eagerly, as one more capable of understanding ers occult: "And I'll tell you another thing—Mr. Left ming regularly now."

Mr. Left?" sniffed the Captain.

Yes," explained the editor carefully, "I was telling Doctor last week that if I go into a dark room and Ifold myself and put a pencil in my left hand, a rol who calls himself Mr. Left comes and writes mestrom the Other Side."

Iny more sense to 'em than your crazy planchette?''

ed Captain Morton.

e editor closed his eyes in triumph. "Read our editohis week on President Cleveland and the Money Power?" sked. The Captain nodded. "Mr. Left got it withhe scratch of a 't' or the dot of an 'i' from Samuel J. n" He opened his eyes to catch the astonishment of interes.

lumph!" snorted the Doctor in his high, thin voice.
Tilden seems to have got terribly chummy with Karl

in the last two years."

Tell. I didn't write it, and Mary says it's not even like andwrite. And that reminds me, Doctor, I got to get rescription filled again. That tonic you give her seems kind of wearing off. The baby you know—'' he ed a moment vaguely. "Someway she doesn't seem

by the Doctor caught Grant's troubled look.

Doctor snapped his watch, and looked at Brother-The Doctor was not the man to loaf long of an autumn ag before any election, and he turned to Amos and said: "All right, Amos—we'll fix up something for Mar, a little later. Now, George—get out that Fourth War, voters' list and let's get to work!"

The group turned to the opening door and saw Henr Fenn, resplendent in a high silk hat and a conspicuously Sunday best suit, which advertised his condition, standing in the open door. "Good evening, gentlemen," he sais slowly.

A look of common recognition of Fenn's case passe around the group in the corner. Fenn saw the look as he came in. He was walking painfully straight. "I may," he said, lapsing into the poetry that came welling from his memory and marked him for a drunken fool, "I may, opening his ardent eyes and glancing affectionately about "have been toying with 'lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon and my feet may be 'uncertain, coy and hard to please," he grinned with wide amiability, "but my head is clear a a bell." His eyes flashed nervously about the shop, resting upon nothing, seeing everything. He spied Grant, "Helke

rearself," and Fenn wagged a drunken head, "Tom's devining the dead, she sleepeth, that's what she does. The maiden is not dead she sleepeth, and some day she'll wake up and then Tom's love affair will be where my love affair is." His eyes met the doctor's. Fenn sighed and laughed faturally and then he straightened up and said: "Mr. George Brotherton, most worshipful master, Senior Warden, Grand High Potentate, Keeper of the Records and Seals—hear me. I'm going out to No. 826 Congress Street to see the fairest of her sex—the fairest of her sex." Then he smiled like the flash of a burning soul and continued:

"'The cold, the changed, perchance the dead anew, The mourned, the loved, the lost.'"

And sighing a deep sigh, and again waving his silk hat in a profound bow, he was gone. The group in the store saw him step lightly into a waiting hack, and drive away out of their reach. Brotherton stood at the door and watched the carriage turn off Market Street, then came back, shaking a sorrowful head. He looked up at the Doctor and said: "She's bluffing—say, Doctor, you know her, what do you think?"

"Bluffing," returned the Doctor absently, then added quickly: "Come now, George, get your voters' list! It's

getting late!"

George Brotherton looked blankly at the group. In every face but the Doctor's a genuine sorrow for their friend was marked. "Doc," Brotherton began apologetically, "I guess I'll just have to get you to let me off to-night!" He hesitated; then as he saw the company around him backing him up, "Why, Doc, the way I feel right now I don't care if the whole county ticket is licked! I can't work to-night, Doc—I just can't!"

The Doctor's face as he listened, changed. It was as though another soul had come upon the deck of his countenance. He answered softly in his piping voice, "No man could, George—after that!" Then turning to Grant the Doctor said gently, as one reminded of a forgotten purpose:

"Come along with me, Grant." They mounted the stairs to the Doctor's office and when the door was closed the Doc-

tor motioned Grant to a chair and piped sharply: 'Kenyon is wearing your mother's life out. I've ju down to see her. Look here, Grant, I want to know Margaret? Does she ever come to see you folks—he

she treat Kenyon?"

Looking at the floor, Grant answered slowly, "V rode down on her wheel on his first birthday—slip when we were all out but mother, and cried and about her poor child, mother said, and left him a little knit slippers. And she wrote him a birthd the second time, but we didn't hear from her this He paused. "She never looks at him on the streshe's just about quit speaking to me. But last win came down and cried around one afternoon. Moth for her, I think."

"Why?" asked the Doctor quickly.

"Well," hesitated Grant, "it was when mother v taken sick. I think father and mother thought may gie might see things different—well, about Kenyon stopped.

"Maggie and you?" prompted the Doctor.

"Well, something like that, perhaps," replied the
The Doctor pushed back in his chair abruptly a
in shrilly, "They still think you and Margaret should
on account of Kenyon?" Grant nodded. "Do you
marry her?" The Doctor leaned forward in his
watching the boy. The Doctor saw the flash of re
that spread over the youth's face before Grant ra
head, and met the Doctor's keen gaze and answered
"I would if it was best."

"Well," the Doctor returned as if to himself. pose so." To the younger man, he said: "Gra wouldn't marry you. She is after bigger game. as reforming Henry Fenn's concerned, she's bluff doesn't interest her any more than Kenyon's lac mother."

The Doctor rose and Grant saw that the interviover. The Doctor left the youth at the foot of the s and went out into the autumn night, where the star blink at all his wisdom. Though he, poor man, did not be started in the started i

that they were winking. For often men who know good remen and love them well, are as unjust to weak women as ben are who know only those women who are frail.

That night Margaret Müller sat on the porch, where Henry Tenn left her, considering her problem. Now this problem aid not remotely concern the Adamses—nor even Kenyon Margaret Müller's problem was centered in Henry Fenn, County Attorney of Greeley County; Henry Fenn, who and visited her gorgeously drunk; Henry Fenn on whose andsome shoulder she had enjoyed rather keenly shedding tome virtuous tears in chiding him for his broken promise. **Yet she knew that she would take him back.** And she knew **that he knew that he might come back.** For she had moved She was well within for forward in the siege of Harvey. the walls of the beleaguered city, and was planning for the larger siege of life and destiny.

About all there is in life is one's fundamental choice between the spiritual and the material. After that choice made, the die of life is cast. Events play upon that choice their curious pattern, bringing such griefs and joys. such calamities and winnings as every life must have. For that choice makes character, and character makes happiness. Margaret Müller sitting there in the night long after the last step of Henry Fenn had died away, thought of her lover's arms, remembered her lover's lips, but clearer and more moving than these vain things, her mind showed her what his hands could bring her and if her soul waved a duty signal, for the salvation of Henry Fenn, she shut her eyes

to the signal and hurried into the house.

She was one of God's miracles of beauty the next day as the passed Grant Adams on the street, with his carpenter's box on his arm, going from the mine shaft to do some work in the office of the attorney for the mines. She barely nodded to Grant, yet the radiance of her beauty made him turn his head to gaze at her. Doctor Nesbit did that, and Captain Morton, and Dick Bowman,—even John Kollander turned, putting up his ear trumpet as if to hear the glory of her presence: the whole street turned after her as though some high wind had blown human heads backward when she passed. They saw a lithe, exquisite animal figure, poised strongly on her feet, walking as in the very pride of radiating charms consciously, but with all the grace (flower in the breeze. Her bright eyes, her mames of c hair, her dimpled face and neck, her lips that flamed 1 the joy of life, the enchantment of her whole body, wa complete a thing that morning, that she might well i told her story to the world. The little Doctor knew w her answer to Henry Fenn had been and always would He knew as well as though she had told him. In spike himself, his heart melted a little and he had consciously stop arguing with himself that she had done the wise this that to throw Henry over would only hasten an end, w her powerful personality might finally avert. But Ge Brotherton—when he saw the light in her eyes, was In the core of him, because he loved his friend, he k what had happened to that friend. He was sad-sad resentful, vaguely and without reason, at the mien and t ing of Margaret Müller as she went to her work that m ing.

Brotherton remembered her an hour later when, in back part of the bookstore Henry Fenn sat, jaded, hagg and with his dull face drawn with remorse,—a burned sky rocket. Brotherton was busy with his customers, in a lull, and between sales as the trade passed in and they talked. Sometimes a customer coming in would terrupt them, but the talk went on as trade flowed by ran thus:

"Yes, George, but it's my salvation. She's the only chor I have on earth."

"But she didn't hold you yesterday."

"I know, but God, George, it was terrifie, the way thing grabbed me yesterday. But it's all gone now."

"I know, Henry, but it will come back-can't you

what you'll be doing to her!"

Fenn, gray of face, with his straight, colorless hair, his staring eyes, with his listless form, sat head in ha gazing at the floor. He did not look up as he rep! "George, I just can't give her up. I won't give her the cried. "I believe, after the depths of love she she me in her soul last night, I'd take her, if I knew I was ta

children—George, I know children would hold me of children—I can make money. I've got money—all ed to marry on, and we'll have a home and children and

will hold me-keep me up."

Volume XXI of the "Psychological Society's Publica-" page 374, will be found a part of the observations Mr. Left," together with copious notes upon the Adams by an eminent authority. The excerpt herewith ed is attributed by Mr. Left to Darwin or Huxley or so one of the Brownings—it is unimportant to note which one, for Mr. Left gleaned from a wide circle of ects. The interesting thing is that about the time love affairs we are considering were brewing, Mr. wrote: "If the natural selection of love is the triumph clution on this planet, if the free choice of youth and en, unhampered by class or nationality, or wealth, or r parental interference, or thought of material advanis the greatest step taken by life since it came mysinto this earth, how much of the importance of atural selection of youth in love hangs upon full and secess to all the data necessary for choice.

ext irony was in the free choice of these lovers here in ey that day when Mr. Left wrote this. What did y Fenn know of the heart or the soul of the woman he d? What did Laura Nesbit know of her lover and did he know of her? They all four walked blind-L Free choice for them was as remote and imposis it would have been if they had been auctioned into

ge.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH MARY ADAMS TAKES A MUCH NEEDED MIST

HE changing seasons moved from autumn to wish from winter to spring. One gray, wet March Grant Adams stood by the counter asking Mr. Breerton to send to the city for roses.

"White roses, a dozen white roses." Mr. Brother turned his broad back as he wrote the order, and a gently: "They'll be down on No. 11 to-night, Grant.: 1

send 'em right out.''

As Grant stood hesitating, ready to go, but dreading a street, Dr. Nesbit came in. He pressed the youth's had and did not speak. He bought his tobacco and stood elements his pipe. "Could your father sleep any after—what I left, Grant?" asked the Doctor.

The young man shook his head. "Mrs. Nesbit is @

there, isn't she?" the Doctor asked again.

"Yes," replied the youth, "she and Laura came out I fore we had breakfast. And Mrs. Dexter is there."

"Has any one else come?" asked the Doctor, looking t sharply from his pipe, and added, "I sent word to Me

garet Müller."

Grant shook his head and the Doctor left the shop. It the doorway he met Captain Morton, and seemed to telling him the news, for the Captain's face showed to sorrow and concern that he felt. He hurried in and to Grant's hand and held it affectionately.

"Grant, your mother was with my wife her last night (earth; I wish I could help you, son. I'll run right des

to your father."

And the Captain left in the corner of the store the med of a patent coffee pot he was handling at the time a went away without his morning paper. Mr. Van De in, picked up his paper, snipped off the end of his at the machine, lighted the cigar, considered his fine ent a moment, adjusted his soft hat at a proper angle, d up his tie, and seeing the youth, said: "By George, g man, this is sad news I hear; give the good father ympathy. Too bad."

hen Grant went home, the silence of death hung over little house, in spite of the bustling of Mrs. Nesbit. Grant sat outside on a stone by his father under the

sky.

the house the prattle of the child with the women made house seem pitifully lonesome. Jasper was expressing serve by chopping wood down in the timber. Jasper an odd sheep in the flock; he was a Sands after Daniel's heart. So Grant and his father sat together mourning lence. Finally the father drew in a deep broken breath, spoke with his eyes on the ground:

'These also died in the faith, without having received promise!'" Then he lifted up his face and mourned, ry—Mary—" and again, "Oh, Mary, we need—" child's voice inside the house calling fretfully, "Mother! wer!" came to the two and brought a quick cramp to older man's throat and tears to his eyes. Finally, Amos d voice to say:

I was thinking how we—you and I and Jasper need per! But our need is as nothing compared with the r's. Poor—lonely little thing! I don't know what to or him, Grant." He turned to his son helplessly.

gain the little voice was lifted, and Laura Nesbit could card hushing the child's complaint. Not looking at his er, Grant spoke: "Dr. Nesbit said he had let Margaret "-"

be father shook his head and returned, "I presumed he id!" He looked into his son's face and said: "Maggie it see things as we do, son. But, oh—what can we hand the little fellow needs her—needs some one, who love him and take care of him. Oh, Mary—Mary—" he i from his bewildered heart. "Be with us, Mary, and us what to do!"

ant rose, went into the house, bundled up Kenyon and

between showers carried him and walked with him the the bleak woods of March, where the red bird's joyous; only cut into his heart and made the young man press of to him the little form that snuggled in his arms.

At night Jasper went to his room above the kitchen the father turned to his lonely bed. In the cold parlor I Adams lay. Grant sat in the kitchen by the stove, pres to his face his mother's apron, only three days before hanging by her own hands on the kitchen door. He c to this last touch of her fingers, through the long night, as he sat there his heart filled with a blind, vague, rather potent purpose to take his mother's place with Ken From time to time he rose to put wood in the stove, bu ways when he went back to his chair, and stroked the a with his face, the baby seemed to be clinging to him, thought of the little hands forever tugging at her a racked him with sobs long after his tears were gone.

And so as responsibility rose in him he stepped across border from youth to manhood.

They made him dress in his Sunday best the next mor and he was still so close to that borderland of boyhood he was standing about the yard near the gate, loo rather lost and awkward when the Nesbits drove up Kenyon, whom they had taken for the night. When others had gone into the house the Doctor asked:

"Did she come, Grant?"

The youth lifted his face to the Doctor and looked squarely in the eye as man to man and answered shart No."

The Doctor cocked one eye reflectively and said sle "So -" and drove away.

It was nearly dusk when the Adamses came back the cometery to the empty house. But a bright fire burning in the kitchen stove and the kettle was boiling the odor of food cooking in the oven was in the air. Ket was noving fitfully about the front room. Mrs. Dexter quietly setting the table. Amos Adams hung up his took off his coat, and went to his rocker by the kit door: Jasper sat stifly in the front room. Grant met Dexter in the dining room, and she saw that the child

of the young man's finger and she heard the baby, "Mother—mother! Grant, I want mother!" with a ive little cry, over and over again. Grant played with ild, showed the little fellow his toys and tried to stop cessant call of "Mother—mother—where's mother!" the boy's eyes filled. He picked up the child, knocks own new hat roughly to the floor. He drew up his traightened his trembling jaw, batted his eyes so that sisture left them and said to his father in a hard, low—a man's voice:

am going to Margaret; she must help."

with the little one snuggled in his arms. Just bee arrived at the house, the restless child had asked
k, and they went hand in hand up the steps of the
where Margaret Müller lived. She was sitting alone
veranda—clearly waiting for some one, and when she
ho was coming up the steps she rose and hurried to
greeting them on the very threshold of the veranda.
as white and her bosom was fluttering as she asked in
e whisper:

hat do you want—quick, what do you want?" stood before Grant, as if stopping his progress. The plaintive cry, "Mother—Grant, I want mother!" grief, but in a great question, was the answer. looked into her staring, terror-stricken eyes until they at and for a moment he dominated her. But she back from some outpost of her nature with reënforce-

t out of here—get out of here. Don't come here with trat—get out," she snarled in a whisper. The child o her, plucked her skirts and cried, "Mother, mother." pointed to the baby and broke out: "Oh, Maggie—i to become of Kenyon?—what can I do! He's only now. Oh, Maggie, won't you come?" He saw fear ross her face in a tense second before she answered, fear left and she crouched at him trembling, redaping, mouthed, the embodiment of determined hate; g the child's little hands away from her, she snapped: out of here!—leave! quick!" He stood stubbornly

before her and only the child's voice crying, "Grant, I want to go home to mother," filled the silence. F she spoke again, cutting through the baby's complain shall never, never, never take that child; I loathe him, hate you and I want both of you always to keep away me."

Without looking at her again, he caught up the to child, lifted it to his shoulder and walked down the As they turned into the street they ran into Henry who in his free choice of a mate was hurrying to on he thought would give him a home—a home and chi many children to stand between him and his own im devil. Henry greeted Grant:

"Why, boy-oh, yes, been to see Maggie? I wis

could help you, Grant."

And from the veranda came a sweet, rich voice, cry "Yes, Henry—do you know where they can get a nurse girl?"

CHAPTER XI

BOCE FOOL GROPES FOR A SPIRIT AND CAN FIND ONLY DUST

TENRY FENN and Margaret Müller sat naming

their wedding day, while Grant Adams walked home with his burden. Henry Fenn had been fightthrough a long winter, against the lust for liquor that consuming his flesh. At times it seemed to him ther presence as he fought his battle, helped him; but were phases of his fight, when she too fashioned herin his imagination as a temptress, and she seemed to blow on the coals that were searing his weak flesh. At such times he was taciturn, and went about his day's et as one who is busy at a serious task. He smiled his imble smile, he played his man's part in the world withwhimpering, and fought on like a gentleman. The night net Grant and the child at the steps of the house where brearet lived, he had called to set the day for their mar-And that night she glowed before him and in his like a very brand of a woman blown upon by some from another world. When he left her his throat w parched and dry and his lips quivered with a desire liquor that seemed to simmer in his vitals. But he set steeth, and ran to his room, and locked himself in, throwthe key out of the window into the yard. He sat shiverand whimpering and fighting, by turns conquering his and panting under its weight, but always with the figand face of his beloved in his eyes, sometimes beckoning to fight on, sometimes coaxing him to yield and stop the But as the day came in he fell asleep with one re battle to his credit.

h Harvey for many years Henry Fenn's name was a wed; but the pitying angels who have seen him fight in the strength and manhood—they looked at Henry

Fenn, and touched reverent foreheads in his high home. Then why did they who know our hearts so well, let to blow fall upon him, you ask. But there you trespass up that old question that the Doctor and Amos Adams he thrashed out so long. Has man a free will, or has the ill sion of time and space wound him up in its predesting tangle, to act as he must and be what he is without app

or resistance, or even hope of a pardon?

Doctor Nesbit and Amos Adams were trying to solve mystery of human destiny at the gate of the Adams' he the day after the funeral. Amos had his foot on the of the Doctor's buggy and was saying: "But Doctor, ca you see that it isn't all material? Suppose that every at of the universe does affect every other atom, and that accumulated effect of past action holds the stars in th courses, and that if we knew what all the past was we sho be able to foretell the future, because it would be mut matically calculable-what of it? That does not prove w case, man! Can't you see that in free will another elem enters-the spiritual, if you please, that is not amena to atomic action past or present?" Amos smiled depre ingly and added sadly: "Got that last night from School hauer." The Doctor, clearly unawed by Schopenhau broke out: "Aye, there I have you, Amos. Isn't the br matter, and doesn't the brain secrete consciousness?"

"Does this buggy secrete distance, Jim? Go 'long wyon, man." Before the Doctor could reply, around corner of the house, bringing little Kenyon Adams in best bib and tucker, came the lofty figure of Mrs. New With her came her daughter. Then up spoke Mrs. Bed Satterthwaite Nesbit of the Maryland Satterthwaites, "Le here, Amos Adams—I don't care what you say, I'm go to take this baby." There was strong emphasis upon "I'm," and she went on: "You can have him every niz and Grant can take care of the child after supper when comes home from work. But every morning at eight I'm ing to have this baby." Further emphasis upon the person. "I'm not going to see a child turned over thired girl all day and me with a big house and no baby a daughter about to marry and leave me and a houseful

OUR FOOL GROPES FOR A SPIRIT

, if I needed it, which thank Heavens I don't.' She her lips together sternly, and, "Not a word, Amos .ms, "she said to Amos, who had not opened his mouth. x another word. Kenyon will be home at six o'clock." he put the child into the Doctor's submissive arms ed her daughter into the buggy, and when she had bed in herself, she glared triumphantly over her glasses above her Roman nose, as she said: "Now, Amose some sense. Doctor.—go on." And in a moment the gy was spinning up the hill toward the town.

has it was that every day, rain or shine, until the day er wedding. Laura Nesbit drove her dog cart to the mses before the men went to their work and took little yon home with her and brought him back in the evening. l always she took him from the arms of Grant-Grant, readed, freckled, blue-eyed, who was hardening into mani and premature maturity so fast that he did not realize change that it made in his face. It grew set, but not i, a woman's tenderness crept into the features, and i that tenderness came at times a look of petulant imence. It was a sad face—a sadly fanatic face—yet one lighted with human feeling under a smile.

ittle by little, meeting daily—often meeting morning and ing. Grant and Laura established a homely, wholesome,

fortable relation.

be evening while Laura was waiting for Tom Van Dorn Grant was waiting for Kenyon she and Grant sitting n the veranda steps of the Nesbit home, looked into the **De.** wide lawn that topped the hill above the quiet town. Tould look across the white and green of the trees and ses, across the prosperous, solid, red roofs of the stone brick stores and offices on Market Street, into the black size of smoke and the gray, unpainted, sprawling rows il-kept tenements around the coal mines, that was South They could see even then the sky stains far down Wahoo Valley, where the villages of Foley and Magnus and duplicated the ugliness of South Harvey.

be drift of the conversation was personal. The thoughts outh are largely personal. The universe is measured by own thumb in the twenties. "Funny, isn't it," said

Grant, playing with a honeysuckle vine that climbed the peside him, "I guess I'm the only one of the old crowd is outlawed in overalls. There's Freddie Kollander Nate Perry and cousin Morty and little Joe Calvin, all town counterjumping or working in offices. The girls getting married." He paused. "But as far as that I'm making more money than any of the fellows!" paused again a moment and added as he gazed moodily the pillars of smoke rising above South Harvey, "Gee, I'll miss you when you're gone—"

The girl's silvery laugh greeted his words. "N Grant," she said, "where do you think I'm going W Tom and I will be only a block from here—just of

on Tenth Street in the Perry House."

Grant grinned as he shook his head. "You're lost gone forever, just the same, Miss Clementine. In ab three years I'll probably be that 'red-headed boss carper in the mine—let me see, what's his name?"

"Oh, Grant," scoffed the girl. She saw that his he

was sadder than his face.

She took courage and said: "Grant, you never can kee how often I think of you—how much I want you to everything worth while in this world, how much I want; to be happy—how I believe in you and—and—bet on y

Grant-bet on you!"

Grant did not answer her. Presently he looked up a over the broad valley below them. The sun behind house was touching the limestone ledge far across the valuable with golden rays. The smoke from South Harvey on the right was lighted also. The youth looked into the sms. Then he turned his eyes back from the glowing smoke a spoke.

"This is how I look at it. I don't mean you're any ferent from any one else. What I was trying to say that I'm the only one of our old crowd in the High Sc you know that used to have parties and go together in old days—I'm the only one that's wearing overalls, and way is down there"; he nodded his head toward the m

and smelters and factories in the valley.

"Look at these hands," he said, solemnly spreading

ie, muscular hands on his knees; showing one bruised lack finger nail. The hands were flinty and hairy rown, but they looked effective with an intelligence apart from the body which they served.

n cut out for work. It's all right. That's my job, m proud of it so far as that goes. I could get a place ig if I wanted to, and be in the dancing crowd in six s, and be out to the Van Dorns for dinner in a year." used and looked into the distant valley and cried. I tell you—my job is down there. And I'm not going t them. God knows they're getting the rough end of you knew," his voice raised slightly and a petulant ation tempered it. "If you knew the gouging and picking and meanness that is done by the people on to the people down there in the smoke, you'd be I those howling red-mouthed anarchists you read

girl looked at him silently and at length asked: "For what's just one thing!"

ell, for instance—in the mines where I work all the ome up grimy and greasy and vile. They have to In Europe we roughnecks know that wash-houses ovided by the company, but here," he cried excitedly, ompany doesn't provide even a faucet; instead the father and son and maybe a boarder or two have to go—into those little one and two roomed houses the commas built, and strip to the hide with the house full of n and wash. What if your girlhood had been used to things like that—could you laugh as you laugh

He looked up at her savagely. "Oh, I know ignorant foreigners and little better than animals one things don't hurt them—only if you had a little ho had to be in and out of the single room of your then the men came home to wash up—"

oroke off, and then began again, "Why, I was talking go last night at the shaft mouth going down to work graveyard shift and he said that he came here behe would find a free, beautiful country in which his
n could grow up self-respecting men and women, and
e told me about his little girls living down there

where all the vice is scattered through the tenements, andabout this washing up proposition, and now one of the girl is gone and they can't find her.'' He threw out a despair ing hand; "So I'm a roughneek, Laura—I'm a jay, an I'm going to stay with them."

"But your people," she urged. "What about them-you

father and brothers?"

"Jap's climbing out. Father's too old to get in. An Kenyon—" he flinched, "I hope to God I'll have the nerv to stay when the test on him comes." He turned to the gip passionately: "But you—you—oh, you—I want you know—" He did not finish the sentence, but rose an walked into the house and called: "Dad—Kenyon—com on, it's getting late. Stars are coming out."

Half an hour later Tom Van Dorn, in white flannels, wit a red silk tie, and with a white hat and shoes, came stricing across the lawn. His black silky mustache, his soblack hair, his olive skin, his shining black eyes, his alert entional face, dark and swarthy, was heightened even in the

twilight by the soft white clothes he wore.

"Hello, popper-in-law," he cried. "Any room left on the

"Come in, Thomas," piped the older man. "The girls ar doing the dishes, Bedelia and Laura, and we'll just sit on two or three dances."

The young man lolled in the hammock shaded by the vine. The elder smoked and reflected. Then slowly and by digrees, as men who are feeling their way to conversation they began talking of local politics. They were going at high rate when the talk turned to Henry Fenn. "Doin pretty well, Doctor," put in the younger man. "Only broke over once in eighteen months—that's the record in Henry. Shows what a woman can do for a man." Be looked up sympathetically, and caught the Doctor's curios eyes.

The Doctor puffed, cleaned out his pipe, absently put it away, then rose and deliberately pulled his chair over to the hammock: "Tom—I'm a generation older than younearly. I want to tell you something—" He smile! "Boy—you've got the devil's own fight ahead of you—deliberately are the control of the contro

know it—I mean," he paused, "the—well, the woman ontion."

m Dorn fingered his mustache, and looked serious.
Tom," the elder man chirped, "you're a handsome pup tamn handsome, lovable pup. Sometimes." He let his run whimsically into its mocking falsetto, "I almost myself getting fooled too."

ey laughed.

Soy, the thing's in your blood. Did you realize that we got just as hard a fight as poor Henry Fenn? It's ight now—for a while; but the time will come—we it just as well look this thing squarely in the face now,—the time will come in a few years when the devil will the same kind of a fire under you he is building under ry Fenn—only it won't be whisky; it will be the woman osition. Damn it, boy," cried the elder man squeakily, in your blood; you've let it grow in your very blood. known you ten years now, and I've seen it grow. Tom—I the time comes, can you stand up and fight like ry Fenn—can you, Tom? And will you?" he cried a piteous fierceness that stirred all the sympathy in the ig man's heart.

e rose to the height of the Doctor's passion. Tears into Van Dorn's bright eyes. His breast expanded conally and he exclaimed: "I know what I am, oh, I r it. But for her—you and I together—you'll help we'll stand together and fight it out for her." The r looked at the mobile features of his companion, and at the thin plating of emotion under the vain voice. reupon the Doctor heaved a deep, troubled sigh.

leigh-ho, heigh-ho." He put his arm upon the broad, some, young shoulder. "But you'll try to be a good won't you—"he repeated. "Just try hard to be a good Tom—that's all any of us can do," and turning away histled into the house and a girlish trill answered him. 'ter the Doctor had jogged down the hill behind his old: making his evening professional visits, Mrs. Nesbit out and made a show of sitting with the young people time. And not until she left did they go into those that were near their hearts.

When Mrs. Nesbit left the veranda the young man mey over to the girl and she asked: "Tom, I wonder-oh, much and so often-about the soul of us and the body us-about the justice of things." She was speaking out the heart that Grant had touched to the quick with his o burst about the poor. But Tom Van Dorn could not kn what was moving within her and if he had known, perh he would have had small sympathy with her feeling. The she said: "Oh, Tom, Tom, tell me-don't you suppose t our souls pay for the bodies that we crush-I mean all us-all of us-every one in the world?"

The man looked at her blankly. Then he put his a tenderly about her and answered: "I don't know ab our souls-much-" He kissed her. "But I do kn about you-your wonderful eyes-and your magic hair, a your soft cheek!" He left her in no doubt as to her love

mood.

Vaguely the girl felt unsatisfied with his words. Not t she doubted the truth of them; but as she drew back fr him she said softly: "But if I were not beautiful, w then ?"

"Ah, but you are-you are; in all the world there is another like you for me." In the rapture that followed,

soul grew in a wave of joy, yet she spoke shyly.

"Tom," she said wistfully, "how can you fail to see i this great, beautiful truth that makes me so glad: That miracle of our love proves God."

He caressed her hands and pressed closer to her. it what you will, little girl: God if it pleases you, I call

nature."

"Oh, it's bigger than that, Tom," and she shook a st born Satterthwaite head, "and it makes me so happy a makes me so humble that I want to share it with all world." She laid an abashed cheek on his hands that w still fondling hers.

But young Mr. Van Dorn spoke up manfully, "W don't you try sharing it. I want all of it, every bit of i He played with her hair, and relaxed in a languor of ex

plete possession of her.

'Doesn't love,' she questioned, "lift you! Doesn't it ke you love every living thing!" she urged.

'I love only you—only you in all the world—your eyes ill me; when your body is near I am mad with delight; on I touch you I am in heaven. When I close my eyes ore the jury I see you and I put the bliss of my vision my voice, and," he clinched his hands, "all the devils bell couldn't win that jury away from me. You spur me my best, put springs in every muscle, put power in my ad."

'But, Tom, tell me this?'' Still wistfully, she came close im. and put her chin on her clasped hands that rested on shoulder. "Love makes me want to be so good, so loyal, brave, so kind—isn't it that way with you? Isn't love miracle that brings the soul out into the world through senses." She did not wait for his answer. She clasped hands tighter on his shoulder. "I feel that I'm literally ding when I have a single thought that I do not bring to L In every thrill of my heart about the humblest thing. nd joy in knowing that we shall enjoy it together. tell you something. Grant Adams and his father were to-day for dinner. Well, you know Grant is in a kind obsession of love for that little motherless child Mrs. ams left; Grant mothers him and fathers him and literi loves him to distraction. And Grant's growing so nly, and so loyal and so strong in the love of that little -he doesn't realize it; but I can see it in him. Oh, n, can you see it in me?"

lefore her mood had changed she told him all that Grant ims had said; and her voice broke when she retold the ian's story. Tears were in her eyes when she finished. I young Mr. Van Dorn was emotionally touched also, but in sympathy with the story the girl was telling. She ed it:

And then I looked at Grant's big rough hands—bony hairy, and Tom, they told me the whole story of his iny: just as your soft, effective, gentle white hands best our destiny. Oh, why—why—I am beginning to der why, Tom, why things must be so. Why do some

of us have to do all the world's rough, hard, soul-killin work, and others of us have lives that are beautiful, aspring, glorious? How can we let such injustices be, and us try to undo them!"

In his face an indignation was rising which she could

not comprehend. Finally he found words to say:

"So that's what that Adams boy is putting in your head

Why do you want to bother with such nonsense!"

But the girl stopped him: "Tom, it's not nonsens They do work and dig and grind down there in a way whice we up here know nothing about. It's real—this—this mise able unfair way things are done in the world. O my dear my dear, it's because I love you so, it's because I know no what love really is that it hurts to see—" He took he face in his hands caressingly, and tried to put an addetenderness into his voice that his affection might blunt the

sharpness of his words.

"Well, it's nonsense I tell you! Look here, Laura, there is a God, he's put those dagos and ignorant foreigne down there to work; just as he's put the fish in the sea be caught, and the beasts of the field to be eaten, and if none of my business to ask why! My job is myself my self and you! I refuse to bear burdens for people. I last you with all the intensity of my nature-but it's my natur -not human nature-not any common, socialized, dilute love; it's individual and it's forever between you and What do I care for the rest of the world! And if you los me as you will some day, you'll love me so that they can set you off mooning about other people's troubles. I te you, Laura, I'm going to make you love me so you can think of anything day or night but me-and what I am you! That's my idea of love! It's individual, intimate, I stricted, qualified and absolutely personal-and some da you'll see that!"

As he tripped down the hill from the Nesbit home that spring night, he wondered what Laura Nesbit meant when she spoke of Grant Adams, and his love for the motheries baby. The idea that this love bore any sort of resemblance to the love of educated, cultivated people as found in the love that Laura and her intended husband bore toward and

r. puzzled the young lawyer. Being restless, he turned his homeward route, and walked under the freshly leaved s. Over and over again the foolish phrases and sens from Laura Nesbit's love making, many other nights which she seemed to assume the unquestioned truth of hypothesis of God, also puzzled him. Whatever his m had taught him, and whatever life had taught him. sinced him that God was a polite word for explaining 's failure. Yet, here was a woman whose mind he had espect, using the term as a proved theorem. He looked he stars, wheeling about with the monstrous pulleys of ritation and attraction, and the certain laws of motion. ment later he looked southward in the sky to that flamraging, splotched patch where the blue and green and ow flames from the smelters and the belching black smoke n the factories hid the low-hanging stars and marked serthing hell of injustice and vice and want and woe that inew was in South Harvey, and he held the glowing cigae stub in his hand and laughed when he thought of God. Free will," says "Mr. Left" in one of his rather hazy lunconvincing observations, "is of limited range. Man > two buttons. He must choose the material or the ntual—and when he has chosen fate plays upon his we the grotesque variation of human destiny. But when doth of lite is finished, the pattern of the passing events The the same in either choice, riches or poverty, misery power, only the color of the cloth differs; in one piece, rever rich, the pattern is drab with despair, the other th sheens in happiness." Which Mr. Van Dorn in later . reading the Psychological Journal, turned back to a End time, and threw aside with a casual and unapprecia-. "Oh hell," as his only comment.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH WE LEARN THAT LOVE IS THE LEVER THAT :

RS. NESBIT tried to put the Doctor into his Si blacks the day of her daughter's wedding, t would have none of them. He appeared on N Street and went his rounds among the sick in his clothes with his Panama hat and his pleated white shirt did not propose to have the visiting princes, political commercial, who had been summoned to honor the occ find him in his suzerainty without the insignia of his r For it was "Old Linen Pants." not Dr. James Nesbit was the boss of the northern district and a member of State's triumvirate. So the Doctor in the phaëton, of by his amiable, motherly, sorrel mare, the Doctor, whit resplendent in a suit that shimmered in the hot June flaxed around town, from his office to the hotel, from hotel to the bank, from the bank to South Harvey. part of the day's work he did the honors of the town, so the woes of the weary, healed the sick, closed a dying eyes, held a mother's hands away from death as she br life into the world, made a governor, paid his overdue got a laborer work, gave a lift to a fallen woman, mad casual purchases: a councilman and a new silk vest, cash in hand; lent a drunkard's wife the money for a of flour, showed three Maryland Satterthwaites where for bass in the Wahoo, took four Schenectady Van out to lunch, and was everywhere at once doing every clicking his cane, whistling gently or humming a low. ing tune, smiling for the most part, keeping his own co and exhibiting no more in his face of what was in his than the pink and dimpled back of a six-months' bal

To say that the Doctor was everywhere in Harvey is act. He was everywhere except on Quality Hill in

There, from the big, bulging house with its towers ninarets and bow windows and lean-tos, ells and addithe Doctor was barred. There was chaos, and the that breathed on the face of the waters was the ev representative of the Maryland Satterthwaites, with simping pins bristling like miniature gun barrels, and the look of command upon her face, giving orders in a cool voice and then executing the orders herself before ne else could turn around. She could call the spirits the vasty deep of the front hall or the back porch and came, or she knew the reason why. With an imperial of her hand she sent her daughter off to some social rness of monkeys with all the female Satterthwaites an Dorns and Mrs. Senators and Miss Governors and s Congressmen, and with the offices of Mrs. John Dex-Irs. Herdicker, the ladies' hatter, and two Senegamslaveys, Mrs. Nesbit brought order out of what at one k seemed without form and void.

was late in the afternoon, almost evening, though the till was high enough in the heavens to throw cloud we upon the hills across the valley when the Doctor d his mare and came edging into the house from the

He could hear the clamor of many voices; for the land Satterthwaites had come home from the afters festivity. He slipped into his office-study, and as it tuffy there he opened the side door that let out upon eranda. He sat alone behind the vines, not wishing to art of the milling in the rooms. His heart was heavy. linked and sighed and looked across the valley, and ad his old-fashioned tune while he tried to remember the life of the little girl who had come out of the ry of birth into his life when Elm Street was a pair of rs on a barren, wind-swept prairie hill; tried to reer how she had romped in girlhood under the wide sunin the prairie grass, how her little playhouse had sat the new dining-room now stood, how her dolls used er the narrow porch that grew into the winding, sere veranda that belted the house, how she read his how she went about with him on his daily rounds, ow she had suddenly bloomed into a womanhood that

made him feel shy and abashed in her presence. He wa dered where it was upon the way that he had lost elasp her hand: where did it drop from him? How did the litt fingers that he used to hold so tightly, slip into another hand? Her life's great decision had been made without consulting him; when did he lose her confidence? She he gone her way an independent soul-flown like a bird fro the eage, he thought, and was going a way that he felt woul be a way of pain, and probably sorrow, yet he could not sto her. All the experience of his life was worthless to be All that he knew of men, all that he feared of her love were as chaff in the scales for her.

The Doctor, the boss, the friend, the man, withdrew from his consciousness as he sat behind the vines and he became the impersonal, universal father, wondering at the myster of life. As he sat musing, he heard a step behind him, an saw his daughter coming across the porch to greet his "Father," she said, "I have just this half hour that's to ! ours. I've planned for it all day. Mother has promise to keep every one away."

The father's jaw began to tremble and his cherubic fato wrinkle in an emotional pucker. He put the girl's an about his neck, and rubbed her hand upon his cheek. The

the father said softly:

"I never felt poor before until this minute." The gi looked inquiringly at him and was about to protest. I stopped her: "Money wouldn't do you much good-not a the money in the world."

"Well, father, I don't want money: we don't need it. said the girl. "Why, we have a beautiful home and To

is making-"

"It's not that, my dear-not that." He played with h hand a moment longer. "I feel that I ought to give yo something better than money; my-my-well, my view life-what they call philosophy of life. It's the accum lation of fifty years of living." He fumbled in his pock for his pipe. "Let me smoke, and maybe I can talk."

"Laura-girl-" He puffed bashfully in a pause, as began again: "There's a lot of Indiana-real comms Bendiany," he mocked, "about your father, and I just son can't talk under pressure." He caressed the girl's and pulled at his pipe as one giving birth to a system alweophy. Yet he was dumb as he sat before the warm of the passing torch of life which was shining from his hter's face. Finally he burst forth, piping impatience own embarrassment.

tell you, daughter, it's just naturally hell to be pore." girl saw his twitching mouth and the impotence of his ming eyes; but before she could protest he checked her. 'ore! I'ore!" he repeated hopelessly. "Why, if we a million. I would still be just common, ornery, doless folks-tongue-tied and helpless, and I couldn't give you n'-nothin!" he cried, "but just rubbish! Yet there o many things I'd like to give you, Laura-so many, things!" he repeated. "God Almighty's put a terhogtight inheritance tax on experience, girl!" d a crooked, tearful little smile-looked up into her eyes iglike wistfulness as he continued: "I'd like to give -- me of mine---some of the wisdom I've got one way and er—but, Lord, Lord," he wailed, "I can't. The divine utance tax bars me." He patted her with one hand. ng his smoklering pipe in the other. Then he shrilled n the impotence of his pain: "I just must give you Laura: Whatever comes and whatever goes—and lots d things will come and lots of sad things will go, too, hat matter-always remember this: Happiness is from eart out—not from the world in! Do you understand, -do you!

e girl smiled and petted him, but he saw that he hadn't red her consciousness. He puffed at a dead pipe a ent, then he cried as he beat his hands together in ar: "I suppose it's no use. It's no use. But you at least remember these words, Laura, and some time neaning will get to you. Always carry your happiness r your bonnet! It's the only thing I can give you—of all my store!"

ne girl put her arm about him and pressed closely to and they rose, as she said: "Why, father—I underd. Of course I understand. Don't you see I underd. father!" She spoke eagerly and clasped her arms tighter about the pudgy little figure. They stood quietly a moment, as the father looked earnestly, dog-wise, up into her face, as a trying by his very gaze to transmit his loving wisden. Then, as he found voice: "No, Laura, probably you'll need fifty years to understand; but look over on the hill acrost the valley at the moving cloud shadows. They are only shadows—not realities. They are just unrealities that prove the real—just trailing anchors of the sun!" He had posteted his pipe and his hand came up from his pocket as he waved to the distant shadows and piped: "Trouble—hear aches—all the host of clouds that cover life—are only-only—" he let his voice drop gently as he sighed; "only anchors of the sun; Laura, they only prove—just prove—

She did not let him finish, but bent to kiss him and a could feel the shudder of a smothered sob rack him as a

touched his cheek.

Then he smiled at her and chirped: "Just Eendianysis'. Just pore, dumb Eendiany! Hi, ho! Now run an be a good girl! And here's a jim-craek your daddy go

you!"

From his pocket he drew out a little package, and dargled a sparkling jewel in his hands. He saw a flash e pleasure on her face. But his heart was full, and he turns away his head as he handed the gift to her. Her eyes we upon the sparkling jewel, as he led her into the house, say ing with a great sigh: "Come on, my dear—let's go in."

At nine o'clock that night, the great foundry of a house with its half a score of chimneys, marking its various epocl of growth, literally was stuffed with smilax, ferns, reservange blossoms, and daisy chains. In the mazes of the aisles of verdure, a labyrinth of Van Dorns and Satte thwaites and visiting statesmen with highly powders womankind was packed securely. George Brotherton, where was born a drum major, wearing all of his glittering insign of a long line of secret societies, moved as though the welding humanity were fluid. He had presided at too many function to know the vast importance of keeping the bride's befrom the groom's kin, and when he saw that they was ushered into the wedding supper, in due form and order

with the fine abandon of a grand duke lording it over pulace. Senators, Supreme Court justices, proud hwaites, haughty Van Dorns, Congressmen, govlocal gentry, were packed neatly but firmly in their boxes

old families of Harvey—Captain Morton and his little he Kollanders, Ahab Wright with his flaring sidem, his white necktie and his shadow of a wife: Calvin and his daughter in pigtails, Mrs. Calvin havitten Mrs. Nesbit that it seemed that she just never to go anywhere and be anybody, having said as much ore to Mr. Calvin with emphasis; Mrs. Brotherton, of George, beaming with pride at her son's part; ng Kyle Perry and his hatchet-faced son, the es all starched for the occasion, Daniel Sands, a r pro tem. with a broadening interest in school s. Mrs. Herdicker, the ladies' hatter, classifying the hwaites and the Van Dorns according to the millinery r womenkind; Morty Sands wearing the first white it exhibited in Harvey and making violent eyes at a er of the railroad aristocracy—either a general mandaughter or a general superintendent's, and for the her Mrs. Nesbit couldn't sav; for she had not the opinion in the world of the railroad aristocracy, but nem, president, first, second and third vice, general ers, ticket and passenger agents, and superintendents. rt of social job-lot because they came in private cars. e Doctor desired them, to add to his trophies of the n,-Henry Fenn, wearing soberly the suit in which eared when he rode the skyrocket, and forming part bridal chorus, stationed in the cigar-box of a sewingon the second floor to sing, "Oh, Day So Dear," as ppy couple came down the stairs—the old families of y were all invited to the wedding. And the old and wand most of the intermediary families of no parcaste or standing, came to the reception after the ony. But because she had the best voice in town. ret Müller sang "Oh, Promise Me," in a remote bed--to give the effect of distant music, low and sweet, and that song was over, and after Henry Fenn's great

pride had been fairly sated, Margaret Müller ming the guests and knew more of the names and station visiting nobility from the state house and railroa than any other person present. And such is the pe of the male sex that there were more "by George more "Look-look, looks," and more faint whist more "Teh-tch tehs," and more nudging and among the men when Margaret appeared than w bride herself, pink and white and beautiful, came d stairs. Even the eyes of the groom, as he stood be bride, tall, youthful, strong, and handsome as a u dare to be and earn an honest living, even his ey times found themselves straying toward the figure of the beautiful girl whom he had scarcely notice she worked in the court house. But this may be said groom, that when his eyes did wander, he pulled th with an almost irritated jerk, and seemed determined

them upon the girl by his side.

As for the wedding ceremony itself-it was like a The women looked exultant, and the men-the gre bride's father, the groomsmen, and even Rev. John had a sort of captured look and went through the s though they wished that marriages which are Heaven were celebrated there also. But after the was actually accomplished, after the bride and gr been properly congratulated, after the multitude l fed in serried ranks according to social preceden the band on the lawn outside had serenaded the couple, and after further interminable handshaking gratulations, from those outside, after the long lin vited guests had filed past the imposing vista of dishes, cutlery, butter dishes and cake plates, around the walls of three bedrooms,-to say nothing elaborate wax representation of nesting cupids bea eard of the Belgian Society from the glass works according to the card, to "Mile, Lille'n'en Pense"; carriage, bedecked and bedizened with rice and si ribbons, that was supposed to bear away the bi groom, had gone amid the shouting and the tumu populace, and after the phaëton and the sorrel n rtaken the bride and groom from the barn to the station, after the fiddle and the bassoon and the d the tinkling cymbal at Morty Sands's dance had and torn the sleep of those pale souls who would such a night in Harvey, Grant Adams and his faving Jasper to trip whatever fantastic toes he might the opera house, drove down the hill through the furnaces, the creaking of the oil derricks and l of the straw paper mill through the heart of South

made little talk as they rode. Their way led them the street which is shaded and ashamed by day, and lows and flaunts itself by night. Men and women, z. drinking, carousing, rioted through the street, in of doors that spilled puddles of yellow light on the lewalks and dirt streets; screaming laughter, hoarse e stench of liquor, the muffled noises of gambling, of electric lights and the flash of glimmering reflecom bar mirrors rasped their senses and kept the nd son silent as they rode. When they had passed slumbering tenements, the father spoke: "Well, it is the two kinds of playing, and here we have y call the bad people playing. The Van Dorns and erthwaites will tell you that vice is the recreation oor. And it's more or less true." The elder man I his beard and faced the stars: "It's a devilish Character makes happiness; I've got that down it what makes character? Why is vice the recreahe poor? Why do we recruit most of our bad boys of our wayward girls from those neighborhoods in w where the poor live? Why does the clerk on \$12 ptown crowd into Doctor Jim's wedding party, and blower at \$4 a day down here erowd into 'Big nd 'Joe's Place' and the 'Crescent'? Is poverty by vice; or is vice a symptom of poverty? And s the clerk's wife move in 'our best circles' and the wife, with exactly the same money to spend, live social darkness?"

asked myself that question lots of times." exthe youth. "I can't make it work out on any theory. But I tell you, father," the son clinched the that was free from the lines, and shook it, "it's wr some way, somehow, it's wrong, way down at the bott things—I don't know how nor why—but as sure as

I'll try to find out."

The clang of an engine bell in the South Harvey rayards drowned the son's answer. The two were er the track and turning the corner that led to the Harvey station. The midnight train was about duthe buggy came near the little gray box of a station a called, "Adams—Adams," and a woman's voice, Grant."

"Why," exclaimed the father, "it's the happy co Grant stopped the horse and climbed out over the sh body of little Kenyon. "In a moment," replied Then he came to a shadow under the station eaves ar the young people hiding. "Adams, you can help us, Van Dorn. "We slipped off in the Doctor's phaëton, away from the guying crowd and we have tried to g house on the 'phone, and in some way they don't a The horse is tied over by the lumber yard there. Wi take it home with you to-night, and deliver it to the in the morning—whatever—" But Grant cut in:

"Why, of course. Glad to have the chance." He awkward and ill at ease, and repeated, "Why, of anything." But Van Dorn interjected: "You stand, I'll pay for it—" Grant Adams stared at "Why—why—no—" stammered Grant in confusion, Van Dorn thrust a five-dollar bill upon him. He treturn it, but the bride and groom ran to the train, but the young man alone and hurt in his heart. The from the buggy saw what had happened. In a few me they were leading the Doctor's horse behind the buggy. "I didn't want their money," exclaimed "I wanted their—their—"

"You wanted their friendship, Grant-that's whi

wanted," said the father.

"And he wanted a hired man," cried Grant. ", hired man, and she-why, didn't she understand knew I would have carried the old horse on my back

wn, if she'd let me, just to hear her laugh once. r," the son's voice was bitter as he spoke, "why didn't derstand—why did she side with him?"

father smiled. "Perhaps, on your wedding trip,

your wife will agree with you too, son."

bey rode home in silence, the young man asked himer and over again, what lines divided the world into; why manual toil shuts off the toilers from those who he world otherwise. Youth is sensitive; often it is ensitive, and Grant Adams saw or thought he saw in le byplay of Tom Van Dorn the caste prod of society; labor back into its place.

m," said the bride as they watched Grant Adams unhe horse by the lumber yard, "why did you force that on Grant—he would have much preferred to have

and when he said good-by."

's not my kind of folks, Laura," replied Van Dorn. w you like him. But that five will do him lots more han my shaking his hand, and if that youth wasn't id as Lucifer he'd rather have five dollars than any hand. I would—if it comes to that."

t. Tom," answered the girl, "that wasn't pride, that

f-respect.''

il, my dear," he squeezed her gloved hand and in rkness put his arm about her, "let's not worry im. All I know is that I wanted to square it with r taking care of the horse and five dollars won't hurt 'respect. And," said the bridegroom as he pressed de very close to his heart, "what is it to us? We seh other, so what do we care—what is all the world

he midnight train whistled out of South Harvey Adams sitting on a bedside was fondly unbuttoning body from its clothes, ready to hear a sleepy child's by its evening prayers. In his heart there flamed the the child that was beckoning him into love for every thing. And as Laura Van Dorn, bride of Thomas name, heard the whistle, her being was flooded with high and marvelous, washing in from the infinite love the universe and carrying her soul in aspiring

thrills of joy out to ride upon the mysterious currents that we know are not of ourselves, and so have called divine.

In the morning, in the early gray of morning, who Grant Adams rose to make the fire for breakfast, he foun his father, sitting by the kitchen table, half clad as he havisen from a restless bed. Scrawled sheets of white papellay around him on the floor and the table. He said sadly

"She can't come, Grant—she can't come. I dreamed of her last night; it was all so real—just as she was when were young, and I thought—I was sure she was near." Be sighed as he leaned back in his chair. "But they've looke for her—all of them have looked for her. She knows I's calling—but she can't come." The father fumbled the papers, rubbed his gray beard, and shut his fine eyes the shook his head, and whispered: "What holds herwhat keeps her? They all come but her."

"What's this, father?" asked Grant, as a page close

written in a fine hand fluttered to the floor.

"Oh, nothing-much-just Mr. Left bringing me son

message from Victor Hugo. It isn't much."

But the Eminent Authority who put it into the Processings of the Psychological Society laid more store by it the he did by the scraps and incoherent bits of jargon whis pictured the old man's lonely grief. They are not preserved for us, but in the Proceedings, on page 1125, we have

this from Mr. Left:

"The vice of the poor is crass and palpable. It carries quick and deadly corrective poison. But the vices of the well-to-do are none the less deadly. To dine in comfort an know your brother is starving; to sleep in peace and know that he is wronged and oppressed by laws that we sanction, a gather one's family in contentment around a hearth, while the poor dwell in a habitat of vice that kills their souls, to live without bleeding hearts for the wrong on this earth—that the vice of the well-to-do. And so it shall come to pass the when the day of reckoning appears it shall be a day wrath. For when God gives the poor the strength to ris (and they are waxing stronger every hour), they will me not a brother's hand but a glutton's—the hard, dead has of a hard, dead soul. Then will the vicious your and the

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well-to-do, each crippled by his own vices, the blind the blind, fall to in a merciless conflict, mad and agless, born of a sad, unnecessary hate that shall terthe earth, unless God sends us another miracle of love hrist or some vast chastening scourge of war, to turn he fateful blow."

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH WE OBSERVE THE INTERIOR OF A DESERTED

N empty, lonely house was that on Quality Elm Street after the daughter's marriage. not that the Doctor and Mrs. Nesbit did not se daughter often; but whether she came every day or week or every week, always she came as a visitor. may have two homes. And the daughter of the ho Nesbit had her own home—a home wherein she was a to bind her husband to a domesticity which in itself interest him. But with her added charm to it, she b that she could lure him into an acceptance of her is marriage. So with all her powers she fell to her task. sciously or unconsciously, directly or by indirectic always with the joy of adventure in her heart, whether books or with music or with comradeship, she was b herself to the business of wifehood, so that her own filled her life and the Nesbit home was lonely; so lone it that by way of solace and diversion, Mrs. Nesbit 1 the woodwork downstairs "done over" in quarter-saw with elaborate carvings. Ferocious gargovles, highly dolphins, improper, pot-bellied little cupids, and me without a shred of character, seemed about to pour from banister, alcove, bookcase, cozy corner and china

George Brotherten pretended to find resemblances effigies to people about Harvey, and to the town's edelight he began to name the figures after their friend always saluted the figures intimately, as Maggie, or or the Captain, or John Kollander, or Lady Her But through the wooden menagerie in the big hot Doctor whistled and hummed and smoked and chi more or less drearily. To him the Japanese screen huge blue vases, the ponderous high-backed chairs

th meaningless carvings, the mantels full of jars and pots d statuettes, brought no comfort. He was forever putting cane over his arm and clicking down the street to the n Dorn home; but he felt in spite of all his daughter's orts to welcome him—and perhaps because of them—that was a stranger there. So slowly and rather imperceply to him, certainly without any conscious desire for it, fondness for Kenyon Adams sprang up in the Doctor's art. For it was exceedingly soft in spots and those spots re near his home. He was domestic and he was fond of me joys. So when Mrs. Nesbit put aside the encyclodia, from which she was getting the awful truth about hylonian Art for her paper to be read before the makespeare Club, and going to the piano, brought from e bottom of a pile of yellow music a tattered sheet, played Chopin nocturne in a rolling and rather grand style that mng women affected before the Civil War, the Doctor's joy as scarcely less keen than the child's. Then came rare masions when Laura, being there for the night while her seband was away on business, would play melodies that at the child's heart to the quick and brought tears of joy his big eyes. It seemed to him at those times as if Heaven belf were opened for him, and for days the melodies she hved would come ringing through his heart. Often he wald sit absorbed at the piano when he should have been pacticing his lesson, picking out those melodies and trying a poignant yearning for perfection to find their proper bemonies. But at such times after he had frittered away Few minutes, Mrs. Nesbit would call down to him. "You. Lesyon," and he would sigh and take up his scales and and arpeggios.

Kenyon was developing into a shy, lovely child of few mine; he seemed to love to listen to every continuous mind—a creaking gate, a waterdrip from the eaves, a whisting wind—a humming wire. Sometimes the Doctor would with Kenyon long minutes, as the child listened to the fire's wurmur in the grate, and would wonder what the little for made of it all. But above everything else about the child the Doctor was interested in watching his eyes develop into the great, liquid, soulful orbs that marked his mother.

To the Doctor the resemblance was rather weird. But could see no other point in the child's body or mind or swhereon Margaret Müller had left a token. The Doc liked to discuss Kenyon with his wife from the standpoof ancestry. He took a sort of fiendish delight—if one mimagine a fiend with a seraphic face and dancing blue and a mouth that loved to pucker in a pensive whistle in Mrs. Nesbit's never failing stumble over the child eyes.

Any evening he would lay aside his Browning—even in knotty passage wherein the Doctor was wont to take much

pleasure, and revert to type thus:

"Yes, I guess there's something in blood as you say! The child shows it! But where do you suppose he gets the eyes!" His wife would answer energetically, "They are like Amos's and they certainly are not much like Mary Yet those eyes show that somewhere in the line there we fine blood and high breeding."

And the Doctor, remembering the kraut-peddling Mülle who used to live back in Indiana, and who was Kenyon great-grandfather, would shake a wise head and answer:

"Them eyes is certainly a throw-back to the angel choi

my dear-a sure and certain throw-back!"

And while Mrs. Nesbit was elimbing the Sands family tre from Mary Adams back to certain Irish Sandses of the la eighteenth century, the Doctor would flit back to "Paras sus," to be awakened from its spell by: "Only the Iri have such eyes! They are the mark of the Celt all over to world! But it's curious that neither Mary nor Daniel has those eyes!"

"It's certainly curious like," squeaked the Doctor and cably—"certainly curious like, as the treetoad said when couldn't holler up a rain. But it only proves that blee always tells! Bedelia, there's really nothing so true in the world as blood!"

And Mrs. Nesbit would ask him a moment later what could find so amusing in "Paracelsus" She certain never had found anything but headaches in it.

Yet there came a time when the pudgy little stomach the Doctor did not shake in merriment. For he also had hien of blood to solve. Tom Van Dorn was, after all, famous Van Dorn baby!

me evening in the late winter as the Doctor was trudging a from a belated call, he saw the light in Brotherton's dow marking a yellow bar across the dark street. As he ped in for a word with Mr. Brotherton about the coming ageity election, he saw quickly that the laugh was in a way on Tom Van Dorn, who rose rather guiltily and ried out of the shop.

Seegars on George!" exclaimed Captain Morton; then seed the Doctor's gay, inquiring stare: "Henry bet ree a box of Perfectos Tom wouldn't be a year from his ding asking 'what's her name' when the boys were dising some girl or other, and they've laid for Tom ever

and got him to-night, eh?"

be Captain laughed, and then remembering the Docrelationship with the Van Dorns, colored and tried to r his blunder with: "Just boys, you know, Doc—just way."

e Doctor grinned and piped back, "Oh, yes-yes-

-I know, boys will be dogs!"

ddling home that night the Doctor passed the Van He saw through the window the young couple eir living-room. The doctor had a feeling that he could the emotions of his daughter's heart. It was as though suld see her trying in vain to fasten the steel grippers er soul into the heart and life of the man she loved. and over the father asked himself if in Tom Van i's heart was any essential loyalty upon which the hooks bonds of the friendship and fellowship of a home could n and hold. The father could see the handsome young of Van Dorn in the gas light, aflame with the joy of her rice, but Dr. Nesbit realized that it was a passing flame at in the core of the husband was nothing to which a might anchor her life; and as the Doctor clicked his on the sidewalk vigorously he whispered to himself: th-peth-nothing in his heart but peth."

day came when the parents stood watching their daughus she went down the street through the dusk, after she kimed them both and told them, and after they had all said they were very happy over it. But when she of sight the hands of the parents met and the Doc fear in Bedelia Nesbit's face for the first time. But spoke of the fear. It took its place by the vague up in their hearts, and two spectral sentinels stood gus

their speech.

Thus their talk came to be of those things which mote from their hearts. It was Mrs. Nesbit's habit the paper and repeat the news to the Doctor, who sa her with a book. He jabbed in comments; she them. Thus: "I see Grant Adams has been may carpenter for all the Wahoo Fuel Companies may properties." To which the Doctor replied: "Gradear, is an unusual young man. He'll have ten regulated him—and I claim that's fine for a boy in his ties—with no better show in life than Grant has had. Mrs. Nesbit had in general a low opinion of the Doctor mates of men. She held that no man who came from and was fooled by men who wore cotton in their elements were addicted to chilblains, could be trusted in application.

So she answered, "Yes," dryly. It was her custo he began to bestow knighthood upon common elay to him with some new and irrelevant subject. "Here's in the Times this morning I fancy you didn't read. describing the bride's dress and her beauty, it say the bride is a daughter of the late H. M. Von Müll was an exile from his native land and gave up a larg and a title because of his participation in the revolute. Miss Müller might properly be called the C Von Müller, if she chose to claim her rightful title!

is there to that?"

The Doctor threw back his head and chuckled:

"Pennsylvania Dutch for three generations—I ke Herman Müller's father—before I came West—when to sell kraut and cheese around Vincennes before t and Herman's grandfather came from Pennsylvan

"I thought so," sniffed Mrs. Nesbit. And th

added: "Doctor, that girl is a minx."

"Yes, my dear," chirped the Doctor. "Yes, she's

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s isn't the open season for minxes, so we must let her nd," he added after a pause, during which he read dding notice carefully, "she may put a brace under—the blessed Lord knows Henry will need something, he's done mighty well for a year—only twice in months. Poor fellow—poor fellow!" mused the. Mrs. Nesbit blinked at her husband for a minute ttering indignation. Then she exclaimed: "Brace Henry!" And to make it more emphatic, repeated then exploded: "The cat's foot—brace for Henry,—that piece!"

Mrs. Nesbit stalked out of the room, brought back a lress—a very minute dress—she was making and sat g almost imperceptibly while her husband read. r. after a calming interval, she said in a more amiable Doctor Nesbit, if you've cut up all the women you to have dissected in medical school, you know precious about what's in them, if you get fooled in that Marsonan'.

e only kind we ever cut up," returned the Doctor mild, conciliatory treble, "were perfect—all Satteres."

when the Doctor fell back to his book, Mrs. Nesbit some time reflecting upon the virtues of her liege lord ondering how such a paragon ever came from so com-State as Indiana, where so far as any one ever knew was never a family in the whole commonwealth, and tire population as she understood it carried potatoes ir pockets to keep away rheumatism.

evening wore away and Dr. and Mrs. Nesbit were by the ashes in the smoldering fire in the grate. were about to go up stairs when the Doctor, who had looking absent-mindedly into the embers, began medialoud about local politics while his wife sewed. His ation concerned a certain trade between the city and I Sands wherein the city parted with its stock in is public utilities with a face value of something like ion dollars. The stocks were to go to Mr. Sands, while my received therefor a ten-acre tract east of town on Sahoo, called Sands Park. After bursting into the

Doctor's political nocturne rather suddenly and violent with her feminine disapproval, Mrs. Nesbit sat rocking, a finally she exclaimed: "Good Lord, Jim Nesbit, I wish was a man."

"I've long suspected it, my dear," piped her husband.
"Oh, it isn't that—not your politics," retorted Mrs. N
bit, "though that made me think of it. Do you know wl
else old Dan Sands is doing?"

The Doctor bent over the fire, stirred it up and repli

"Well, not in particular."

"Philandering," sniffed Mrs. Nesbit. "Again?" returned the Doctor.

"No," snapped Mrs. Nesbit-"as usual!"

The Doctor had no opinion to express; one of the far specters was engaging his attention at the moment. Prently his wife put down her paper and sat as one wrestly with an impulse. The specter on her side of the hearth trying to keep her lips sealed. They sat while the man clock ticked off five minutes.

"What are you thinking?" the Doctor asked.

"I'm thinking of Dan Sands," replied the wife with semotion in her voice.

The foot tap of Mrs. Nesbit became audible. She sher head with some force and exclaimed: "O Jim, would I like to have that man—just for one day."

"I've noticed," cut in the Doctor, "regarding such presitions from the gentler sex, that the Lord generally is

pers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"The shorn lamb—the shorn lamb," retorted Mrs. Ness "The shorn tom-cat! I'd like to shear him." Wherewe she rose and putting out the light led the Doctor to stairs.

Both knew that the spectral sentinels had used Day Sands and his amours only as a seal upon their lips.

The parents could speak in parables about what the felt or fancied because there was so little that was tanguard substantial for them to see. Of all the institutions what made—the state, the church, his commerce, his schools the home is by far the most spiritual. Its successes and failures are never material. They are never evidenced in a

! worldly goods. Only in the hearts of those who in a home, or of those to whom it is dear, do its triand its defeats register themselves. But in Tom Van philosophy of life small space was left for things spirit alone, to register. He was trying with all his to build a home upon material things. So above all It his home around a beautiful woman. Then he lavupon her and about the house wherein she dwelled, ful objects. He was proud of their cost. Their value ars and cents gave these objects their chief value in ance sheet of gain or less in footing up his account is home. And because what he had was expensive, he Possibly because he had bought his wife's devot some material sacrifice to his own natural inclinaoward the feminine world, he listed her high in the of the home; and so in the only way he could love, he ier jealously. She and the rugs and pictures and fur--all were dear to him, as chattels which he had and paid for and could brag about. And because he o well bred to brag, the repression of that natural t he added to the cost of the items listed,—rugs, picwife, furniture, house, trees, lot, and blue grass lawn. in toward the end of the first year of his marriage, he that actually he could turn his head and follow with s a pretty petticoat going down Market Street, and ol his wife; when he found he could pry open the I Miss Mauling at the office again with his old ogle, ill have the beautiful love which he had bought with nial, its value dropped.

his wife, who felt in her soul her value passing in art she loved, strove to find her fault and to correct it. her devotion manifested itself more plainly. Daily ed more singly to the purpose of her soul. And daily

w that purpose becoming a vain pursuit.

wardly the home was unchanged as this tragedy was I within the two hearts. The same scenery surrounded ayers. The same voices spoke, in the same tones, the words of endearment, and the same hours brought the routine as the days passed. Yet the home was slowly into failure. And the specters that sealed the lips

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of the parents who stood by and mutely watched the is drama unfold, watched it unfold and translate itself life without words, without deeds, without superficial tre or flinching of any kind—the specters passed the sad a from heart to heart in those mysterious silences who souls in this world learn their surest truths.

CHAPTER XIV

S WHICH OUR HERO STROLLS OUT WITH THE DEVIL TO LOOK AT THE HIGH MOUNTAIN

THE soup had come and gone; great platters of fried chicken had disappeared, with incidental spinach and new peas and potatoes. A bowl of lettuce splashed th a French dressing had been moved down as the grass. d the goodly company was surveying something less than acre of strawberry shortcake at the close of a rather brious dinner—a spring dinner, to be exact. oder was reciting with enthusiasm an elaborate and imposle travesty of a recipe for strawberry shortcake, which had read somewhere, when the Doctor, in his nankeens, making his hands on the table cloth as one who was about deliver an oracle, ran his merry eyes down the table, Marring up the Adamses and Mortons and Mayor Brotherand Morty Sands; fastened his glance upon the Van Porns and cut in on the interminable shortcake recipe rather httlessly thus in his gay falsetto:

Tom, here—thinks he's pretty smart. And George rotherton, Mayor of all the Harveys, thinks he is a pretty sooth article; and the Honorable Lady Satterthwaite here, he's got a Maryland notion that she has second sight into he doings of her prince consort." He chuckled and grinned he beamed at his daughter: "And there is the princess sperial—she thinks she's mighty knolledgeous about her ther—but," he cocked his head on one side, enjoying the pense he was creating as he paused, drawling his words, I m just going to show you how I've got 'em all fooled." He pulled from his pocket a long, official envelope, pulled the envelope an official document, and also a letter. He isid the official document down before him and opened

e letter.

"Kind o' seems to be signed by the Governor of the State," he drolled: "And seems like the more I look at the surer I am it's addressed to Tom Van Dorn. I'm not much of an elocutionist and never could read at sight, having come from Eendiany, and I guess Rhody here, she's kind elocutionary and I'll jest about ask her to read it to the ladies and gentlemen!" He handed Mrs. Kollander the later and passed the sealed document to his son-in-law.

Mrs. Kollander read aloud:

"I take pleasure in handing you through the kindness of Senator James Nesbit your appointment to fill the vacancy in your judicial district created to-day by the resignation of Judge Arbuckle of your district to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Court of this State created there by the resigna-

tion of Justice Worrell."

Looking over his wife's shoulder and seeing the significance of the letter, John Kollander threw back his head and began singing in his roaring voice, "For we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom," and the company at the table clapped its hands. And while George Brotherton was bellowing, "Well—say!" Judge Thomas Van Dorn kissed his wife and beamed his satisfaction upon the company.

When the commotion had subsided the chuckling little

workt on another and here's Tom's commission and three and a railroad all made happy!" He threw back his head and laughed silently as he finished, "and all the jus-lies concurring!" After the hubbub of congratulations and passed and the guests had moved into the parlor of the Nesbit home, the little Doctor, standing among them, regaled himself thus:

"Politics is jobs. Jobs is friends. Friends is politics. The reason why the reformers don't get anywhere is that they have no friends in politics. They regard the people as Micky and smelly and low. Bedelia has that notion. But I love 'em! Love 'em and vote 'em!'

Amos Adams opened his mouth to protest, but the Doctor waved him into silence. "I know your idear, Amos! But when the folks get tired of politics that is jobs and want politics that is principles, I'll open as fine a line of principles as ever was shown in this market!"

After the company had gone, Mrs. Nesbit faced her husband with a peremptory: "Well—will you tell me why, Jim Nesbit?" And he sighed and dropped into a chair.

"To save his self-respect! Self-respect grows on what it feeds on, my dear, and I thought maybe if he was a judge"—he looked into the anxious eyes of his wife and went on-"that might hold him!" He rested his head on a hand and drew in a deep breath. "'Vanity, vanity," saith the Preacher—'all is vanity! And I thought I'd hitch it to something that might pull him out of the swamp! And I happened to know that he had a sneaking notion of mining for Judge this fall, so I thought I'd slip up and help him."

He sighed again and his tone changed. "I did it primarily for Laura," he said wearily, and: "Mother, we

night as well face it."

Mrs. Nesbit looked intently at her husband in understanding silence and asked: "Is it any one in particular, Jim—"
He hesitated, then exclaimed: "Oh, I may be wrong, but

somehow I don't like the air—the way that Mauling girl sumes authority at the office. Why, she's made me wait in the outer office twice now—for nothing except to show that she could!"

"Yes, Jim—but what good will this judgeship de! Howill it solve anything?" persisted the wife. The Doctor his sigh precede his words: "The office will make him relize that the eyes of the community are on him, that he is a way a marked man. And then the place will keep his busy and spur on his ambition. And these things should help."

He looked tenderly into the worried face of his wife assmiled. "Perhaps we're both wrong. We don't know Tom's young and—" He ended the sentence in a "Ho-ho—ho—hum!" and yawned and rose, leading the way

stairs.

In the Van Dorn home a young wife was trying to defin herself in the new relation to the community in which the evening's news had placed her. She had no idea of divorcing the judgeship from her life. She felt that marriage was a full partnership and that the judgeship meant much to be she realized that as a judge's wife her life and her duties and she was eager always to acquire new duties—would be different from her life and her duties as a lawyer's wife or a doctor's wife or a merchant's wife, for example. For Laura Van Dorn was in the wife business with a consuming ardor, and the whole universe was related to her wifehood. To her marriage was the development of a two-phase with but one will. As the young couple entered their home, the wife was saying:

"Tom, isn't it fine to think of the good you can dothese poor folk in the Valley don't really get justice. And they're your friends. They always help you and father is the election, and now you can see that they have that rights. Oh, I'm so glad—so glad father did it. That was

his way to show them how he really loves them."

The husband smiled, a husbandly and superior smile, and said absently, "Oh, well, I presume they don't get much out of the courts, but they should learn to keep away from litigation. It's a rich man's game anyway!" He was thinking of the steps before him which might lead him to higher court and still higher. His ambition vaulted as his spoke. "Laura, Father Jim wouldn't mind having a son in-law on the United States Supreme Court, and I believe

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As the young wife saw the glow of ambition in his fine, bile face she stifled the altruistic yearnings, which she come to feel made her husband uncomfortable, and him as he gazed into the crystal ball of the future

and saw its glistening chimera.

Perhaps the preceding dialogue wherein Dr. James Nesbit, his wife, his daughter and his son-in-law have spoken may indicate that politics as the Doctor played it was an exceedingly personal chess game. We see him here blithely taking from the people of his state, their rights to justice and trading those rights cheerfully for his personal happiness as it was represented in the possible reformation of his denghter's husband. He thought it would work—this curibartering of public rights for private ends. He could not see that a man who could accept a judgeship as it had some to Tom Van Dorn, in the nature of things could not take out an essential self-respect which he had forfeited when he took the place. The Doctor was as blind as Tom Van Dorn, as blind as his times. Government was a personal matter in that day; public place was a personal permisite.

As for the reformation of Tom Van Dorn, for which all this juggling with sacred things was done, he had no idea that his moral regeneration was concerned in the deal, and never in all the years of his service did the vaguest hint come to him that the outrage of justice had been accom-

plished for his own soul's good.

The next morning Tom Van Dorn read of his appointment as Judge in the morning papers, and he pranced twice the length of Market Street, up one side and down the other, to let the populace congratulate him. Then with a fat box of candy he went to his office, where he gave the candy and certain other tokens of esteem to Miss Mauling, and at noon after the partnership of Calvin & Van Dorn had been dissolved, with the understanding that the young Judge was to keep his law books in Calvin's office, and was to have a private office there—for certain intangible considerations. Then after the business with Joseph Calvin was concluded, the young Judge in his private office with his

hands under his coat-tails preened before Miss Mauling talked from a shameless soul of his greed for power! girl before him gave him what he could not get at home abject adoration, uncritical, unabashed, unrestrained.

The young man whom the newly qualified Judge had herited as court stenographer was a sadly unemotic rather methodical, old maid of a person, and Tom Dorn could not open his soul to this youth, so he was we to stray back to the offices of Joseph Calvin to dietate instructions to juries, and to look over the books in his library in making up his decisions. The office came to known as the Judge's Chambers and the town cocked a and suspicious eye at the young Judge. Mr. Calvin's putice doubled and trebled and Miss Mauling lost small could with the nobility and gentry. And as the summer deeper Dr. James Nesbit began to see that vanity does not be

self-respect.

When the young Judge announced his candidacy for tion to fill out the two years' unexpired term of his pr cessor, no one opposed Van Dorn in his party convent but the Doctor had little liking for the young man's macy in the office of Joseph Calvin and less liking for seandal of that intimacy which arose when the rich litig in the Judge's court crowded into Calvin's office for cour The Doctor wondered if he was squeamish about certain a ters, merely because it was his own son-in-law who was subject of the disquieting gossip connected with Calv practice in Van Dorn's court. Then there was the o matter. The Doctor could notice that the town was have its smile-not a malicious nor condemning smile, but a erant, amused smile about Van Dorn and the Mauling and the Doctor didn't like that. It cut deeply into Doctor's heart that as the town's smile broadened. daughter's face was growing perceptibly more serious. joy she had shown when first she told him of the ba coming did not illumine her face; and her laughternever failing well of gavety-was in some way being se The Doctor determined to talk with Tom on the Good of Order and to talk man-wise-without feeling of course without guile.

So one autumn afternoon when the Doctor heard the light, firm step of the young man in the common hallway that led to their offices over the Traders' Bank, the Doctor tuned himself up to the meeting and cheerily called through his open door:

"Tom-Tom, you young scoundrel-come in here and let's

talk it all over."

The young man slipped a package into his pocket, and came lightly into the office. He waved his hand gayly and called: "Well-well, pater familias, what's on your chest to-day?" His slim figure was clad in gray—a gray suit. gray shirt, gray tie, gray shoes and a crimson rose bud in his coat lapel. As he slid into a chair and crossed his lean legs the Doctor looked him over. The young Judge's corroding pride in his job was written smartly all over his face and figure. "The fairest of ten thousand, the bright and morning star, Tom," piped the Doctor. Then added briskly, "I want to talk to you about Joe Calvin." The young man lifted a surprised eyebrow. The Doctor pushed ahead as he pulled the county bar docket from his desk and pointed to it. "Joe Calvin's business has increased nearly fifty per cent. in less than six months! And he has the money side of eighty per cent. of the cases in your court!"

"Well—" replied Van Dorn in the mushy drawl that he used with juries, "that's enough! Joe couldn't ask more." Then he added, eying the Doctor closely, "Though I can't say that what you tell me startles me with its suddenness."

"That's just my point," cried the Doctor in his high, shrill voice. "That's just my point, Thomas," he repeated, "and here's where I come in. I got you this job. I am standing for you before the district and I am standing for you now for this election." The Doctor wagged his head at the young man as he said, "But the truth is, Tom, I had some trouble getting you the solid delegation."

"Ah?" questioned the suave young Judge.

"Yes, Tom—my own delegation," replied the Doctor.
"You see, Tom, there is a lot of me. There is the one they call Doc Jim; then there's Mrs. Nesbit's husband and there's your father-in-law, and then there's Old Linen Pants. The old man was for you from the jump. Doc Jim was for you

and Mrs. Nesbit's husband was willing to go with jority of the delegation, though he wasn't strong But I'll tell you, Tom," piped the Doctor, "I did devil of a time ironing out the troubles of your flaw."

The Doctor leaned forward and pointed a fat, ste at his son-in-law. "Tom," the Doctor's voice w and steely, "I don't like your didos with Violet M The face above the crimson flower did not flineh.

"I don't suppose you're making love to her. have no business fooling around Joe Calvin's office eral principles. Keep out, and keep away fro And then the Doctor's patience slipped and his vo "What do you want to give her the household here yourself or let Laura send her checks!" tor's tones were harsh, and with the amiable cast off his graying blond pompadour hair seemed to bristantly. The effect gave the Doctor a fighting fabarked, "You can't afford it. You must stop it. way to do. I didn't think it of you, Tom!"

After Van Dorn had touched his black wing of soft mustache and the crimson flower on his coat himself well in hand and had planned his defe

counter attacks. He spoke softly:

"Now, Father Jim—I'm not—" he put a touch ing in the "not," "going to give up the Maul When I'm elected next month, I'm going to make court stenographer!" He looked the Doctor squ the face and paused for the explosion which can

excited, piping cry:

"Why, Tom, are you crazy! Take her all over to counties of this district with you? Why, boy—Judge Van Dorn continued evenly: "I don't lik stenographer. Men make me nervous and self-cand I can't give a man the best that's in me. And I to give my best to this job—in justice to myse Violet Mauling knows my ways. She doesn't interpret self between me and my ideas, so I am going to recourt stenographer next month right after the elect when the Doctor drew in a breath to speak, V

a hand, checked the elder man and said blandly and ly, "And, Father Jim, I'm going to be elected—id sure of election."

Doctor thought he saw a glint of sheer malicious imin Van Dorn's smile as he finished speaking: anyway, pater, we mustn't quarrel right now—

this time, Laura-"

're a sly dog, now, ain't you! Ain't you a sly dog?''
the Doctor in sputtering rage. Then the blaze in
faded and he cried in despair: "Tom, Tom, isn't
1y way I can put the fear of God into you?"
Dorn realized that he had won the contest. So he

form realized that he had won the contest. So he

to strike again.

tor Jim, I'm afraid you can't jar me much with of God. You have a God that sneaks in the back matter as a kind of a divine immanence that makes gress and Joe Calvin in there has a God with whiso sits on a throne and runs a sort of police court; 's as impossible as the other. I have no God at all." t swelled magnificently, "and here's what happens": as talking against time and the Doctor realized it. scorn was crusting over his anger and he listened oung Judge amused himself: "I've defended gamd thugs—and crooks, some rich, some poor, mostly d mostly guilty. And Joe has been free attorney law and order league and has given the church free nd entertained preachers when he wasn't hiding out s wife. And he's gone to conference and been a and given to the Lord all his life. And now that 1 business for him to have me elected, can he get a t of all his God-and-morality crowd? Not a vote. I have to do is to wiggle my finger and the whole f thugs and blacklegs and hoodlums and rich and e up for me—no matter how pious I talk. I tell ther Jim—there's nothing in your God theory. work. My job is to get the best out of myself pos-But this was harking back to Violet Mauling and ng Judge smiled with bland impertinence as he fin-The fittest survive, my dear pater, and I propose to -to keep fit-and survive!"

The Doctor's anger cooled, but the pain still twinged h heart, the pain that came as he saw clearly and surely the his daughter's life was bound to the futile task of making bricks without straw. Deep in his soul he knew the at guish before her and its vain, continual round of falls hopes. As the young Judge strutted up and down the De tor's office, the father in the elder man dominated him as a kind of contemptuous pity seized him. Pity overcan rage, and the Doctor could not even sputter at his son-i law. "Fit and survive" kept repeating themselves over Dr. Nesbit's mind, and it was from a sad, hurt heart th he spoke almost kindly: "Tom-Tom, my boy, don't too sure of yourself. You may keep fit and you may su vive-but Tom, Tom-" the Doctor looked steadily into the bold, black eyes before him and fancied they were bein held consciously from dropping and shifting as the Doct cried: "For God's sake, Tom, don't let up! Keep fighting, son, God or no God-you've got a devil-keep fighting him!"

The olive cheeks flushed for a fleeting second. Van Dor laughed an irritated little laugh. "Well," he said, turing to the door, "be over to-night!—or shall we come over

Anything good for dinner?"

A minute later he came swinging into his own office. I pulled a package from his pocket. "Violet," he said, goin up to her writing desk and half sitting upon it, as he pe

the package before her, "here's the candy."

He picked up her little round desk mirror, smiled at hin it, and played rather idly about the desk for a foells moment before going to his own desk. He sat looking in the street, folding a sheet of blank paper. When it becam a wad he snapped it at the young woman. It hit her roun beautiful neck and disappeared into her square-cut bodic

"Get it out for you if you want it?" He laughed fat

ously.

The girl flashed quick eyes at him, and said, "Oh, I don know," and went on with her work. He began to read, b in a few minutes laid his book down.

"How'd you like to be a court stenographer?" The g kept on writing. "Honest now I mean it. If I win the m and get this job for the two years of unexpired you'll be court stenographer—pays fifteen hundred a' The girl glanced quickly at him again, with fire eyes, then looked conspicuously down at the keyof the writing machine.

ouldn't leave home," she said finally, as she pulled out t of paper. "It wouldn't be the thing—do you think

put his feet on the desk, showing his ankles of pride, agering his mustache, smiling a squinty smile with his ame, beady eyes as he said: "Oh, I'd take care of You aren't afraid of me, are you?" y both laughed. And the girl came over with a sheet

y both laughed. And the girl came over with a sneet wer. "Here is that Midland Valley letter. Will you now?"

managed to touch her hand as she handed him the and again to touch her bare forearm as he handed it. fter signing it. For which he got two darts from her

lient came in. Joseph Calvin hurried in and out, a little rat of a man who always were shiny clothes agged at the knees and elbows. George Brotherton d in through the office on city business, and so the con wore away. At the end of the day, Thomas Van and Miss Mauling locked up the office and went down all and the stairs to the street together. He released m as they came to the street, and tipped his hat as she call the corner for home. He saw the white-clad Doesedging up the low incline that led to Elm Street.

Neshit was asking the question, Who are the fit? should survive? His fingers had been pinched in the of the young Judge's philosophy and the Doctor was ering much that might be behind the door. He wonif it was the rich and the powerful who should surfor others. There was Captain Morton with his one pottering up and down the town talking all kinds of r, and all kinds of rebuffs that he might keep the n school and make them ready to serve society; yet ing to Tom's standards of success the Captain was

unfit; and there was George Brotherton, ignorant, but loyal foolishly blind, of a tender heart, yet compared with the who used his ignorance and played upon his blindne (and the Doctor winced at his part in that game) Mr. Brotherton was cast aside among the world's unfit; un so was Henry Fenn, fighting with his devil like a soldier and so was Dick Bowman going into the mines for hi family, sacrificing light and air and the joy of a free life that the wife and children might be clad, housed and fe and that they might enjoy something of the comforts of the great civilization which his toil was helping to buil up around them; yet in his grime Dick was accounted en ceedingly unfit. Dick only had a number on the com pany's books and his number corresponded to a share of stock and it was the business of the share of stock to g as much out of Dick and give him back as little, and to tal as much from society in passing for coal as it could, an being without soul or conscience or feeling of any kind, the of stook put the automatic serow

y would have been somewhere else, to be sure; not Mr. himself, for he was busy with his web, and conscience neh webs as his endways, and Daniel would have none it. And the servants who had reared the youth had recience to give him; for it was made definite and cera that home that they were paid for what they did, so lid what they were paid for, and bestowing consciences young gentlemen is no part of the duty of the "help" ome like that.

for his daughter, Anne, again one of God's miracles rought. There she was growing in the dead atmosof that home-where she had known two mothers behe was ten and she saw with a child's shrewd eves that er was coming. Yet in some subsoil of the life about se roots of her life were finding a moral sense. Her eyes were questioning so curiously the old man who ed her that he felt uncomfortable when she was near Yet for all the money he had won and all that money rade him, he was reckoned among the fit. Then there e fit Mr. Van Dorn and the fit Mr. Calvin. Mr. Calvin missed a Sunday in church, gave his tithe, and revered He adjusted his halo and sang feelingly in prayer ag about his cross and hoped ultimately for his crown l and complete payment and return, the same being the and just equivalent for said hereinbefore named cross resaid, and Mr. Calvin was counted among the fit, and octor smiled as he put him in the list. And Mr. Van had confessed that he was among the fit and his fitness ted in getting everything that he could without being Ł

these reflections were vain and unprofitable to Dr. t. and so he turned himself to the consideration of the in hand: namely, to make his calling and reclection to the State Senate that November. So he went over y County behind his motherly sorrel mare, visiting the telling them stories, prescribing for their ailments, their fried chicken, cream gravy and mashed potand putting to rout the forces of the loathed opposition aintained that the Doctor beat his wife, by sometimes

showing said wife as exhibit "A" without comment in the remote parts of the county where her proud figure was un known.

In November he was reflected, and there was a torehlich procession up the aisle of elms and all the neighbors store on the front porch, including the Van Dorns and the Me tons and John Kollander in his blue soldier clothes, carrying the flag into another county office, and the Henry Fent while the Doctor addressed the multitude! And there w cheering, whereupon Mr. Van Dorn, Judge pro tem a Judge-elect, made a speech with eloquence and fire in i John Kollander made his well-known flag speech, and Ca tain Morton got some comfort out of the election of Compa Neshit, who had stood where bullets were thickest and as boy had bared his breast to the foe to save his country, as drawing the Doctor into the corner, filed early application be made sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate and was proised that or Something Equally Good. The hungry frien of the new Senator so loaded him with obligations the blessed night that he again sold his soul to the devil, we in with the organization, got all the places for all his peop and being something of an organizer himself, distributed li patronage for half the State.

Ten days later-or perhaps it may have been two wee later, at half past five in the evening-the Judge-elect sitting at his desk, handsomely dressed in black-as belitting the dignity of his office. He and his newly appointed cou stenographer had returned the hour before from an adjoing county where they had been holding court. The Jud was alone, if one excepts the young woman at the typewriting desk, before whom he was preening, as though she were mere impersonal mirror. During the hour the Judge visited the tailor's and had returned to his office wearing new, long-tailed coat. His black silk neck-scarf was resplea ently new, his large, soft, black hat-of a type much vored by statesmen in that day-was cocked at a frivole angle, showing the raven's wing of black hair upon his f forehead. A black silk watchguard crossed his black ve his patent leather shoes shone below his trim black ailk soe

e rubbed his smooth, olive cheek with the yellow chrysnum upon his coat lapel.

e, but you're swell," said Miss Mauling. "You look

nough to eat."

ight try a bite—if you feel that way about it," replied idge. He put his hands in his pockets, tried them his long coat tails, buttoned the coat and thrust one between the buttons, put one hand in a trousers', letting the other fall at his side, put both hands I him, and posed for a few minutes exchanging more fervent glances with the girl. A step sounded in the y. The man and woman obviously listened. It was a tread: it was coming to the office door. The man and a slipped into Judge Van Dorn's private office. When ter door opened, and it was apparent that some one was outer office, Miss Mauling appeared, note book in quite brisk and businesslike with a question in her afternoon.

here's Van Dorn?" The visitor was tall, rawboned, f that physical cast known as lanky. His face was and his red hair was untrimmed at the neck and ears. le Judge is engaged just now," smiled Miss Mauling. you wait?" She was careful not to ask him to sit. Adams looked at the girl with a fretful stare. He at take off his hat, and he shook his head toward Van s office door as he said brusquely, "Tell him to come It's important." The square shoulders of the tall gave a lunge or hunch toward the door. "I tell you iportant."

Mauling smiled. "But he can't come out just now.

man was excited, and his voice and manner showed nper.

ow. look here—I have no message; tell Van Dorn I him quick."

hat name, please?" responded Miss Mauling, who that the visitor knew she was playing.

ant Adams—tell him it's his business and not mine—

But the girl had gone. It was several minutes before Tom Van Dorn moved gracefully and elegantly into the

room. "Ah," he began. Grant glared at him.

"I've just driven down from Nesbit's with Kenyon, and Mrs. Nesbit says to tell you Laura's there—came over the morning, and you're to come just as quick as you can. The tried to get you on the 'phone, but you weren't here. De you understand? You're to come quick, and I've left my horse out here for you. Kenyon and I'll catch a car home."

The pose with one hand in his trousers pocket and the other hanging loosely suited the Judge-elect as he answered "Is that all?" Then he added, as his eyes went over the blue overalls: "I presume Mrs. Nesbit advised you as to

the reason for-for, well-for haste?"

Grant saw Van Dorn's eyes wander to the girl's for approval. "I shall not need your horse, Adams," Van Dem went on without waiting for a reply to his question. Then again turning his eyes to the girl, he asked: "Adams, anything I can do to repay your kindness?"

"No-" growled Adams, turning to go.

"Say, Adams," called Van Dorn, rubbing his hands and still smiling at the girl, "you wouldn't take a cigar in-in anticipation of the happy-"

Adams whirled around. His big jaw muscles worked in knots before he spoke; his blue eyes were set and raging

But he looked at the floor an instant before crying:

"You go to hell!" And an instant later, the lank figure had left the room, slamming the door after him. Grand heard the telephone bell ringing, and heard the girl's voice answering it, then he went to the doctor's office. As he was writing the words "At Home" on the slate on the door, be could hear Miss Mauling at the telephone.

"Yes," and again, "Yes," and then, "Is there any me sage," and finally she giggled, "All right, I'll call him." Then Grant stalked down the stairs. The receiver was hand ing down. The Doctor at the other end of the wire could hear a man and a woman laughing. Van Dorn stepped M the instrument and said: "Yes, Doctor."

Then, "What-well, you don't say!"

And still again, "Yes, he was just here this minute: shall

I him back?" And before hanging up the receiver, he

"Why, of course, I'll come right out."

e Judge-elect turned gracefully around, smiling com-ntly: "Well, Violet—it's your bet. It's a girl!" e court stenographer poked a teasing forefinger at him whittled it with another in glee. Then, as if remembermething, she asked: "How's your wife?"

a Dorn's face was blank for an instant. "By George so. I forgot to ask." He started to pick up the telereceiver, but checked himself. He pulled his broadsed hat over his eyes, and started for the door, waving ly and rubbing his chin with his flower.

a ta," he called as he saw the last of her flashing

through the closing door.

I thus into a world where only the fittest survive that ame Lala Van Dorn.—the child of a mother's love.

CHAPTER XV

WHEREIN WE WELCOME IN A NEW YEAR AND CONSIDE SERIOUS QUESTION

HE journey around the sun is a long and tumu one. Many of us jolt off the earth as we ride, of us are turned over and thrown into strang absurd positions, and a few of us sit tight and edge allittle further toward the soft seats. But as we whirl stations, returning ever and again to the days the precious in our lives, to the seasons that give us greate we measure our gains, on the long journey, in terms of we love. "A little over a year ago to-night, my chirruped Dr. Nesbit, pulling a gray hair from his twhere hairs of any kind were becoming scarce enough year, a month, and a week and a day ago to-night the and the Harvey brass band came out here and they trup the blue grass so that it won't get back in a dozen

"Well," he mused, as the fire burned, "I got 'em al jobs, I got two or three good medical laws passed,

hope I have made some people happy."

"Yes, my dear," answered his wife. "In that year Lila has come into short dresses, and Kenyon Adan learned to play on the piano, and is taking up the viol

"How time has flown since election a year ago," said tain Morton to his assembled family as they sat arous base burner smoldering in the dining-room. "And I' the patent window fastener into forty houses and sold Fenn the burglar alarm to go with his." And the eldes Morton spoke up and said:

"My good land, I hope we'll have a new principal I time next year. Another year under that man will kil pa. I do wish you'd run for the school board."

And the handsome Miss Morton added, "My goo

Emma Morton, if I didn't have anything to do but draw for; y dollars every month for yanking a lot of little kids around and teaching them the multiplication tables, I wouldn't say much. Why, we've come through algebra into geometry and half way through Cicero, while you've been fussing with that old principal—and Mrs. Herdicker's got a new trimmer, and we girls down at the shop have to put up with her didoes. Talk of trouble, gee!"

"Martha, you make me weary," said the youngest Miss Morton, eating an apple. "If you'd had scarlet fiver and measles the same year, and your old dress just med and your same old hat, you'd have something to

talk about."

"Well," remarked His Honor the Mayor to Henry Fenn and Morty Sands as they sat in the Amen Corner New Year's eve, looking at the backs of a shelf of late books and viewing several shelves of standard sets with highly gilded backs, "it's more'n a year since election—and well, say—I've got all my election bets paid now and am out of debt again, and the book store's gradually coming along. By sext year this time I expect to put four more shelves of spyrighted books in and cut down the paper backs to a stack in the counter. But old Lady Nicotine is still the patron of the fine arts—say, if it wasn't for the 'baccy little Georgie work be so far behind with his rent that he would knock off a year and start over."

Young Mr. Sands rolled a cigarette and lighted it and sad: "It's a whole year—and Pop's gone a long time without a wife; it'll be two years next March since the last we went over the hill who was brought out to make a home for little Morty, and I saw Dad peeking out of the hack window as we were standing waiting for the hearse, and windered which one of the old girls present he'd pick on. But," mused Morty, "I guess it's Anne's eyes. Every time be edges around to the subject of our need of a mother, have turns her eyes on him and he changes the subject." Morty laughed quietly and added: "When Anne gets out of her 'teens she'll put father in a monastery!"

"Honeymoon's kind of waning—eh. Henry*" asked

the conversation about the passing of the year. He added "I see you've been coming down here pretty regularly a three or four months!" Henry looked up sadly and she his head. "You can't break the habit of a dozen year. And I got to coming here back in the days when Georgian a pool and billiard hall, and I suppose I'll come until die, and then George will bring his wheezy old quartet around and sing over me, and probably act as pall-bear too—if he doesn't read the burial service of the lodge addition."

"Well, a year's a year," said the suave Judge Van Dor "A year ago you boys were smoking on me as the new jud of this judicial district. All hail Thane of Cawdor-" smiled his princely smile, taking every one in with his fram bold eyes, and waved himself into the blustery night. The he met Mr. Calvin, who, owing to a turn matters had tak at home, was just beginning another long period of ex from the hearthstone. He walked the night like a gho silent and grim. His thin little neck, furrowed behind the sunken road between his arteries, was adorned by to tufts of straggling hair, and as his overcoat collar was roll and wrinkled, he had an appearance of extreme neglect as dejection. "Did you realize that it's over a year sin election?" said Van Dorn. "We might as well begin looks out for next year, Joe," he added, "if you've got nothing better to do. I wish you'd go down the row to-night a see the boys and tell them I want to talk to them in the no ten days or so; a man never can be too early in these thing and say-if you happen in the Company store down the and see Violet Mauling, slip her a ten and charge it to on the books; I wonder how she's doing-I haven't heard her for three months. Nice girl, Violet."

And Mrs. Herdicker hadn't heard of Miss Mauling a some time, and sitting in her little office back of the million store, sorting over her old bills, she came to a bill badly do cared with Miss Mauling's name on it. The bill called a something like \$75 and the last payment on it had been me nearly half a year ago. So she looked at that bill and addition dollars to Mrs. Van Dorn's bill for the last hat a bought, and did what she could to resign herself to the i

instices of a cruel world. But it had been a good year for Mrs. Herdicker. New wells in new districts had come gushing gas and oil into Harvey in great geysers and the work on the new smelter was progressing, and the men in the mines had been kept steadily at work; for Harvey coal was the best in the Missouri Valley. So the ladies who are no better than they should be and the ladies who are much better than they should be, and the ladies who will stand for a turned ribbon, and a revived feather, and are just about what they may be expected to be, all came in and spent their money like the princesses that they were. And Mrs. Herdicker figured in going over her stock just which hat she could sell to Mrs. Nesbit as a model hat from the Paris exhibit at the World's Fair, and which one she could put on Mrs. Fenn as a New York sample, and as she built her castles the loss of the \$75 to Miss Mauling had its compensating returns, and she smiled and thought that just a year ago she had offered that same World's Fair Model to the wife of the newly elected State Senator and she must put on a new bunch of flowers and bend down the brim.

The Dexters were sitting by the stove in the living-room with Amos Adams; they had come down to the lonely little home to prepare a good dinner for the men. "A year ago to-day," said the minister to the group as he put down the

newspaper, "Kenyon got his new fiddle."

"The year has brought me something—I tell you," Jasper said. "I've bought a horse with my money I earned as page in the State Senate and I've got a milk route, and have all the milk in the neighborhood to distribute. That's

what the year has done for me."

"Well," reflected the minister, "we've got the mission church in South Harvey on a paying basis, and the pipe organ in the home church paid for—that's some comfort. And they do say," his eyes twinkled as he looked at his wife, "that the committee is about to settle all the choir troubles. That's pretty good for a year."

"Another year," sighed Amos Adams, and the wind blew through the gaunt branches of the cottonwood trees in the yard, and far down in the valley came the moaning as of many waters, and the wind played its harmonies in the woodlot. The old man repeated the words: "Another year," and asked himself how many more years he would have to wait and listen to the sighing of the moaning water that washed around the world. And Kenyon Adams, lying flushed and tousled and tired upon a couch near by, heard the waters in his dreams and they made such music that his thin, little face moved in an eyrie smile.

"Mag," said a pale, nervous girl with dead, sad eyes she looked around at the new furniture in the new house and avoided the rim of soft light that came from the electric under the red shade, "did you think I was cheeky to ask you all those questions over the 'phone-about when Henry was to-night, and what you'd be doing?" The host ess said: "Why, no, Violet, no-I'm always glad to se

vou."

There was a pause, and the girl exclaimed: "That's what I come out for. I couldn't stand it any longer. Mag, what in God's name have I done? Didn't you see me the other day on Market Street? You were looking right at me It's

tands around and is silly—just makes foolish breaks to hear himself talk—that's all. But what can I do? He keeps me in the company store, and Heaven knows he doesn't kill himself paying me—only \$8 a week, as far as that goes, and then he talks and talks and talks about Judge Van Dorn, and snickers and drops his front false teeth—ugh!—and drivels. But, Mag, he's harmless as a baby."

"Well," returned the hostess, "Henry says every one is talking about it, and you're a common scandal, Violet Mauling, and you ought to know it. I can't hold you up, as you

well know-no one can."

Then there followed a flood of tears, and after it had subsided the two women were sitting on a couch. "I want to tell you about Tom Van Dorn, Mag—you never understood. You thought I used to chase him. God knows I didn't, Mag—honest, honest, honest! You knew as well as anything all about it; but I never told you how I fought and fought and all that and how little by little he came closer and closer, and no one ever will know how I cried and how ashamed I was and how I tried to fight him off. That's the God's truth,

Mag—the God's truth if you ever heard it."

The girl sobbed and hid her face. "Once when papa died he sent me a hundred dollars through Mr. Brotherton, and mamma thought it came from the Lodge; but I knew better. And, O Mag, Mag, you'll never know how I felt to bury papa on that kind of money. And I saved for nearly a year to pay it back, and of course I couldn't, for he kept getting me expensive things and I had to get things to go with 'em and went in debt, and then when I went there in the office it was all so—so close and I couldn't fight, and he was so powerful-you know just how big and strong, and-0 Mag, Mag, Mag-you'll never know how I tried-but I just couldn't. Then he made me court reporter and took me over the district." The girl looked up into the great, oft, beautiful eyes of Margaret Fenn, and thought she saw sympathy there. That was a common mistake; others made it in looking at Margaret's eyes. The girl felt encouraged. She came closer to her one-time friend. "Mag," she said, "they lied awfully about how I lost my job. They said Mrs. Van Dorn made a row. Honest, Mag, there's nothing

to that. She never even dreamed anything was-wellwas-don't you know. She wasn't a bit jealous, and is a nice as she can be to me right now. It was this way. You know when I sent mamma away last May for a visit, and the Van Dorns asked me over there to stay?" Mrs. Fem nodded. "Well," continued Violet, "one day in courtyou know when they were trying that bond case—the city bonds and all—well, the Judge scribbled a note on his des and handed it to me. It said my room door creaked, an not to shut it." She stopped and put her head in her han and rocked her body. "I know, Mag, it was awful, but som way I just couldn't help it. He is so strong, and-yo know, Mag, how we used to say there's some men when the come about you just make you kind of flush all over an weak-well, he's that way. And, anyway, like a fool dropped that note and one of the jurors-a farmer from Union township-picked it up and took it straight to Doete Jim."

of us make as we jog around the sun, and to show the reader how the proud Mr. Van Dorn hunts his prey what splendid romances he enjoys and what a fair man he is.

the old year is restless. It has painted the sky of Harvey with the smoke of a score of smelter chimneys; burned in the drab of the dejected-looking houses, and added a few dozen new ones for the men and their who operate the smelter.

eover, the old year has run many new, strange things h a little boy's eyes as he looks sadly into a queer -a little, black-eyed boy, while a grand lady with a ead sits on a piano bench beside the child and plays n the grand music that was fashionable in her grand The passing year pressed into his little heart all that sic told him—not of the gray misery of South Harvey. the thousands who are mourning and toiling there, stead the old year has whispered to the child the beauavstic tales of great souls doing noble deeds, of heroes ied that men might live and love, of beauty and of ny too deep for any words of his that throb in him ir depths in his soul to high aspiration. It has all gone h his ears; for his eyes see little that is beautiful. is, of course, the beauty of the homely hours he spends rose who love him best, hours spent at school and joyurs spent by the murmuring creek, and there is what and lady at the piano thinks is a marvel of beauty in Late home upon the hill. But the most beautiful thing s as the old year winds the passing panorama of life eves is the sunshine and prairie grass. This comes of a Sunday when he walks with Grant—brother out in the fields far away from South Harveythe frosty breath of autumn has turned the grass to er and pale heliotrope, and the hills roll away and ike silent music and the clouds idling lazily over the s afar off cast dark shadows that drift in the laven-Now the smoke that the old year paints upon the rairie sky will fade as the year passes, and the great s may crumble and men may plow over the ground they stand so proudly even to-day; but the music in the boy's heart, put there by the passing year, and glory of the sunshine and the prairie grass with the medo lark's sad evening song as it quivers for a moment in sunset air,-these have been caught in the child's soul have passed through the strange alchemy of God's green mystery of human genius into an art that is the heritage the race. For into the mind of that child-that eyric, large eyed, wondering, silent, lonely-seeming child-the signals God were passing. When he grew into his man's estate and could give them voice, the winds of the prairie, low and gettle, the soft lisping of quiet waters, the moving passion of the hurricane, the idle dalliance of the clouds whose purple shadows combed the rolling hills, and all the eestasy of the love cry of solitary prairie birds, found meaning and the listening world heard, through his music, God speaking ! His children.

So the year moved quickly on. Its tasks were countled It had another child to teach another message. There was a little girl in the town-a small girl with the bluest ever the world and tiny curls-yellow curls that wound so soft around her mother's fingers that you would think that the were not curls at all but golden dreams of curls that he for the moment come true and would fade back into fain land whence they came. And the passing year had to pre the child at a window while the dusk came ereeping in the quiet house. There she sat waiting, watching, hope that the proud, handsome man who came at twilight do the way leading to the threshold, would smile at her. S was not old enough to hope he would take her in his are where she could enddle and be loved. So the passing ye had to take a fine brush and paint upon the small, wist face a fleeting shadow, the mere ghost of a sadness the came and went as she watched and waited for the fath love.

And Judge Thomas Van Dorn, the punctilious, gay, sistless, young Tom Van Dorn was deaf to the deeper vothat called to him and beckoned him to rest his soul. As soon upon the winds that roam the world and carry extremely dreams back to ghosts, and bring ghosts of what we would back to our dreams—the roaming winds bore away to

w year, but they could not take the shadows that it pon the child's tender heart.

r. when the old year with all its work lay down in the erable company of its predecessors, and the bells rang whistles blew in South Harvey to welcome in the ear, the midnight sky was blazoned with the great from the smelter chimneys, and the pumps in the oil ept up their dolorous whining and complaining, like nsects battening upon an abandoned world. In South the lights of the saloons and the side of the dragon's glowed and beckoned men to death. Money tinkled e bars, and whispered as it was crumpled in the f the dragon. For money the scurrying human ants along the dark, half-lighted streets from the ant er the mines. For money the cranes of the pumps their monody. For money the half-naked men toiled r death in the fumes of the smelter. So the New bells rang a pean of welcome to the money that the ear would bring with its toll of death.

nev." clanged the church bells in the town on the hill. r makes wealth and since we have banished our kings ned our priests, money is the only thing in our materld that will bring power and power brings pleasure

asure brings death."

death? and death? and death?" tolled the church at glad New Year, and then ceased in circling waves id that enveloped the world, still inquiring—"and and death?" fainter and fainter until dawn.

little boy who heard the bells may have heard their re question; for in the morning twilight, sitting in his wn on his high chair looking into the cheerful mouth glowing kitchen stove, while the elders prepared st, the child who had been silent for a long time is face and asked:

ent-what is death?" The youth at his task anby telling about the buried seed and the quickening The child listened and shook his head.

her," he asked, addressing the old man, who was his chilled hands over the fire, "what is death?" I man spoke, slowly. He ran his fingers through his beard and then addressing the youth who had spoken r

than the child, replied:

"Death? Death?" and looked puzzled, as if sear for his words. "Death is the low archway in the jou of life, where we all—high and low, weak and strong, and rich, must bow into the dust, remove our earthly pings, wealth and power and pleasure, before we rise tupon the next stage of our journey into wider vistas greener fields."

The child nodded his head as one who has just apprand approved a universe, replying sagely, "Oh," then a moment he added: "Yes." And said no more.

But when the sun was up, and the wheels scraped or gravel walk before the Adams home, and the silvery, it ious laugh of a young mother waked the echoes of home, as she bundled up Kenyon for his daily journey old man and the young man heard the child ask: "A Laura—what is death?" The woman with her own near in the very midst of life, only laughed and lau again, and Kenyon laughed and Lila laughed and the laughed.

CHAPTER XVI

TRANT ADAMS IS SOLD INTO BONDAGE AND MARGARET FENN
RECEIVES A SHOCK

ERHAPS the sound of their laughter drowned the mournful voices of the bells in Grant Adams's heart. But the bells of the New Year left within him some stirring of their eternal question. For as the light of day miffed out, Grant in a cage full of miners, with Dick Bowman and one of his boys standing beside him, going down to the second level of the mine, asked himself the question that had puzzled him: Why did not these men get as much out of life as their fellows on the same pay in the town who work in stores and offices? He could see no particular difference in the intelligence of the men in Harvey and the workers in South Harvey; yet there they were in poorer clothes, with faces not so quick, clearly not so well kept from a purely animal standpoint, and even if they were sturdier and physically more powerful, yet to the young man working with them in the mine, it seemed that they were a different sort from the white-handed, keen-faced, smooth-shaven, wellgroomed clerks of Market Street, and that the clerks were getting the better of life. And Grant cried in his heart: "Why—why—why?"

Then Dick Bowman said: "Red—penny for your thoughts?" The men near by turned to Grant and he said: "Hello, Dick—" Then to the boy: "Well, Mugs, how are you?" He spoke to the others, Casper and Barney and Evans and Hugh and Bill and Dan and Tom and Lew and Gomer and Mike and Dick—excepting Casper Herdicker, mostly Welsh and Irish, and they passed around some more or less ribald greetings. Then they all stepped upon the soft ground and stood in the light of the flickering oil

torches that hung suspended from timbers.

Stretching down long avenues these flickering torch blocked out the alleys of the mine in either direction fre the room, perhaps fifty by forty feet, six or seven feet his where they were standing. A car of coal drawn by forig mules and pushed by a grinning boy, came creaking arou a distant corner, and drew nearer to the cage. men ending their shift were coming into the passageway from each end, shuffling along, tired and silent. the men going to work with a nod or a word and in a m ment the room at the main bottom was empty and siles save for the groaning car and the various language spot by the grinning boy to the unhappy mule. Grant Adm turned off the main passage to an air course, where from fans above cold air was rushing along a narrow scarcely lighted runway about six feet wide and lower the the main passage. Down this passage the new mule be was building. Grant went to his work, and just outside t barn, snuffed a sputtering torch that was dripping burni oil into a small oily puddle on the damp floor. The ret was cold. Three men were with him and he was direction them, while he worked briskly with them. Occasionally left the barn to oversee the carpenters who were timber up a new shaft in a lower level that was not yet ready I operation. Fifty miners and carpenters were working (the third level, clearing away passages, making shaft opt ings, butting in timbers, constructing air courses and getti the level ready for real work. On the second level, in f little rooms, off the long, gloomy passages lighted with flaring toreles hanging from the damp timbers that stretch away into long vistas wherein the torches at the ends of passage gimmered like firetlies, men were working - two ha dred men pegging and digging and prying and sweating talking to their "buddles," the Welsh in monosyllables the Irish in a confusion of tongues. The ears came if gling along the passageways empty and went back load and groaning. Occasionally the piping voice of a boy the melancholy bray of a mule broke the deep silence of place

For sound traveled slowly through the gloom, as the the torches sapped it up and burned it out in faint, tr

light to confuse the men who sometimes came plodding the galleries to and from the main bottom. At nine & Grant Adams had been twice over the mine, on the levels and had thirty men hammering away for dear He sent a car of lumber down to the mule barn, while ent to the third level to direct the division of an air into an emergency escape. On one side of this air the air came down and there was a temporary hoist the men on the third level and on the other side a wooden ray was to be built up seventy feet toward the second

ten o'clock Grant came back to the second level by the in the air shaft and as he started down the low air branching off from the main passage and leading to we mule barn, he smelled burning pine; and hurrying d a corner saw that the boy who dumped the pine for the mule barn had not taken the boards into the nor even entirely to the barn, but had dumped them passage to the windward of the barn, under the leaky and Grant could see down the air course the ends of sards burning brightly.

men working in the barn could not smell the fire, for ind that rushed down the air course was carrying the and fumes away from them. Grant ran down the toward the fire, which was fanned by the rushing air, to the lumber, which was not all afire, jumped through ames, slapping the little blazes on his clothes with his he came out, and ran into the barn calling to the men p him put out the fire. They spent two or three minrying to attach the hose to the water plug there, but me did not fit the plug; then they tried to turn the to get water in their dinner pails and found that the had rusted and would not turn. While they worked e grew. It was impossible to send a man back through Grant sent a man speeding around the air course, to wrench from the pump room or from some one in the bottom to turn on the water. In the meantime he and ber two men worked furiously to extinguish the fire by ing it with their coats and aprons, but always the beat them back. Helplessly they saw it eating along the mine timbers far down the vacant passage. Little r devils of flame that winked maliciously two hundred fe away, and went out, then sprang up again, then blan steadily. Grant and the two men tugged frantically at a burning boards, trying to drag them out of the passagewinto the barn, but only here and there could an end be pick up, and it took five minutes to get half a dozen charm boards into the barn. While they struggled with the charm boards the flames down the passage kept glowing bright and brighter. The men were conscious that the flames we playing around the second torch below the barn. Although they realized that the man they sent for the wrench is nearly half a mile to go and come by the roundabout was they asked one another if he was making the wrench!

Men began poking their heads into the course and callise "Need any help down there," and Grant cried, "Yes, go to the pump in the main balcony with your buckets aget water." The man sent for the wrench appeared down

the long passage. Grant yelled,

"Hurry—hurry, man!" But though he came running the fire seemed to be going faster than he was. They conhear men calling and felt that there was confusion at the end of the air course where it turned into the main passes ahead of the flames. A second torch exploded, scattered the fire far down the course. The man, breathless and shausted, ran up with the wrench. Then they felt the air the air course stop moving. They looked at one another "Yes," said the man with the wrench, "I told 'em to be verse the fans and when we got the water turned on whold the fire from going to the other end of the passar. He said this between gasps as he tugged at the water playing the wrench. He hit it a vicious blow and the elbroke.

The fan had reversed. The air was rushing back, bring the flames to the barn. They beat the fire madly with the coats, but in two minutes the roaring air had brought flames upon them. The loose timber and shavings in barn were beginning to blaze and the men ran for their down the air course. As they ran for the south passes the smoke followed them and they felt it in their eyes

gs. The lights behind them were dimmed, and those in at grew dim. They reached the passage in a cloud of ke, but it was going up the air shaft and did not fill the sage. "Mugs," yelled Grant to a boy driving an ore car, in down this passage and tell the men there's a fire—sre's your father?"

'He's up you way,' called the boy, pointing in the oppodirection as he ran. "You tell him." The fire was ring down the air course behind them, and Grant and the te men knew that in a few minutes the reverse air would sucking the flames up the air shaft, cutting off the emerry escape for the men on the first and second levels.

frant knew that the emergency escape was not completed the third level, but he knew that they were using the chute for a temporary hoist for the men from the third I and that the main shaft was not running to the third

Run down this passage, Bill," called Grant. "Get all e fellows. Evans, you call the first level; I'll skin down rope to the men below." In an instant, as the men flying on their errands, his red head disappeared down rope into the darkness. At the bottom of the hoist in third level Grant found forty or fifty men at work. were startled to see him come down without waiting the bucket to go up and he called breathlessly as his touched the earth: "Boys, there's a fire above on the level—I don't know how bad it is; but it looks bad to

They may get it out with a hose from the main bottom they we got hose there that will reach any place."
Let's go up," cried one of the men. As they started

ard him, Grant threw up his hand.

Hold on now, boys—hold on. The fans will be blowing fire down this air shaft in a few minutes. How far up

Byou got the ladders?" he asked.

ramble for the buckets, but no one offered to man the dlass and hoist them up the air shaft. Grant was only arpenters' boss. The men around the buckets were res. But he called: "Get out of there, Hughey and benone of that. We must make that ladder first—

get some timbers-put the rungs three feet apart, an quick."

He pointed at the timbers to be used for the

stepped to the windlass and cried:

"Here, Johnnie—you got no family—get hold windlass with me. Ready now—family men first—ye

-you, Edwards-you, Lewellyn."

Then he bent to the wheel and the men in the started up the shaft. The others pounded at the and those who could find no work clambered up the sthe bottom of the gap that separated them from the level. As the men in the buckets were nearly up to ond level, where the hoist stopped, Grant heard one call: "Hurry, hurry—here she comes," and a secon a hot, smoky wind struck his face and he knew the furned again and soon would be blowing fire down course.

The men had the ladder almost finished. The mer on the stairs smelled the smoke and began yelling bucket reached the top and was started down. Grant up the air shaft and saw the fire—little flickering lighting up the shaft near the second level. The air is down was smoky and filled with sparks. The ladd ready and the men made a rush with it up the st Most of their lamps were put out and it was dark stairway. The men were uttering hysterical, foolis as they rushed upward in their panic. The ladder against the sides of the chamber knocked the men of feet and there was tumbling and swearing and trippi struggling.

Grant grabbed the ladder from the men and held i

his head, and called out:

"You men go up there in order. You'll not ladder till you straighten up."

The emergency passage was filling with smoke. Twee coughing and gasping.

Up and down the stairs men called:

"Brace up, that's right."

"Red's right."

"We'll all go if we don't straighten up."

In a moment there was some semblance of order, and Grant wormed his way to the top holding the ladder above him. He put one end of it on a landing and nailed the foot of the ladder to the landing floor. Then he stood on the landing, a great, powerful man with blazing eyes, and called lown: "Now come; one at a time, and if any man crowds I'll kill him. Come on—one at a time." One came and went up; when he was on the third rung of the ladder, Grant let another man pass up, and so three men were on the ladder.

As the top man raised the trapdoor above, Grant and those upon the ladder could see the flames and a great gust of smoke poured down. The man at the top hesitated. On the other side of the partition in the air chute the smoke was pouring and the fire was circling the top of the emergency escape through which the men must pass.

"Go ahead or jump down," yelled Grant.

Those on the ladder and on the landing who could see up gried:

"Quick, for God's sake! Hurry!"

And in another second the first man had scrambled through the hole, letting the trapdoor fall upon the head of the scrambling man just under him. He fell, but Grant caught him, and shoved him into the next turn upon the ladder.

After that they learned to lift their hands up and catch the trapdoor, but they could see the flames burning the timbers and dropping sparks and blowing smoke down the emergency shaft. Ten men went up; the fire in the flume along the stairs below them was beginning to whip through the board partition. The fan was pumping the third level full of smoke; it was carried out of the stairway by the current. But the men were calling below. Little Ira Dooley tried to go around Grant ahead of his turn at the ladder. The cheater felt the big man's hand catch him and hold him. The men below saw Grant hit the cheater upon the point of the jaw and throw him half conscious under the ladder. The men climbed steadily up. Twenty-five went through the trap-door into the unknown hell raging above. Again and again the ladder emptied itself, as the

flames in the shaft grew longer, and the circle of fire grew broader. The men passed through the trapdoor scorching clothes.

The ladder was filling for the last time. The last ma on the first rung. Grant reached under the ladder, e Dooley about the waist and started up with him. ladder Dooley regained consciousness, and Grant shove ahead and saw Dooley slip through the trapdoor and stop in the smoke and fire and stand holding up the do Grant. The two men smiled through the smoke, as Grant came through with his clothes afire, he and I looked quickly about them. Their lights were out; by burning timbers above gave them their directions. headed down the south passage, but even as they enter the flames barred them there. Then they turned to the passage, and could hear men calling and velling far in the dark alley. The torches were gone. Far through the stifling smoke that swirled about the timbers overhead, they could see the flickering lights of running. They started to follow the lamps. Dooley, was a little man, slowly dropped back. Grant caugh hand and dragged him. Soon they came up to the o who paused to give them lights. Then they all start run again, hoping to come out of that passage into the bottom by the main shaft in another quarter of a Occasionally a man would begin to lag, but some one al stopped to give him a hand. Once Grant passed two Tom Williams and Evan Davis, leaning against a til Davis fagged, Williams fanning his companion with his

From some cross passage a group of men who works the second level came rushing to them. They had no I and were lost. Down the passage they all ran together at the end they saw something cluttering it up. The sing seemed to be closed. The front man tumbled and a dozen men fell over him. Three score men were trathere, struggling in a pile of pipes and refuse timber all but filled the passage into the main bottom. Five utes were lost there. Then by twos they crawled into main bottom. There men were working with hose, to put out the fire in the air course leading to the

stables. They did not realize that the other end of the mine was in flames.

Coal was still going up in the cages. The men in the east and west passages were still at work. Smoke thickened the air. The entrance to the air course was charred, and puffing smoke. The fans relaxed for a moment upon a signal to cease until the course was explored. A hose was playing in the course, but no man had ventured down it. When Grant came out he called to the men with the cage boss: "Where's Kinnehan—where's the pit boss?" No one knew. Some little boys—trimmers and drivers—were begging to go up with the coal. Finally the cage boss let them ride up.

While they were wrangling, Grant said: "Lookee here—this is a real fire, men; stop spitting on that air course with

the hose and go turn out the men."

The men from the third level were clamoring at the cage boss to go up.

Grant stopped them: "Now, here—let's divide off, five in a squad and go after the men on this level, and five in a squad go up to the next level and call the men out there. There's time if we hurry to save the whole shift." He tolled them off and they went down the glimmering passages, that were beginning to grow dim with smoke. As he left the main bottom he saw by his watch under a torch that it was nearly eleven o'clock. He ran with his squad down the passage, calling out the men from their little rooms. Three hundred yards down the smoke grew denser. And he met men coming along the passage. "Are they all out back of you?" he called to the men as

"Are they all out back of you?" he called to the men as they passed. "Yes," they cried, "except the last three or four rooms."

Grant and his men pushed forward to these rooms. As they went they stumbled over an unconscious form in the passage. The men behind Grant—Dooley, Hogan, Casper Herdicker, Williams, Davis, Chopini—joined him. Their work was done. They had been in all the rooms. They picked up the limp form, and staggered slowly back down the passage. The smoke gripped Grant about the belly like a vise. He could not breathe. He stopped, then crawled a few feet, then leaned against a timber. Finally he rose and

came upon the swaying group with the unconscious m Another man was down, and three men were draggitwo.

The smoke kept rolling along behind them. It blacker the passage ahead of them. Most of the lights the men e ried were out. Grant lent a hand, and the swaying prosion crawled under the smoke. They went so slowly to one man, then two on their hands and knees, then three m caught up with them and they were too exhausted to drag senseless man with them. At a puddle in the way to soused the face of the prostrated man in the water. revived him. They could hear and feel another man arr the passage calling feebly for help. Grant and Chop speaking different languages, understood the universal of distress, and together crawled in the dark and felt th way to the feeble voice. Chopini reached the voice fi Grant could just distinguish in the darkness the power movement of the Italian, with his head upon the ground I a nosing dog's as he wormed under the fallen body and it on his back and bellied over to the group that was slo moving down the passage toward the glimmering light. they passed the rooms vacated by the miners, somet they put their heads in and got refreshing air, for the st moved in a slow, murky current down the passage and not back into the rooms at first.

Grant and Chopini crawled on all fours into a room found the air fresh. They rose, holding each other's had they leaned together against the dark walls and bre slowly, and finally their diaphragms seemed to be reand they breathed more deeply. By a hand signs agreed to start out. At the door they crouched and can agreed to start out. At the door they crouched and can are feebly pushing on. Seven were trying to draw Further down the passage they could hear the shroof the men in the main bottom, as they came hurry the other runways, and far back up the dark passage they were trapped. Behind them was the fire. Bet was the long, impossible stretch to the main bottom smoke thickening and falling lower every second.

was the smoke that the light ahead winked out. Death stood before them and behind them.

"Boys-" gasped Grant, "in here-let's get in one of these rooms and wall it up."

The seven looked at him and he crawled to a room; sticking his head in he found it murky. He tried another. The third room was fresh and cool, and he called the men in.

Then all nine dragged one after another of the limp bodies into the room and they began walling the door into the pasmge. There were two lights on a dozen caps. Grant put out one lamp and they worked by the glimmer of a single lamp. Gradually, but with a speed-slow as it had to be-inspired by deadly terror, the wall went up. They daubed it with mud that seemed to refresh itself from a pool that was bollowed in the floor. After what seemed an age of swiftly securate work, the wall was waist high; the smoke bellied in, in a gust, and was suddenly sucked out by an air current, and the men at the wall tapping some spring of unknown mergy bent frantically to their task. Three of the six men were coming to life. They tried to rise and help. Two crawled forward, and patted the mud in the bottom crevices. The nerce race with death called out every man's reserves of body and soul.

Then, when the wall was breast high, some one heard a choking cry in the passage. Grant was in the rear of the room, wrestling with a great rock, and did not hear the cry; but Chopini was over the wall, and Dooley followed him, and Evans followed him in an instant. They disappeared down the passage, and when Grant returned, carrying the huge rock to the speeding work at the wall, he heard a voice outside call:

"We've got 'em."

And then, after a silence, as the workmen hurried with the wall, there came a call for help. Williams and Dennis Hogan followed Grant through the hole now nearing the roof of the room, out into the passage. The air was scorehing Some current was moving it rapidly. The second party came upon the first struggling weakly with Dick Bowman and his son. Father and son were unconscious and one of the rescuing party had fainted. Again the vise

gripped Grant's abdomen, and he put his face upon the damp earth and panted. Slowly the three men in the darkness bellied along until they felt the wall, then in an agony of effort raised themselves and their burden. Up the wall they climbed to their knees, to their feet, and met the hands of those inside who took the burden from them. One two three whiffs of clean air as they stuck their heads in the room, and they were gone-and another two men from the room followed them. They came upon the first party working their gasping, fainting course back to the wall, with their load, rolling a man before them. And they all pulled and tugged and pushed and some leaned heavily upon other and all looked death squarely in the face and no man whinpered. The panic was gone; the divine spark that rests in every human soul was burning, and life was little and cheap in their eyes, compared with the chance they had to give # for others.

Flicks of fire were swirling down the passage, and the roar of the flames came nearer and Grant fancied he could hear the crackle of it. Chopini was on his knees clutching at the crevices in the wall; Hogan and Dooley dug with their hands into the chinks, then four men were on their feet, with the burden, and in the blackness, hands within the wall reached out and took the man from those outside. The hands reached out and felt other hands and pulled them up, and five, six men stood upon their feet and were pulled, scrambling and trembling and reeling, into the room. blackness outside became a lurid glare. The flickering lamp inside showed them that one man was outside. Grant Adams stood faint and trembling, leaning against a wall of the room; the room and the men whirled about him and he grew sick at the stomach. But with a powerful effort be gathered himself, and lunged to the hole in the rising wall. He was trying to pull himself up when Dooley pulled him down and went through the hole like a cat. Hogan followed Dooley and Evans followed Hogan, "Here he is, right at the bottom," called Hogan, and in an instant the feet of Casper Herdicker, then the sprawling legs, then the body and then the head with the closed eyes and gaping mouth came in, and then three men slowly followed him. Grant,

revived by the water from the puddle under him, stood and saw the last man—Dennis Hogan—crawl in. Then Grant, seeing Hogan's coat was afire, looked out and saw flames dancing along the timbers, and a spark with a gust of smoke was sucked into the room by some eddy of the current outside. In a last spurt of terrible effort the hole in the wall was closed and plastered with mud and the men were sealed in their tomb.

It was but a matter of minutes before the furnace was raging outside. The men in the room could hear it crackle and roar, and the mud in the chinks steamed. The men daubed the chinks again and again.

As the fire roared outside, the men within the room fancied—and perhaps it was the sheer horror of their situation that prompted their fancy—that they could hear the screams of men and mules down the passage toward the main bottom. After an hour, when the roar ceased, they were in a great silence. And as the day grew old and the silence grew deep and the immediate danger past, they began to wait. As they waited they talked. At times they heard a roaring and a crash and they knew that the timbers having burned away, the passages and courses were caving in. By their watches they knew that the night was upon them. And they sat talking nervously through the night, fearing to sleep, dreading what each moment might bring. Lamp after lamp burned out in turn. And still they sat and talked. Here one would drowse-there another lose consciousness and sink to the ground, but always men were talking. The talk never ceased. They were ashamed to talk of women while they were facing death, so they kept upon the only other subjects that will hold men long-God and politics. The talk droned on into morning, through the forenoon, into the night, past midnight, with the thread taken from one man sinking to sleep by another waking up, but it never stopped. water that seeped into the puddle on the floor moistened their lips as they talked. There was no food save in two lunch buckets that had been left in the room by fleeing miners, and thus went the first day.

The second day the Welsh tried to sing—perhaps to stop the continual talk of the Irish. Then the Italian sang something, Casper Herdicker sang the "Marseillaise" and the men clapped their hands, in the twilight of the last flicker ing lamp that they had. After that Grant called the rol at times and those who were awake felt of those who were asleep and answered for them, and a second day wore into a third.

By the feeling of the stem of Grant Adams's watch as he wound it, he judged that they had lived nearly four days in the tomb. Little Mugs Bowman was crying for food, are his father was trying to comfort him, by giving him his shouleather to chew. Others rolled and mounted in their sleep and the talk grew unstable and flighty.

Some one said, "Hear that?" and there was silence, an no one heard anything. Again the talk began and drone

unevenly along.

"Say, listen," some one else called beside the first may

who had heard the sound.

Again they listened, and because they were nervous per haps two or three men fancied they heard something. Bu one said it was the roar of the fire, another said it was the sound of some one calling, and the third said it was the crash of a rock in some distant passageway. The talk dis not rise again for a time, but finally it rose wearily, pure trated with sighs. Then two men cried:

"Hear it! There it is again!"

And breathless they all sat, for a second. Then they heard a voice calling, "Hello—hello?" And they tried becheer.

But the voice did not sound again, and a long time passed Grant tried to count the minutes as they ticked off in hi watch, but his mind would not remain fixed upon the tick ing, so he lost track of the time after three minutes has passed. And still the time-dragged, the watch kept ticking

Then they heard the sound again, clearer; and again

ealled. Then Dick Bowman took up a pick, called:

"Watch out, away from the wall, I'm going to make a hole."

He struck the wall and struck it again and again, until made a hole and they cried through it:

"Hello-hello- We're here." And they all tried to

the hole and jabber through it. Then they could urrying feet and voices calling, and confusion. The illed, and cried and sobbed and cheered through the nd then they saw the gleam of a lantern. Then the umbled and they climbed into the passage. But they who had heard the falling timbers and the crashing

for days, that they were not free.

rescuers led the imprisoned miners down the dark e: Grant Adams was the last man to leave the prison. turned an angle of the passage, a great rock fell ng before him, and a head of dirt caught him and d him under. His legs and body were pinioned. Hogan in front heard the crash, saw Grant fall, and back for a moment, as another huge rock slid slowly and came to rest above the prostrate man. For a seco one moved. Then one man-lra Dooley-slowly oward Grant and began digging with his hands at the ound Grant's legs. Then Casper Herdicker and Chome to help. As they stood at Grant's head, quick as the rock fell and the two men standing at Grant's rere crushed like worms. The roof of the passage was ig wickedly, and in the flickering light of the lanterns could see the walls shudder. Then Dick Bowman d out. He brought a shovel from a room opening on ssage, and Evan Davis and Tom Williams and Jamey erson with shovels began working over Grant, who lay and frightened, watching the squirming wall above owing the dropping dirt from his face as it fell.

ugs, come here," called Dick Bowman. "Take that commanded the father, "and hold it over Grant's o keep the dirt from smothering him." The boy in terror at the roof dropping dirt and ready to fall, e father glared at the son, and he obeyed. No one but four men worked—all that could stand about him. dug out his body; they released his legs, they freed t, and when he was free they helped him up and hurim down the passage which he had traversed four days Before they turned into the main bottom room, he was rith the stench. And as he turned into that room. the cage landed, he saw by the lantern lights and by the flaring torches held by a dozen men, a great congrection of the dead—some piled upon others, some in attitud of prayer, some shielding their comrades in death, so fleeing and stricken prone upon the floor, some sitting, looing the foe in the face. Men were working with the bodiestrying to sort them into a kind of order; but the work has

just begun.

The weakened men, led by their rescuers, picked the way through the corpses and went to the top in a car Far down in the shaft, the daylight cut them like knife. And as they mounted higher and higher, the could hear the murmur of voices above them, and Gracould hear the sobs of women and children long before reached the top. The word that men had been rescaped out of the shaft house before they could get out of the

cage, and a great shout went up.

The men walked out of the shaft house and saw all about them, upon flat cars, upon the dump near the shaft, upon buildings around the shaft house, a great crowd of cheering men and women, pale, drawn, dreadful faces, illumined be eager eyes. Grant lifted his eyes to the crowd. There is carriage beside Henry Fenn, Grant saw Margaret staring a him, and saw her turn pale and slide down into her husband arms, as she recognized Grant's face among those who has come out of death. Then he saw his father and little Keyon in the crowd and he dashed through the thick of it is them. There he held the boy high in the air, and cried as the little arms clung about his neck.

The great hoarse whistles roared and the shrill sire whistles screamed and the car bells clanged and the chur bells rang. But they did not roar and scream and peal at toll for money and wealth and power, but for life that we returned. As for the army of the dead below, for all the torture, for all their agony and the misery they left behin for society to heal or help or neglect—the army of the deshad its requiem that New Year's eve, when the bells at whistles and sirens clamored for money that brings wealth and wealth that brings power, and power that brings ples ure, and pleasure that brings death—and death?—at

death 7

town had met death. But no one even in that place irning could answer the question that the child heard bells. And yet that divine spark of heroism that unseen in every heart however high, however low—ust be the faltering, uncertain light which points us truth across the veil through the mists made by our tears.

thus a New Year in Harvey began its long trip I the sun, with its sorrows and its joys, with its merry nime and its mutes mourning upon the hearse, with its t of cares and compensations and its sad ironies. So get on and ride and enjoy the journey.



CHAPTER XVII

A CHAPTER WHICH INTRODUCES SOME POSSIBLE OF

THEN Grant Adams had told and retold his to the reporters and had eaten what Dr. would let him eat, it was late in the after He lay down to sleep with the sun still shining three shutters in his low-ceiled, west bed room. Through night his father sat or slept fitfully beside him and the morning sun was high, and still the young man se the father guarded him, and would let no one eat house. At noon Grant rose and dressed. He and Dexters coming down the road and he went to the d welcome them. It seemed at first that the stupor of was not entirely out of his brain. He was silent an to be primed for details of his adventure. He sat de eat, but when his meal was half finished, there came by out of his soul a flame of emotion, and he put down his turned half around from the table, grasped the edges board with both hands and cried as a fanatic who vision:

"Oh, those men,—those men—those wonderful, best souls of men I saw!—those strong, fearless, Godlike nothere in the mine, I mean. Evan Davis, Dick Bowma McCann, Jamey McPherson, Casper Herdicker, Chopin of them; yes, Dennis Hogan, drunk as he is some and Ira Dooley, who's been in jail for hold-ups—I care which one—those wonderful men, who risked their for others, and Casper Herdicker and Chopini, who their lives there under the rock for me. My God, my the souls of the souls was the souls of the

His voice thrilled with emotion, and his arms tremt his hands gripped the table. Those who heard him d stop him, for they felt that from some uncovered spr his being a section of personality was gushing fort never had seen day. He turned quietly to the won

took him from his chair and hugged him closely to a broad chest and stroked the boyish head as the man's yes tilled with tears. Grant sat for a moment looking floor, then roughed his red mane with his fingers and

lowly and more quietly, but contentiously:

know what you don't know with all your religion. Mr. r: I know what the Holy Ghost is now. I have seen he Holy Ghost is that divine spark in every human -however life has smudged it over by circumstance ines and envelopes a human creature in a flame of sac-I love for his kind and makes him joy to die to save That's the Holy Ghost—that's what is immortal." clenched his great hickory fist and hit the table and his face again, crying: "I saw Dennis Hogan walk Death smiling that Irish smile. I saw him standing ton of loose dirt hanging over him while he was digme out! I saw Evan Davis—little, bow-legged Evan -go out into the smoke alone—alone, Mr. Dexter, and my Evan is a coward—he went out alone and brought Casper Herdicker's limp body hugged to his little breast like a gorilla's—and saved a man. I saw Dick an do more—when the dirt was dropping from the ng, working roof into my mouth and eyes, and might come down in a slide-I lay there and watched Dick ng to save me and I heard him order his son to hold vel over my face-his own boy." Grant shuddered rew the child closer to him, and looked at the group him with wet eyes. "Ira Dooley and Tom Williams hat little Italian went on their bellies, half dead the smoke, out into death and brought home three to safety, and would have died without batting an all three to save one lost man in that passage." the table again with his fist and cried wildly: ou that's the Holy Ghost. I know those men may imes trick the company if they can. I know Ira y spends lots of good money on 'the row'; I know gambles off everything he can get his hands on, and be little Dago probably would have stuck a knife in an over a quarter. But that doesn't count."

young man's voice rose again. "That is circum-

stance; much of it is surroundings, either of birth or of damned place where we are living. If they cheat the pany, it is because the company dares them to cheat cheats them badly. If they steal, it is because they been taught to steal by the example of big, successful the

I've had time to think it all out.

"Father-father!" cried Grant, as a new wave of em surged in from the outer bourne of his soul, "you once Dick Bowman sold out the town and took money for w for the Harvey Improvement bond steal. But what did? That was merely circumstance. Dick is a little who has had to fight for money all his life-just en money to feed his hungry children. And here came at portunity to get hold of-what was it?-a hundred lars-" Amos Adams nodded, "Well, then, a hun dollars, and it would buy so much, and leading citizens and told him it was all right-men we have educated our taxes and our surplus money in universities and col And we haven't educated Dick; we've just taught hi fight-to fight for money, and to think money will do e thing in God's beautiful world. So Dick took it. The the Dick that man and Harvey and America made, is but I saw the Dick that God made!" He stopped and out passionately, "And some day, some day all the must know this man-this great-souled, common Americ that God made!"

Grant's voice was low, but a thousand impulses stru across his features for voice and his eyes were infinitely as he gazed at the curly, brown hair of the child in his

playing with the buttons on his coat.

The minister looked at his wife. She was wet-faced atremble, and had her hands over her eyes. Amos Ad old, frank face was troubled. The son turned upon his cried:

"Father—you're right when you say character makes piness. But what do you call it—surroundings—where live and how you live and what you do for a living—env ment! That's it, that's the word—environment has lot lots to do with character. Let the company reduce its dends by giving the men a chance at decent living condi-

in decent houses and decent streets, and you'll have another port of attitude toward the company. Quit cheating them at be store, and you'll have more honesty in the mines; quit prinkling sour beer and whiskey on the sawdust in front of e saloons to coax men in who have an appetite, and you'll have less drinking—but, of course, Sands will have less = ments. Let the company obey the law—the company run by men who are pointed out as examples, and there'll be less lawlessness among the men when trouble comes. Why, Mr. Dexter, do you know as we sat down there in the dark, we -counted up five laws which the company broke, any one of which would have prevented the fire, and would have saved minety lives. Trash in the passage leading to the main shaft delayed notifying the men five minutes—that's against the **law.** Torches leaking in the passageway where there should have been electric lights—that's against the law. little ten-year-olds working down there—cheap, cheap!" he cried, "and dumping that pine lumber under a dripping torch—that's against the law. Having no fire drill, and rusty water plugs and hose that doesn't reach—that's against the law. A pine partition in an air-chute using it as a shaft -that's against the law. Yet when trouble comes and these men burn and kill and plunder—we'll put the miners in jail, and maybe hang them, for doing as they are taught a thouand times a week by the company—risking life for their own gain!"

Grant Adams rose. He ran his great, strong, copper-freekled hands through his fiery hair and stood with face transfigured, as the face of one staring at some phantasm. "Oh, those men—they risked their lives—Chopini and Casper Herdicker gave their lives for me. Father," he cried, "I am bought with a price. These men risked all and gave all for me. I am theirs. I have no other right to live except as I serve them." He drew a deep breath; set his jaw and spoke with all the force he could put into a quiet voice: "I am dedicated to men—to those great-souled, brave, kind men whom God has sent here for man to dwarf and ruin. They have bought me. I am theirs."

The minister put the question in their minds:

"What are you going to do, Grant?"

The fervor that had been dying down returned to Gran

Adams's face.

"My job," he cried, "is so big I don't know where to take hold. But I'm not going to bother to tell those men who sweat and stink and suffer under the injustices of men, about the justice of God. I've got one thing in me bigger'n a wold—it's this: House them—feed them, clothe them, work them—these working people—and pay them as you people of the middle classes are housed and fed and paid and clad, and crime won't be the recreation of poverty. And the Lore knows the work of the men who toil with their hands is just as valuable to society as preaching and trading and buying and selling and banking and editing and lawing and doctoring, and insuring and school teaching."

He stood before the kitchen stove, a tall, awkward, bony wide-shouldered, loose-wired creature in the first raw star of full-blown manhood. The red muscles of his jaw worke as his emotions rose in him. His hands were the hands of

a fanatic-never still.

"I've been down into death and I've found somethin about life," he went on. "Out of the world's gross earnings we're paying too much for superintendence, and rent ammachines, and not enough for labor. There's got to be new shake-up. And I'm going to help. I don't know when nor how to begin, but some way I'll find a hold and I'm going to take it."

He drew in a long breath, looked around and smiled rathe a ragged, ugly smile that showed his big teeth, all white an

strong but uneven.

"Well, Grant, said Mrs. Dexter, "you have cut out a to

job for yourself." The young man nodded soberly.

"Well, we're going to organize 'em, the first thing. W

talk about-but God and our babies."

In the silence that followed, Amos Adams said: "While you were down there of course I had to do something. Safter the paper was out, I got to talking with Lincoln about things. He said you'd get out. Though," smiled the ol man sheepishly and wagged his beard, "Darwin didn't thin

you would. But anyway, they all agreed we should do something for the widows."

"They have a subscription paper at George Brotherton's

store—you know, Grant," said Mr. Dexter.

"Well-we ought to put in something, father,-all

we've got, don't you think?"

"I tried and tried to get her last night to know how she felt about it," mused Amos. "I've borrowed all I can on the office—and it wouldn't sell for its debts."

"You ought to keep your home, I think," put in Mrs.

Dexter quickly, who had her husband's approving nod.

"They told me," said the father, "that Mary didn't feel that way about it. I couldn't get her. But that was the word she sent."

"Father," said Grant with the glow in his face that had died for a minute, "let's take the chance. Let's check it up to God good and hard. Let's sell the house and give it all to those who have lost more than we. We can earn the rent, anyway."

Mrs. Dexter looked significantly at Kenyon.

"No. that shouldn't count, either," said Grant stubbornly. "Dick Bowman didn't let his boy count when I needed help, and when hundreds of orphaned boys and girls and widows

need our help, we shouldn't hold back for Kenyon."

Grant," said the father when the visit was ended and the two were alone, "they say your father has no sense—up town. Maybe I haven't. I commune with these great minds; maybe they too are shadows. But they come from outside of me." He ran his fingers through his graying beard and smiled. "Mr. Left brings me things that are deeper and wiser than the things I know—it seems to me. But they all bear one testimony, Grant; they all tell me that it's the spiritual things and not the material things—in his world that count in the long run, and, Grant, boy, the father reached for his son's strong hand, "I would rather have seen the son that has come back to me from the that go back to death now, if otherwise I never could have seen him. They told me your mother was with you. And now I know some way she touched your heart out there in

the dark—O Grant, boy, while you spoke I saw her in your face—in your face I saw her. Mary—Mary," cried the weeping old man, "when you sent me back to the war you

looked as he looked to-day, and talked so."

"Father," said Grant, "I don't know about your Mr. Left. He doesn't interest me, as he does you, and as for the others—they may be true or all a mockery, for anything know. But," he exclaimed, "I've seen God face to face and I can't rest until I've given all I am—everything—

everything to help those men!"

Then the three went out into the crisp January airfather and son and little Kenyon bundled to the chin. The walked over the prairies under the sunshine and talked to gether through the short winter afternoon. At its clos they were in the timber where the fallen leaves were begin ning to pack against the tree trunks and in the ravines. The child listened as the wind played upon its harp, and the rhythm of the rising and falling tide of harmony set h heart a-flutter, and he squeezed his father's fingers with de light. A redbird flashing through the gray and brown pic ture gave him joy, and when it sang far down the ravin where the wind organ seemed to be, the child's eyes brimmed and he dropped behind the elders a few paces to listen and be alone with his ecstasy. And so in the fading day they walked home. The quail piped for the child, and the prairs chicken pounded his drum, and in the prairie grass the slant ing sun painted upon the ripples across the distant, rolling hills many pictures that filled the child's heart so full the he was still, as one who is awed with a great vision. And it was a great vision that filled his soul: the sunset with its splendors, the twilight hovering in the brown woods, the prairie a-quiver with the caresses of the wind, winter-hird throbbing life and eestasy into the picture, and above and around it all a great, warm, father's heart symbolizing the loving kindness of the infinite to the child's heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

OCR HERO RIDES TO HOUNDS WITH THE PRIMROSE HUNT

OING home from the Adamses that afternoon, John Dexter mused: "Curious—very curious." Then he added: "Of course this phase will pass. Probably it is gone now. But I am wondering how fundamental this state of mind is, if it will not appear again—at some crisis later in life."

"His mother," said Mrs. Dexter, "was a strong, beautiful woman. She builded deep and wide in that boy. And his father is a wise, earnest, kindly man, even if he may be impractical. Why shouldn't Grant do all that he dreams of

ioing!"

"Yes," returned the minister dryly. "But there is life—there are its temptations. He is of the emotional type, and the wrong woman could bend him away from any purpose that he may have now. Then, suppose he does get past the first gate—the gate of his senses—there's the temptation to be a fool about his talents if he has any—if this gift of tongues we've seen to-day should stay with him—he may get the swelled head. And then," he concluded sadly, "at the end is the greatest temptation of all—the temptation that tones with power to get power for the sake of power."

The next morning Amos Adams and Grant went in to Market Street to sell their home. Grant seemed a stranger to that busy mart of trade: the week of his absence had taken him so far from it. His eyes were caught by two tall figures, a man and a woman, walking and talking as they crossed the street—the man in a heavy, long, brown uls.er, the woman in a flaring red, outer garment. He recognized them as Margaret Fenn and Thomas Van Dorn. They had not entirely by chance, and the meeting was one of perhaps half a dozen chance meetings which they had enjoyed during the winter, and these meetings were so entirely pleasurable

that the man was beginning rather vaguely to an them—to hope for another meeting after the last. was in an exalted mood that morning, and the sight two walking together struck him only as a symbol at ome of all that he was going into the world to fightman intellect without moral purpose, in the womar rialism, gross and carnal. The Adamses went the rotthe real estate dealers trying to sell their home, and lowing his vision Grant forgot the two tall figures street.

But the two figures that had started Grant's rever tinued to walk-perhaps a trifle slower than was th of either, down Market Street. They walked slowly reasons: For her part, she wished to make the mo parade on Market Street with so grand a person as the of the District Court, and the town's most distinguish zen: and for his part, he dawdled because life was slowly with him in certain quarters; he felt the lack venture, and here-at least, she was a stunning figure woman! "Yes," she said, "I heard about them. He just told me that Mr. Brotherton said the Adamses ar to sell their home and give it to the miners' widows. foolish ! It's all they've got in the world, too! Still nothing is strange in that family. You know, I with them one winter when I taught the Prospect Henry says they want to do something for the l people," she added naïvely.

As she spoke, the man's eyes wandered over her across her face, and were caught by her eyes that lo him with something in them entirely irrelevant to the that her lips were discussing. His eyes caught up t gestion of her eyes, and carried it a little further, only said: "Yes—queer folks—trying to make a whi

"Out of a pig's tail," she laughed. But her eyes this eyes had gone just a little too far, so they droop

changed the subject.

"Well, I don't know that I would say exactly a pig' he returned, bracketing his words with his most er smile, "but I should say out of highly refractory ma His eyes in the meantime pried up her eye-lids an that was wrong with that. And her eyes were coy about t, and would not answer directly.

He went on speaking: "The whole labor trouble, it seems me, lies in this whistle trade. A smattering of education me made labor dissatisfied. The laboring people are trying set out of their place, and as a result we have strikes and lawlessness and disrespect for courts, and men going around making trouble in industry by 'doing something for labor.'"

"Yes," she replied, "that is very true."

But her eyes—her big, liquid, animal eyes were saying, "How handsome you are—you man—you great, strong, masterful man with your brown ulster and brown hat and brown ie, and silken, black mustache." To which his eyes replied, 'And you—you are superb, and such lips and such teeth,' rhile what he trusted to words was:

"Yes—I believe that the laborer in the mines, for intance. doesn't care so much about what we would consider ardship. It's natural to him. It would be hard for us, ut he gets used to it! Now, the smelter men in that heat ad fumes—they don't seem to mind it. The agonizing is one largely by these red-mouthed agitators who never did lick of work in their lives."

Their elbows touched for a moment as they walked. He

rew away politely and her eyes said:

"That's all right: I didn't mind that a bit." But her ips said: "That's what I tell Mr. Fenn, and, anyway, the rork's got to be done and cultivated people can't do it. It's put to be done by the ignorant and coarse and those kind of

reople."

His eyes flinched a little at "those kind" of people and he wondered what was wrong. But it was only for a moment that they flinched. Then they told her eyes how fine and desirable she looked, and she replied eyewise with a troop such as the old wolf might have used in replying to led Riding Hood, "The better to eat you, my child." Then is voice spoke; his soft, false, vain, mushy voice, and shed easually: "By the way, speaking of Mr. Fenn—how sherry? I don't see him much now since he's quit the sw and gone into real estate."

His eyes asked plainly: Is everything all right in quarter? Perhaps I might-

"Oh, I guess he's all right," and her eyes said: Th

so kind of you, indeed; perhaps you might-

But he went on: "You ought to get him out more-e over some night and we'll make a hand at whist. Mrs. Dorn isn't much of a player, but like all poor players, enjoys it." And the eyes continued: But you and I have a fine time-now please come-soon-very soon.

"Yes, indeed-I don't play so well, but we'll come," the eyes answered: That is a fair promise, and I'll b happy. Then they flashed quickly: But Mrs. Van I must arrange it. He replied: "I'll tell Mrs. Van I you like whist, and she and you can arrange the

ning."

Then they parted. He walked into the post office, and walked on to the Wright & Perry store. But instead of turning to his office, he lounged into Mr. Brotherton's sat on a bench in the Amen Corner, biting a cigar, wait for traffic to clear out. Then he said: "George, how Henry Fenn doing-really ?"

His soft, brown hat was tipped over his eyes and ulster, unbuttoned, displayed his fine figure, and he clearly proud of it. Brotherton hesitated while he invo

a row of books.

"Old trouble?" prompted Judge Van Dorn.
"Old trouble," echoed Mr. Brotherton—"about en three months since he's been married; something terrible last time. But say-there's a man that's sorry afterwaand what he doesn't buy for her after a round with the water isn't worth talking about. So far, he's been abl square her that way-I take it. But say-that'll wear and then-" Mr. Brotherton winked a large, moure devilish wink as one who was hanging out a storm Judge Van Dorn twirled his mustache, patted his neel jostled his hat and smiled, waiting for further det Instead, he faced a question:

"Why did Henry quit the law for real estate, Judy

the old trouble?"

Judge Van Dorn echoed, and added: "Folks pretty

erally know about it, and they don't trust their law business in that kind of hands. Poor Henry—poor devil," sighed the young Judge, and then said: "By the way, George, send up a box of cigars—the kind old Henry likes best, to my house. I'm going to have him and the missus over some evening."

Mr. Brotherton's large back was turned when the last phrase was uttered, and Mr. Brotherton made a little significant face at his shelves, and the thought occurred to Mr. Brotherton that Henry Fenn was not the only man whom people pretty generally knew about. After some further talk about Fenn and his affairs, Van Dorn primped a moment before the mirror in the cigar cutter and started for the door.

"By the by, your honor, I forgot about the Mayor's miners' relief fund. How is it now?" asked Van Dorn.

"Something past ten thousand here in the county."

"Any one beat my subscription?" asked Van Dorn.

Brotherton turned around and replied: "Yes-Amos Adams was in here five minutes ago. He has mortgaged his place and so long as he and Grant can't find kith or kin of Chopini, and Mrs. Herdicker would take nothing-Amos has put \$1,500 into the fund. Done it just now—him and Grant."

The Judge took the paper, looked at the scrawl of the Adamses, and scratching out his subscription, put two thousand where there had been one thousand. He showed it to Brotherton, and added with a smile:

"Who'll call that-I wonder."

And wrapping his ulster about him and cocking his hat rakishly, he went with some pride into the street. He was thirty-four years old and was accounted as men go a handsome dog, with a figure just turning from the litheness of youth into a slight rotundity of very early middle age. He carried his shoulders well, walked with a firm, straight gaitperhaps a little too much upon his toes for candor, but, with all, he was a well-groomed animal and he knew it. So he passed Margaret Fenn again on the street, lifted his hat, hunted for her eyes, gave them all the voltage he had, and the smile that he shot at her was left over on his face for half a block down the street. People passing him as back and said to one another:

"What a fine, good-natured, big-hearted fellow Tom

Dorn is!"

And Mr. Van Dorn, not oblivious to the impression he making, smiled and bowed and bowed and smiled, and lowed Dick, and howareyoued Hiram, and goodmorning John, down the street, into his office. There he found former partner busy with a laudable plan of defending client. His client happened to be the Wahoo Fuel Comp which was being assailed by the surviving relatives of thing like one hundred dead men. So Mr. Calvin was paring to show that in entering the mine they had assi the ordinary risks of mining, and that the neglect of fellow servants was one of those ordinary risks. And a the boy ten years old being employed in the mines cont to law, there were some details of a trip to Austria for boy and his parents, that had to be arranged with the st ship company by wire that very morning. The Judg reading the law, oblivious-judicially-to what was a on, and Joseph Calvin fell to work with a will. But the young Judge, who could ignore Mr. Calvin's activ could not help taking judicial notice of in spite of his books, were those eyes out there on the street. They indeed beautiful eyes and they said so much, and yet much to the imagination-and the imagination of Judge Dorn was exceedingly nimble in those little matters, as many other matters besides. Indeed, so nimble was imagination that if it hadn't been for the fact that at J Van Dorn's own extra-judicial suggestion, every lawy town, excepting Henry Fenn, who had retired from the practice, had been retained by the Company an hour the accident, no one knows how many holes might have found in Mr. Joseph Calvin's unaided brief.

As the young Judge sat poring over his law book, Ca Morton came in and after the Captain's usual circumloc

he said:

"What I really wanted to know, Judge, was abe charter. I want to start a company. So I says to self, Judge Tom, he can just about start me right.

OUR HERO RIDES TO HOUNDS

ompany going-what say?" Answering stion about the nature of the company, the Cap-"You see, I had the agency for the Waverly a while back, and I got one of their wheels and with it like a fellow will on a wet day-what smiled up at the Judge a self-deprecatory smile. him not to mind his foolishness but to listen to his nd when I got the blame thing apart, she wouldn't -eh? So I had to kind of give up the agency, a churn that was filling a long-felt want just rns is always my specialty and I forgot all about -just like a fellow will-eh? But here a while ted to rig up a gearing for the churn and so I the wreck of the old wheel, and dubbing around ut a ball-bearing sprocket joint-say, man, she ke a feather. And now what I want is a patent wket and a charter for the company to put it on

Henry Fenn's going to the capital for me to harter; and then whoopee—the old man's coming When I get that thing on the market, you watch—what say?"

of Margaret Fenn danced around the Captain's to the Judge, thinking to get rid of the Captain he Fenns with one stroke, sent the Captain away tive dollars to pay Henry Fenn for getting the the sprocket and securing the charter for the

iptain left the office of the Judge he greeted Mrs. with an elaborate bow.

enter Laura Van Dorn. And she is beautiful, andid, wide-open gray eyes. Maturity has hardly, but through the beauty of line and color, charwing itself in every feature; Satterthwaite and e and sentiment are struggling upon her featastery. The January air has flushed her face ank, honest eyes glow happily. But when one he ancient, though scarcely Honorable Primrose rides forever to the hounds down the path of ne's wife of four years is rather stale sport of pry up her eyelashes; they have been pried;

nor does one hold dialogues with her under the we conventional speech. The rules of the Hunt require look up at one's wife—chiefly to find out what she is and to wonder how long she will inflict herself. And one is hearing afar the cry of the pack, no true species diverted from the chase by ruddy, wifely cheek beaming, wifely eyes, and an eager, wifely heart. So Laura his wife came into the office of the young Just found his heart out with the Primrose Hunt and on handsome figure and his judicial mind accessible "Oh, Tom," she cried, "have you heard about Adamses?" The young Judge looked up, smiled, as his judicial mind, and answered without emotion: "foolish, don't you think?"

"Well, perhaps it's foolish, but you know it's spley well as I. Giving up everything they had on er soften the horror in South Harvey—I'm so proud of t

"Well," he replied, still keeping his chair, and lett wife find a chair for herself, "you might work up pride for your husband while you're at it. I ga thousand. They only gave fifteen hundred."

"Well—you're a dear, too." She touched him caressing hand. "But you could afford it. It mer you only the profits on one real estate deal or one Joe Calvin's in the Federal Court, where you can still the fees. But, Tom—the Adamses have given themsall they have—themselves. It's a very inspiring the feel that it must affect men in this town to see that spaith."

"Laura," he answered testily, "why do you still k
that foolish enthusiasm for perfectly unreasonable
There was no sense in the Adamses giving that way,
a foolish thing to do, when the old man is practically
town. His paper is a joke. Sooner or later we will a
to make up this gift a dollar at a time and take care of

He turned to his law book. "Besides, if you come—it's money that talks and if you want to get excit excited over my two thousand. It will do more got their fifteen hundred—at least five hundred dollars. And that's all there is to it."

ce twitched with pain. Then from some depths of

she hailed him impulsively:

I don't believe that, and I don't believe you do, t isn't the good the money does those who receive; good it does the giver. And the good it does the measured by the amount of sacrifice—the degree of that he puts into it—can't you understand, Tom? my soul if you could understand."

I can't understand, Laura," impatiently; "that's ser's sentimental side. Of all the fool things," the apped the book sheet viciously, "that the old man into your head—sentiment is one of the foolest. I

Laura, money talks. There are ten languages n South Harvey, and money talks in all of them, dollar does as much as another, and that's all there

se with a little sigh. "Well," she said gently, "we sarrel." The wife looked intently at the husband, hat flash of time from beneath her consciousness sewed strength. Something primeval—the eternal spon which her whole life rested, possessed her and ed, and touched her husband's thick, black hair For she felt that if the spiritual ties for the molfailed them, she must pick up some other tie. She nest builder indomitable. If the golden thread rop—there is the string—the straw—the horse hair ig. So Laura Van Dorn picked up an appeal to her a affections and continued her predestined work." she said, with her smile still on her face, "what

"she said, with her smile still on her face, "what and truly wanted to tell you was about Lila." The of the child's name brought quick light to the moth-

. "Lila—think of it, Tom—Lila," the mother reith vast pride. "You must come right out and see out an hour ago, she sat gazing at your picture on er, and suddenly without a word from me, she whisbaddy,' and then was as shy for a moment, then d it again, and then spoke it out loud, and she is as Punch, and keeps saying it over and over! Tom—; come out and hear it."

s it was a knotty point of law that held his mind.

or perhaps it was the old beat of the hoofs on the tur the Primrose Hunt that filled his ears, or the red coat of

fox that filled his eyes.

He smiled graciously and replied absently: "Wooddy—" And repeated "Daddy—don't you think ther is—" He caught the cloud flashing across her and went on: "Oh, I suppose daddy is all right to b with." He picked up his law book and the woman nearer to him. She put her hand over the page coaxed:

"Come on, Tom—just for a little minute—come on and see her. I know she is waiting for you—I know s just dying to show off to you—and besides, the new have come for the living-room, and I just couldn't un them without you. It would seem so—old—old—old riedy, and we aren't going to be that." She laughed tried to close the law book.

Their eyes met and she thought for a moment that she winning her contest. But he put her hand aside gently answered: "Now, Laura, I'm busy, exceedingly busy. mine accident is bound to come before me in one for another soon, and I must be ready for it, and it is a se matter. There will be all kinds of attacks upon the perty."

"The property?" she asked, and he answered:

"Why, yes—legal attacks upon the mine—to bleed owners, and I must be ready to guard them against assaults, and I just can't jump and run every time Lila or you cut a string on a package. I'll be out to-night we'll hear Lila and look at the rugs." To the disapp ment upon her face he replied: "I tell you, Laura, a ment is going to wreck your life if you don't check it."

The man looked into his book without reading. He come to dislike these little scenes with his wife. He lo from his book out of the window, into the snowy street. remembered his morning walk. There was no talk of in those eyes, no hint of higher things from those lip

covert taunt of superiority in that face.

Laura did not wince. But her eyes filled and her was husky as she spoke: "Tom, I want your soul ag-

the one that used to speak to me in the old days." She bent over him, and rubbed her cheek against his and there she left him, still looking into the street.

That evening at sunset, Judge Van Dorn, with his ulster thrown back to show his fine figure, walked in his character of town Prince homeward up the avenue. His face was smiable; he was gracious to every one. He spoke to rich and poor alike, as was his wont. As he turned into his home yard, he waved at a little face in the window. In the house he was the spirit of good nature itself. He was full of quips and pleasantries and happy turns of speech. But Laura Van Dorn had learned deep in her heart to fear that mood. She was ashamed of her wisdom—degraded by her doubt, and she fought with it.

And yet a man and a woman do not live together as man and wife and parents without learning much that does not come from speech and is not put into formulated conviction. The signs were all for trouble, and in the secret places of her

heart she knew these signs.

She knew that this grand manner, this expansive mood, this keying up of attentions to her were the beginnings of a mad and sordid story—a story that she did not entirely understand; would not entirely translate, but a story that sekened her very soul. To keep the table talk going, she mid: "Tom, it's wonderful the way Kenyon is taking to

be violin. He has a real gift, I believe."

"Yes," answered the husband absently, and then as one would plunge ahead, began: "By the by—why don't you have your father and mother and some of the neighbors wer to play cards some evening—and what's the matter with the Fenns? Henry's kind of down on his luck, and I'll need him in my next campaign, and I thought if we would have them over some evening—well, what's the matter with to-morrow evening? They'd enjoy it. You know Mrs. Penn—I saw her down town this morning, and George Brotherton says Henry's slipping back to his old ways. And I just thought perhaps—"

But she knew as well as he what he "thought perhaps,"

und a cloud trailed over her face.

When Thomas Van Dorn left his home that night, striding

into the lights of Market Street, his heart was hot will glowing coals of an old wrong revived. For to Judgo Dorn, home had become a trap, and the glorious eye had beamed upon him in the morning seemed beam

liberty.

As gradually those eyes became fixed in his consciou through days and weeks and months, a mounting passis Margaret Fenn kindled in his heart. And slowly be stone-blind mad. The whole of his world was turned Every ambition, every hope, every desire he ever had was burned out before this passion that was too dee desire. Whatever lust was in his blood in those first m of his madness grew pale. It seemed to the man who stalking down the street past her house night after that the one great, unselfish passion of his life was him, loosening the roots of his being, so that any sa he could make, whether of himself or of any one or thing about him, would give him infinite joy. When I Henry Fenn, Van Dorn was always tempted and yielded to the temptation to rush up to Fenn with foolish question that made the sad-eyed man stare and der. But just to be that near to her for the moment p him. There was no jealousy for Fenn in Van Dorn's there was only a dog-like infatuation that had swep away from his reason and seated a fatuous, chattering. tent, lecherous ape where his intellect should have And he knew he was a fool. He knew that he was mad. Yet what he did not know was that this may was a culmination, not a pristine passion new born heart. For the maggot in his brain had eaten out a place wherein was the memory of many women's yiel of many women's tears. One side of his brain worked rare cunning. He wound the evidence against the m the mine, taken at the coroner's hearing, through the rinth of the law, and snared them tightly in it. That of his brain clicked with automatic precision. But a beside him was the ape, grinning, leering, ready to ris master him. So many a night when he was weary, on the couch beside his desk, and the ape came and h him to a troubled sleep.

But while Judge Van Dorn tried to fight his devil away with his law book, down in South Harvey death still linered. Death is no respecter of persons, and often vaunts imself of his democracy. Yet it is a sham democracy. In Harvey, when death taps on a door and enters the house, he rings sorrow. But in South Harvey when he crosses a areshold he brings sorrow and want. And what a vast ifference lies between sorrow, and sorrow with want. For cometimes the want that death brings is so keen that it mothers sorrow, and the poor may not mourn without hame—shame that they feel the self-interest in their sorrow. be when Death entered a hundred homes in South Harvey winter day at the beginning of the new year, with him me hunger, with him came cold, with him came the harlot's mbe and the thief's mask, and the blight of ignorance, and the denial of democratic opportunity to scores of children. With death that day as he crossed the dreary, unpainted portals of the poor came horror that overshadows grief among the poor and makes the boast of the democracy of death a ruthless irony.

CHAPTER XIX

HEREIN CAPTAIN MORTON FALLS UNDER SUSPICION AND HE FENN FALLS FROM GRACE

N Market Street nearly opposite the Traders' tional Bank during the decades of the eighties nineties was a smart store front upon which fastened a large, black and gold sign bearing the wa "The Paris Millinery Company" and under these word smaller letters, "Mrs. Brunhilde Herdicker, Prop." Mr. George Brotherton and his Amen Corner might be to be the clearing house of public opinion in Harvey, establishment of Mrs. Brunhilde Herdicker, Prop., m well be said to be the center of public clamor. For th started in this establishment-by things one means in eral, trouble; variegated of course as to domestic, finance social, educational, amatory, and at times political. the women of Harvey and South Harvey and of Gree county-and of Hancock and Seymour counties so far that goes-used the establishment of "The Paris Millin Company, Mrs. Brunhilde Herdicker, Prop.," as a clubhighly democratic club-the only place this side of grave, in fact, where women met upon terms of someth like equality.

And in spring when women molt and change their feeters, the establishment of "Mrs. Brunhilde Herdick Prop." at its opening rose to the dignity of a social institution. It was a kind of folk-mote. Here at this opens where there was music and flowers and bonbons, women sembled en masse. Mrs. Nesbit and Mrs. Fenn, Mrs. Dex and Violet Hogan, she that was born Mauling met, if not sisters at least in what might be called a great step-sist hood; and even the silent Lida Bowman, wife of Dick, or

ther fastness and for once in a year met her old friends knew her in the town's early days before she went to the Harvey to share the red pottage of the Sons of Esau! ut her friends had little from Mrs. Bowman more than nile—a cracked and weather-beaten smile from a broken can of nearly forty, who was a wife at fifteen, a mother eventeen, and who had borne six children and buried in a dozen years.

There's Violet," ventured Mrs. Bowman to Mrs. Dexter.

haven't seen her since her marriage."

lo a question Mrs. Bowman replied reluctantly, "Oh—as Denny Hogan, he is a good enough man, I guess!"

After a pause, Mrs. Bowman thought it wise to add under wails of the orchestra: "Poor Violet—good hearted is ever lived; so kind to her ma; and what with all that when she was in Van Dorn's office and all the talk about old man Sands and her in the Company store, I just so Vi got dead tired of it all and took Denny and run over with him."

Violet Hogan in a black satin,—a cheap black satin, and back hat—a cheap black hat with a red rose—a most ab-My cheap red rose in it, walked about the place picking was over in a rather supercilious way, and no one noed her. Mrs. Fenn gave Violet an eve-brow, a beautifully wiled eye-brow on a white marble forehead, above beambrown eyes that were closed just slightly at the moment. d Mrs. Van Dorn who had kept track of the girl, you may sure, went over to her and holding out her hand said: congratulations, Violet,—I'm so glad to hear—" But Lenny Hogan having an eye-brow to spare as the gift Mrs. Fenn passed it on to Mrs. Van Dorn who said, b-'' very gently and went to sit on a settee beside Mrs. xherton, the mother of the moon-faced Mr. Brotherton Mrs. Ahab Wright, who always seemed to seek the shade. d then and there, Mrs. Van Dorn had to listen to this from Mrs. Brotherton:

'George says Judge Van Dorn is running for Judge in: really, Laura, I hope he'll win. George says he L George says Henry Fenn is the only trouble Mr. Dorn will have, though I don't see as Henry could do

much. Though George says he will. George says Henriceranky and mean about the Judge someway and George Henry is drinking like a fish this spring and his leg hollow, he holds so much; though he must have been jo for I have heard of hollow horn in cattle, but I never he of hollow legs, though they are getting lots of new disease.

By the time Mrs. Brotherton found it necessary to for breath, Laura Van Dorn had regained the color that dimmed as she heard the reference to Henry Fenn. when she met Mrs. Margaret Fenn at a turn of the a Mrs. Margaret Fenn was the spirit of joy and it seemed Mrs. Van Dorn was her long lost sister; so Mrs. Marg Fenn began fumbling her over to find the identifying st berry mark. At least that is what Mrs. Herdicker, Pitold Mrs. Nesbit as she sold Mrs. Nesbit the large one

the brown plume.

Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., made it a rule never to gossif every one who frequented her shop was told, but as betw old friends she would say to Mrs. Nesbit that if ever woman glued herself to another, and couldn't be boiled frozen, or chopped loose, that woman was Maggie I sticking to Laura Van Dorn. And Mrs. Herdicker, P. closed her mouth significantly, and Mrs. Nesbit preter with a large obvious, rather clumsy pretense, that she no meaning in Mrs. Herdicker's words. The handsome Morton, with her shoe tops tiptoeing to her skirts, who in the shop and out of school for the rush season, listhard, but after that they whispered and the handsome Morton turned her attention to the youngest Miss Mo who was munching bonbons and opening the door for a Harvey and South Harvey and the principalities are about to enter and pass out. After school came the school teachers from the High School, her eldest si Emma Morton, among them, with their books and reg pressed against their sides. But Margaret Fenn did not the school teachers, nor even the fifth Mrs. Sands to about by her star-eyed stepdaughter Anne, though ! garet Fenn's eyes were busy. But she was watching women; she was looking for something as though to wan off, always glancing ahead of her to see where she was go

and who was in her path; always measuring her woman, always listening under the shriek of the clarionettes, always quick with a smile—looking for something—something that she may have felt was upon its way, something that she dreaded to see. But all the shoulders she hobnobbed with that day were warm enough—indifferently warm, and that was all she asked. So she smiled and radiated her fine, animal grace, her feline beauty, her superfemininity, and was as happy as any woman could be who had arrived at an important stage of her journey and could see a little

way ahead with some degree of clearness.

Let us look at her as she stands by the door waiting to overhaul Mrs. Nesbit. A fine figure of a woman, Margaret Fenn makes there—in her late twenties, with large regular features, big even teeth, clear brown eyes—not bold at all, yet why do they seem so? Perhaps because she is so sure and firm and unhesitating. Her skin is soft and fair as a thild's, bespeaking health and good red blood. The good red blood shows in her lips-red as a wicked flower, red and full and as shameless as a dream. Taller than Mrs. Nesbit she stands, and her clothes hang to her in spite of the fullness of the fashion, in most suggestive lines. She seems to shine out of her clothes a lustrous, shimmering figure, female rather than feminine, and gorgeous rather than lovely. Margaret Fenn is in full bloom; not a drooping petal, not a bending stamen, not a wilted calyx or bruised leaf may be seen about her. She is a perfect flower whose whole being -like that of a flower at its full-seems eager, thrilling. burning with anticipation of the perfect fruit.

She puts out her hands—both of her large strong hands, so well-gloved and well-kept, to Mrs. Nesbit. Surely Mrs. Fenn's smile is not a make-believe smile; surely that is real pleasure in her voice; surely that is real joy that lights up her eyes. And why should they not be real? Is not Mrs. Nesbit the one person in all Harvey that Margaret Fenn would delight to honor? Is not Mrs. Nesbit the dowager empress of Harvey, and the social despot of the community? And is not Mrs. Nesbit smiling at the eldest Miss Morton, she of the Longfellow school, who is trying on a traveling hat, and explaining that she always wanted a traveling hat

and suit alike so that she could go to the Grand Cany she could ever save up enough money, but she could a seem to afford it? Moreover is not Mrs. Nesbit in a ficient frame of mind?

"Well," smiles the eyes and murmurs the voice, glows the face of the young woman, and she puts ou hand. "Mrs. Nesbit—so glad I'm sure. Isn't it is

here? Mrs. Herdicker is so effective."

"Mrs. Fenn,—" this from the dowager, and the brow that Mrs. Fenn gave to Mrs. Hogan, and Mrs. H gave to Mrs. Van Dorn and Mrs. Van Dorn gave to Brotherton and Mrs. Brotherton gave to Mrs. Calvin George says, is an old cat, and Mrs. Calvin gave to Neshit for remarks as to the biennial presence of Mr. C in the barn (repeated to Mrs. Calvin), the eye-brow h been around the company comes back to Mrs. Fenn.

After which Mrs. Nesbit moves with what dignity her nage will permit out of the perfumed air, out of the cor of sweet sounds into the street. Mrs. Fenn, who was lost for it all the afternoon, that thing she dreaded and a pated with fear in her heart's heart, found it. It was ceedingly cold—and also a shoulder of some proport And it chilled the flowing sap of the perfect flower so the flower shivered in the breeze made by the closing though the youngest Miss Morton presiding at the thought it was warm, and Mrs. Herdicker thought it warm and Mrs. Violet Hogan said to Mrs. Bowman as went through the same door and met the same air: land, Bowman, did you ever see such an oven?" and as the door closed she added:

"See old Mag Fenn there? I just heard something

her to-day. I bet it's true."

Thus the afternoon faded and the women went hose cook their evening meals, and left Mrs. Herdieker, I with a few late comers—ladies of no particular char who had no particular men folk to do for, and who slin after the rush to pay four prices for what had been Mrs. Herdieker, Prop., was straightening up the stock snapping prices to the girls who were waiting upon the lated customers. She spent little of her talent upon

sisterhood of the old, old trade, and contented herself with charging them all she could get, and making them feel she was obliging them by selling to them at all. It was while trade sagged in the twilight that Mrs. Jared Thurston, Lizzie Thurston to be exact, wife of the editor of the South Harvey Derrick came in. Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., knew her of old. She was in to solicit advertising, which meant that she was needing a hat and it was a swap proposition. Mrs. Herdicker told Mrs. Thurston to write up the opening and put in a quarter page advertisement beside and send her the bill, and Mrs. Thurston looked at a hat. No time was wasted on her either-nor much talent; but as Mrs. Thurston was in a business way herself, Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., stopped to talk to her a moment as to an equal—a rare distinction. They sat on a sofa in the alcove that had sheltered the orchestra behind palms and ferns and Easter lilies, and chatted of many things—the mines, the new smelter, the new foreman's wife at the smelter, the likelihood that the Company store in South Harvey would put in a line of millinery-which Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., demed with emphasis, declaring she had an agreement with the old devil not to put in millinery so long as she deposited at his bank. Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., had taken the \$500 which the Company had offered for the life of poor Casper and had filed no lawsuit, fearing that a suit with the Company would hurt her trade. But as a business proposition both women were interested in the other damage suits pending against the "What do they say down Company for the mine accident. there about it?" asked the milliner.

Well, of course," returned Mrs. Thurston, who was not the of her ground and had no desire to talk against the rich and powerful, "they say that some one ought to pay something. But, of course, Joe Calvin always wins his that and the Judge, of course, was the Company's attorney before he was the Judge—"

"And so the claim agents are signing 'em up for what the Company will give," cut in the questioner.

"That's about it, Mrs. Herdicker," responded Mrs. Thurston. "Times are hard, and they take what they can get now, rather than fight for it. And the most the Co

pany will pay is \$400 for a life, and not all are getting that."

"Tom Van Dorn—he's a smooth one, Lizzie—he's a smooth one." Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., looked quickly at Mrs. Thurston and got a smile in reply. That was enough. She continued:

"You'd think he'd know better-wouldn't you!"

"Well, I don't know-it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks," was the non-committal answer of Mrs. Thurston,

still cautious about offending the powers.

Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., brushed aside formalities. "Yes—stenographers and hired girls, and biscuit shooters at the Palace and maybe now and then an excursion across the track; but this is different; this is in his own class. They were both here this afternoon, and you should have seen the way she cooed and billed over Laura Van Dorn. Honest, Lizzie, if I'd never heard a word, I'd know something was wrong. And you should have seen old lady Nesbit give her the come-uppins."

land, Mrs. Herdicker," quoth Lizzie, "it's a ar some one talk sense. For two months now aring nothing but that fool Adams boy's crazy ions, and men organizing to help their fellows, I you know he's quit his job as boss carpenter. And for why—so that he can be a witness impany some say; though there won't be any an Dorn will see to that. He's sent word to they'd better settle as the law is against them. It Adams quit his job any way and is going meetings every night, and working on conk above ground by day and talking union, till Jared and I are sick of it. I tell you the aft. But a lot of the men are following him.

thodical woman Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., wrote ier advertisement and let Mrs. Thurston go in ent into the gathering twilight, and hurried rands before returning to South Harvey. t house Mrs. Thurston met Henry Fenn come register of deeds office where he had been o some property he had sold, and at Mr. Broth-Corner, she saw Tom Van Dorn smoking upon he street was filled with bicycles, for that was a e bicycle was a highly respectable vehicle of pleasure. Mrs. Thurston left Market Street wheels passed her. As she turned into her h Harvey a bell tinkled. She looked around zaret Fenn making rapidly for the highway. was human; she waited! And in five minutes rn came by and went in the same direction! iter Margaret Fenn came pedaling into the country road, all smiling and breathless and d full of color. As she turned into her own et her husband, immaculately dressed. He reat punctiliousness and lifting his hat high smiled a search-light of a smile that frightened he spoke no word to her. Five minutes later. orn wheeled out of Market Street, he also saw

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Henry Fenn, standing in the middle of the erossing less at him and laughing a drunken, foolish, noisy laugh. Down called back but Fenn did not reply, and the Jusaw nothing in the figure but his drunken friend stand in the middle of the street laughing.

CHAPTER XX

HICH HENRY FENN FALLS FROM GRACE AND RISES AGAIN

HIS chapter must devote itself chiefly to a bargain. In the bargain, Judge Thomas Van Dorn is party of the first part, and Margaret Fenn, wife of Henry 1, is party of the second part, and the devil is the broker. The Van Dorn laid hungry eyes upon Margaret Fenn; raret Fenn looked ravenously upon all that Van Dorn his talent, his position, his worldly goods, estates and tels. He wanted what she had. He had what she ted, and by way of commission in negotiating the barthe devil took two souls—not such large souls so far 1 at goes; but still the devil seems to have been the only in the transaction who profited.

me came—June and the soft night wind, and the warm : June with its new, deep foliage and its fragrant grass trees and flowers; June with a mocking bird singing agh the night to its brooding mate; June came with its s leaning out of windows into the night hearing love in the rhythmic whisper of lagging feet strolling under shade of elms. And under cover of a June night, breathin the sensuous meaning of the time like a charmed po-. Judge Van Dorn, who personated justice to twenty-five sand people, went forth a slinking, cringing beast to woo! lere and there a lamp blinked through the foliage. The tfalls of late home-comers were heard a long way off; the es of singers—a serenading party out baying at the night heard as the breeze carried the music upon its sluggish and flow. To avoid belated home-comers, Judge Van on crossed the street; the clanging electric car did not d him with its search-light, though he felt shielded by its ar as he stepped over the iron railing about the Fenn home d came softly across the lawn upon the grass.

On the verandah, hidden by summer vines, he sat a moment one, panting, breathless, though he had come up but four

steps, and had mounted them gently. A rustle of wom garments, the creaking of a screen door, the perfume that loved, and then she stood before him—and the next month he had her in his arms. For a minute she surrendered wout struggling, without protest, and for the first time to lips met. Then she warded him off.

"No-no, Tom. You sit there—I'll have this swin and she slipped into a porch swing and finally he sat dow "Now, Tom," she said, "I have given you everything night. I am entirely at your mercy: I want you to be

good to me as I have been to you."

"But, Margaret," he protested, "is this being good to

to keep me a prisoner in this chair while you-"

"Tom," she answered, "there is no one in the house, just called Henry up by long distance telephone at the retary of State's office in the capitol building. I've eahim up every hour since he got there this afternoon, to a him remember his promise to me. He hasn't taken a to on this trip—I'm sure; I can tell by his voice, for thing." The man started to speak. She stopped has "Now listen, Tom. He'll have that charter for the tain's company within half an hour and will start home the midnight train. That will give us just an hour toge—all alone, Tom, undisturbed."

She stopped and he sprang toward her, but she fer him off, and gave him a pained look and went on as he smoaning into his chair: "Tom, dear, how should we sp the first whole hour we have ever had in our lives alone gether? I have read and reread your beautiful letters, d Oh, I know some of them by heart. I am yours, Tomyours. Now, dear," he made a motion to rise, "come by my chair, I want to touch you. But—that's all."

They sat close together, and the woman went on: "T are so many things I want to say, Tom, to-night. I wor if I can think of any of them. It is all so beautiful. I it?" she asked softly, and felt his answer in every nerv his body, though his lips did not speak. It was the we who broke the silence. "Time is slipping by, Tom. I k what's in your mind, and you know what's in mine. W will this thing end? It can't go on this way. It must

might—this very night, Tom, dear, or we must know we are coming out. Do you understand?"

s, Margaret," replied the man. He gripped his arm her, and continued passionately, "And I'm ready." and minute of ecstasy they were dumb. He went on: have good cause—lots of cause—every one knows that.—I'll make it somehow—Oh, I can make it." He set th fiercely, and repeated, "Oh, I'll make it, Mar-

night sounds filled their deaf ears, and the pressure of lands—all so new and strange—filled them with joy, joy was shattered by a step upon the sidewalk, and died away they were breathless. Then they sat closer or and the woman whispered:

"'And I'd turn my back upon things eternal
To lie on your breast a little while.""

Dise in the house, perhaps of the cat moving through om behind them, startled them again. The man shook is woman held her breath; then they both smiled.—Tom—don't you see how guilty we are? We t repeat this; this is our hour, but we must undereach other here and now." The man did not reply. It is had taken recklessly and ruthlessly all of his life had on a place where he must give to take. His fortunes is it is answer, so he replied: "Margare, you he situation—down town?" e judgeship?" she asked.

t that will be settled in November. After that is time i. Oh, eternity is time enough, Tom—I can wait and ad wait—only if it is to be for eternity, we must not with it now."

, Margaret, Margaret, Margaret—my soul's soul—I rou. I know no peace but to look into your eyes; I so heaven but your smile—no God but your possession, but—but—this!" He pressed her hand to his lips naned a kind of human bellow of unrequited love—rng suppressed man's courting note that we had in the

forest, and he grasped her in a flood of passionate longing She slipped away from him and stood up before him as said: "No,—No, no, my dear—my dear—I love you—0

I do love you, Tom-but don't-don't."

He started after her but she pushed him back with he powerful arms and held him. "Tom, don't touch moment," she panted, "Tom." Her big meaningful eyes me his and she held him for a moment silent. He stepped bacand she smiled and kissed his forehead when he had droppinto a chair.

"Now, Tom, time is slipping by. It's nearly midnight We've got to talk sensibly and calmly. Sit here by me as be as sane as you can. We know we love one another That's been said and resaid; that's settled. Now shall first break for liberty—or will you? That must all be stilled too. We can't just let things drift. I'm twent seven. You're thirty-five. Life is passing. Now when'

They shrank before the light of a street car rounding to corner, that gleamed into their retreat. When it had gor the man bowed his fine, proud, handsome head, and spe

with his eyes upon the ground:

"You go first-you have the best cause!" She look upon his cowardly, sloping shoulders, and thought a mome It was the tigress behind the flame who stooped over his pondering, feeling her way through events that she had be going over and over in her imagination for weeks. T feline caution that guided her, told her, as it had alway told her, that his letters were enough to damn him, b maybe not enough to hold him. She was not sure of me Their standards might not be severe enough to punish his he, knowing this, might escape. All this-this old que without answer went hurrying through her mind. But s was young; the spirit of adventure was in her. Hen Fenn, weak, vacillating, chivalrous, adoring Henry Fen had not conquered her; and the fire in her blood, and t ambition in her brain, came over her as a spell. She slipp to her knees, putting her head upon her lover's breast, at eried passionately in a guttural murmur-"Yes, I'll first, Tom-now, for God's sake, kiss me-kiss me and run Then she sprang up: "Now, go-go-go, Tom-run before

I take it back. Don't touch me again," she cried. "Go." She slipped back into the door, then turned and caught him again and they stood for a terrible moment together. She whirled into the house, clicked the door after her and left him standing a-tremble, gaping and mad in the night. But she knew her strength, and knew his weakness and was not afraid.

She let him moan a wordless lovesong, very low and terrible in the night alone before the door, and did not answer. Then she saw him go softly down the steps, look up and down the street, move guiltily across the yard, hiding behind a bush at a distant footfall, and slip slowly into the sidewalk and go hurrying away from the house. In half an hour she was waiting for Henry Fenn as a cat might wait at a rat hole.

The next day little boys followed Henry Fenn about the streets laughing: Henry Fenn, drunken and debased, whose heart was bleeding. It was late in the afternoon when he appeared in the Amen Corner. His shooting stars were all exploded from their rocket and he was fading into the charred papier-mâche of the reaction that comes from over exhilaration. So he sat on the walnut bench, back of the newspaper counter with his hands on his knees and his eyes staring at the floor while traffic flowed through the establishment oblivious to his presence. Mr. Brotherton watched Fenn but did not try to make him talk. There came a time when trade was slack that Fenn looked for a minute fixedly at Mr. Brotherton, and finally said, shaking his head sadly:

"She says I've got to quit!" A pause and another sigh, then: "She says if I ever get drunk again, she'll quit me like a dog." Another inspection of the floor; more lugubrious head-shaking followed, after which the eyes closed and

the dead voice spoke:

"Well, here's her chance. Say, George," he tried to smile, but the light only flickered in his leaden eyes. "I guess I'm orey-eyed enough now to furnish a correct imitation of

a gentleman in his cups!"

Fenn got up, took Brotherton back among the books at the rear of the store. The drunken man took from his pocket a fountain pen incased in a silver mounting. He held the silver trinket up and said:

"Damn his soul to hell!"

"Let me see it—whose is it, Henry?" asked Brotherton Fenn answered, "That's my business." He paused; the added "and his business." Another undecided moment and then Fenn concluded: "And none of your business."

Suddenly he took his hands off the big man, and said "I'm going home. If she means business, here's he

chance."

Brotherton tried to stop him, but Fenn was insistent Customers were coming in, and so Brotherton let the man of But all the evening he was worried about his friend. At sentmindedly he went over his stock, straightening up Pac and Judge and Truth and Life, and putting the magazines if their places, sorting the new books into their shelf, putting the standard pirated editions of English authors in the proper place and squaring up the long rows of "The Bonni Brier Bush" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" where the would catch the buyers' eyes upon the counter, in freshly jostled ranks, even and inviting, after the day's havee in

nery counter and remarked casually, "By the by, re, do you keep fountain pens!"

. Brotherton kept fountain pens, and Judge Van Dorn "There—that one over by the ink eraser—yes, that the one in the silver casing—I seem to have mislaid

Yale men gave it to me at the reunion in '91, as lent of the class—had my initials on it—ten years—he looked at the pen offered by the store keeper. It will do.' Mr. Brotherton watched the Judge as he he pen in his vest pocket, after it had been filled.

e Judge picked up a Chicago paper, stowed it away "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy" in his green bag. Then ung gracefully out of the shop and left Mr. Brotherton ering where and how Henry Fenn got that pen, and he did not return it to its owner.

e air of mystery and malice—two unusual atmospheres lenry Fenn to breathe—which he had put around the impressed his friend with the importance of the thing. I mighty smooth proposition," said Grant Adams, siting the Amen Corner reading "A Hazard of New Fors," when Van Dorn had gone.

Well, say, Grant," returned Mr. Brotherton, pondering be subject of the lost pen. "Sometimes I think Tom is a little too oleaginous—a little too oleaginous," resed Mr. Brotherton, pleased with his big word.

hat June night Henry Fenn passed from Congress Street walked with a steady purpose manifest in his clicking a It was not a night's bat that guided his feet, no ive orgy, but the hard, firm footfall of a man who has a drunk a long time—terribly mean drunk. And ribly mean drunk he was. His eyes were blazing, and he mabled as he walked. Down Market Street he turned and ode to the corner where the Traders' National Bank sign me under the electrics. He looked up, saw a light burnt in the office above, and suddenly changed his gait to a limit was gleaming. He got a firm hold of the knob, then mad it quickly, thrust open the door and stepped quietly to the room. He grinned meanly at Tom Van Dorn who, incing up over his shoulder from his book, saw the white

face of Fenn leering at him. Van Dorn knew that this

the time when he must use all the wits he had.

"Why, hello-Henry-hello," said Van Dorn cheer He coughed, in an attempt to swallow the saliva that rushing into his mouth. Fenn did not answer, but and then began to walk around Van Dorn's desk, eyeing with glowing-red eyes as he walked. Van Dorn tipped his chair easily, put his feet on the desk before him spoke: "Sit down, Henry-make yourself at home." cleared his throat nervously. "Anything gone Henry ?" he asked as the man stood over him glaring at

"No," replied Fenn. "No, nothing's gone wrong. just got some exhibits here in a law suit. That's all.

He stood over Van Dorn, peering steadfastly at First he laid down a torn letter. Van Dorn shuddere most imperceptibly as he recognized in the crum wrenched paper his writing, but smiled snavely and

"Well," croaked Fenn passionately. "That's exhibit I had to fight a hell-cat for it; and this," he added as h down the silver-mounted pen, "this is exhibit 'B.' I f that in the porch swing this morning when I went out t my drink hidden under the house." He cackled and Dorn's Adam's apple bobbed like a cork upon a wave.

"And this," cried Fenn, as he pulled a revolver, damn you, is exhibit 'C.' Now, don't you budge, or blow you to hell—and," he added, "I guess I'll do it way."

He stood with the revolver at Van Dorn's templeover his victim growling like a raging beast. trembled upon the trigger, and he laughed. "So you going to have a convenient, inexpensive lady friend. you, Tom!" Fenn cuffed the powerless man's jaw wit

open hand.

"Private snap?" he sneered. "Well, damn your s here's a lady friend of mine," he poked the cold b harder against the trembling man's temple and "Don't wiggle, don't you move." Then he went on: her, you damned egg-sucking pup-when you've done ing with this, I'm going to kill you."

He emphasized the "you," and prodded the man's face with the barrel.

"Henry," whispered Van Dorn, "Henry, for God's sake,

let me talk—give me a show, won't you?"

Fenn moved the barrel of the revolver over between the man's eyes and cried passionately: "Oh, yes, I'll give you show, Tom—the same show you gave me."

He shifted the revolver suddenly and pulled the trigger; the bullet bored a hole through the book on "Anglo-Saxon

Supremacy" on the desk.

Fenn drew in a deep breath. With the shot he had spilled some vial of wrath within him, though Van Dorn could not see the change that was creeping into Fenn's haggard face.

"You see she'll shoot, Tom," said Fenn.

Holding the smoking revolver to the man's head, Fenn reached for a chair and sat down. His rage was ebbing, and his mind was clear. He withdrew the weapon a few inches, and cried:

"Don't you budge an inch."

His hand was limp and shaking, but Van Dorn could not see it. "Tom, Tom," he cried. "God help me—help me." He repeated twice the word "me," then he went on:

"For being what I am-only what I am-" he empha-

sized the "I."

"For giving in to your devil as I give into mine—for falling as I have fallen—on another road—I was going to kill you."

The revolver slipped from his hands. He picked it up by

the barrel. He rose crying in a weak voice,

"Oh, Tom, Tom, Tom," Van Dorn was lifting up in his chair, "Tom, Tom, God help us both poor, hell-cursed men," sobbed Fenn, and then with a fearful blow he brought the weapon down and struck the white, false forehead that gleamed beneath Fenn's wet face.

He stood watching the man shudder and close his eyes, watching the blood seep out along a crooked seam, then gush over the face and fine, black hair and silken mustache. A bloody flood streamed there while he watched. Then Fenn wiped dry the butt of his revolver. He felt of the gash in the forehead, and found that the bone was not crushed. He

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or, and an unnatural calm was upon his bracount reel the tears in his eyes. He stood looking at af the unconscious man a long, dreadful minute as pities rather than hates a foe. Then he stepped to phone, called Dr. Nesbit, glanced at the fountain penerumpled letter, burst into a spasm of weeping, and out of the room.

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH WE SEE A FAT LITTLE RASCAL ON THE RACK

YEAR and a month and a day, an exceedingly hot day, after Judge Thomas Van Dorn had fallen upon the stair leading to his office and had cut that gash in his forehead which left the white thread of a scar upon his high, broad brow, Judge Van Dorn sat in chambers in his office in the court house, hearing an unimportant matter. Because the day was hot, the Judge wore a gray silk coat, without a vest, and because the matter was unimportant, no newspaper reporters were called in. The matter in hand was highly informal. The Judge, tilted back in his easy chair, toyed with his silken mustache, while counsel for defendant, standing by the desk before which the Judge's chair was swinging, handled the papers representing the defendant's answer, to the plaintiff's pleadings. The plaintiff herself, dressed in rather higher sleeves than would have been thought possible to put upon a human form and make them stand erect, with a rather larger hat than one would have said might be carried by a single human neck without bowing it; the plaintiff above mentioned was rattling the court's paper knife.

Plaintiff's counsel, a callow youth from the law offices of Joseph Calvin, to be exact, Joseph Calvin, Jr., sat meekly on the edge of a small chair in the corner and being a chip of the old block, had little to say. The court and said hereinbefore described plaintiff talked freely between whiles as the counsel for said defendant, Henry Fenn, ran over his papers, looking for particular phrases, statements or exhibits which he desired to present to the court.

It appeared from the desultory reading of the papers by the attorney for the said defendant, Henry Fenn, that he had no desire to impose upon the plaintiff, as above described, any hardships in the matter and that the agree reached by counsel as to the disposition of the joint proshould be carried out as indicated in the answer substote to the court—see folio No. 3. Though counsel for defeamilingly told the court that if the counsel were Henry he should not give up property worth at least five the dollars in consideration of the cause of action being cruelty and inhuman treatment rather than drunke but, as counsel explained and as the court agreed we man gets to going by the booze route he hasn't much sereferring, of course, to said defendant, Henry Fempresent in person.

When counsel for the said defendant had finished, as put all his papers upon the desk in front of the councourt reached into his desk, and handed the counsel f fendant a cigar, which with proper apologies to the h above and before described plaintiff, counsel lighted

said:

"That's certainly a good one."

But as the court was writing upon the back of one papers, the court did not respond for a moment, but I said absently, "Yes,—glad you think so; George Broth imports them for me."

And went on writing. Still writing the court said

out looking up, "I don't know of anything else."

And the counsel for defendant said he didn't eithe putting on his hat, smiling at the plaintiff aforesaid, of for said defendant Henry Fenn departed, and after a nother court ceased writing, folded and blotted the back paper, handed it to young Joe Calvin, sitting meekly edge of the chair, saying: "Here Joey, take this to the and file it," and Joey got up from the edge of the and vanished, closing the door behind him.

"Well?" said the plaintiff.
"Well?" echoed the court.

"Well," reiterated the plaintiff, gazing into the ey the court with somewhat more eagerness than the law reunder statute therefore made and provided.

"So it's all over," she continued, and added: "My; She rose—this plaintiff hereinbefore mentioned, ca the desk, stood over him a moment, and said softly, much more softly than the code prescribes, "Tom—I hope yours

won't be any harder."

Whereupon the court, then and there being as herein above set forth, did with premeditation, and much show of emotion look up into the eyes of said plaintiff, said eyes being teardimmed and extraordinarily beautiful as to their coloring towit: brown, as to their expression towit: sad and full of love, and furthermore the court did with deliberation and after for a moment while he held the heavy bejeweled hand of said plaintiff above mentioned, and did press said hand to his lips and then did draw the said plaintiff closer and whisper:

"God—God, Margaret, so do I hope so—so do I."

And perhaps the court for a second thought of a little blueeved, fair-haired girl and a gentle woman who lived for him alone in all the world, and perhaps not; for this being a legal paper may set down only such matters as are of evidence. But it is witnessed and may be certified to that the court did drop his eyes for a second or two, that the white thread of a scar upon the forehead of the court did redden for a moment while he held the heavy bejewelled hand of plaintiff, hereinbefore mentioned, and that he did draw a deep breath, and did look out of the window, set high up in the court house, and that he did see the elm trees covering a home which, despite all his perfidy and neglect was full of love for him—love that needed no high sleeves nor great plumy hats, nor twinkling silver bangles, nor jangling gold chatelaines, to make it beautiful. But let us make it of record and set it down here, in this instrument that the court rose. looked into the great brown eyes and the fair face, and seeing the rich, shameless mouth and blazing color upon the features, did then and there fall down in his heart and worship that mask, and did take the hand that he held in both of his and standing before the woman did cry in a deep voice, full of agony:

"For God's sake, Margaret, let me come to you now—soon." And she—the plaintiff in this action gazed at the man who had been the court, but who now was man, and

replied:

"Only when you may honestly-legally, Tom-it's best i

They walked to the door. The court pressed a button she left, smiling, and when a man appeared with a note be the court said: "I have something to dictate," and the note be day young Joseph Calvin handed the following news item the Harvey Times and to the South Harvey Derrick.

"A divorce was granted to-day by Judge Thomas V Dorn of the district court in chambers to Mrs. Marge Müller Fenn, from Henry Fenn. Charges of cruel and human treatment filed by the attorneys for Mrs. Fenn w not met by Mr. Fenn and the court granted the decree a it was made absolute. It is understood that a satisfact settlement of the joint property has been made. Mrs. Fwill continue to hold the position she has held during year past as chief clerk in the office of the superintend of the Harvey Improvement Company. Mr. Fenn is for county attorney and is now engaged in the insurance busin having sold his real estate business to Joseph Calvin morning."

And thus the decree of divorce between Henry Fenn Margaret, his wife, whom God had joined together, was m

absolute, and further deponent sayeth not.

But the town of Harvey had more or less to say about divorce and what the town said, more or less concerned Ju Thomas Van Dorn. For although Henry Fenn sober we not speak of the divorce, Henry Fenn drunk, babbled at quotations about the "rare and radiant maiden, who was forever more." He was also wont to quote the line the lover who held his mistress "something better than dog, a little dearer than his horse."

As for the Judge, his sensitive mind felt the disappeof the community. But the fighting blood in him was round he fought a braver fight than the cause just That summer he went to all the farmers' pienics in his trict, spoke wherever he was invited to speak, and well; whatever charm he had he called to his aid. the French of South Harvey celebrated the Fall of the tile, Judge Van Dorn spoke most beautifully of libertyled off when they sung the Marseillaise; on Labor Day

the orator of the occasion, and made a great impression among the workers by his remarks upon the dignity of labor. He quoted Carlyle and Ruskin and William Morris, and wept when he told them how the mob had crucified the Carpenter,

who was labor's first prophet.

But one may say this for Judge Van Dorn: that with all his desire for the approval of his fellows, even in South Harvey, even at the meetings of men who he knew differed with him, he did not flinch from attacking on every occasion and with all his eloquence the unions that Grant Adams was promoting. The idea of mutual help upon which they rested seemed to make Van Dorn see red, and he was forever going out of his way to combat the idea. So bitter was his antagonism to the union idea that in the Valley he and Grant Adams became dramatized in the minds of the men as opponents.

But in Harvey, where men regarded Grant Adams's activities with tolerant indifference and his high talk of bettering industrial conditions as the madness of youth, Judge Van

Dorn was the town's particular idol.

A handsome man he was as he stood out in the open under the bower made by the trees, and with the grace and charm of true oratory, spoke in his natural voice—a soft, penetrating treble that reached to the furthest man in the crowd; tall, well-built, oval-faced, commanding—a judge every inch of him, even if a young judge—was Tom Van Dorn. And when he had finished speaking at the Harvest Home Picnic, or at the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple, or at the opening of the Grant County fair, men said:

"Well, I know they say Tom Van Dorn is no Joseph, but all the same I'm here to tell you—" and what they were there to tell you would discourage ladies and gentlemen who believe that material punishments always follow either material or

spiritual transgressions.

So the autumn wore into winter, and the State Bar Association promoted Judge Van Dorn; he appeared as president of that dignified body, and thereby added to his prestige at home. He appeared regularly at church with Mrs. Van Dorn—going the rounds of the churches punctiliously—and gave liberally when a subscription paper for any cause was pre-

sented. But for all this, he kept hearing the bees of gos

buzzing about him, and often felt their sting.

Day after day, through it all he never slept until in se way, by some device, through some trumped up excuse t seemed plausible enough in itself, he had managed to see speak to Margaret Fenn. Whether in her office in the Lis Heat & Power Company's building upon a business erra and he made plenty of such, or upon the street, or in court house, where she often went upon some business of chief, or walking home at evening, or coming down in morning, or upon rare occasions meeting her clandestin for a moment, or whether at some social function where t were both present-and it of necessity had to be a large fu tion in that event-for the town could register its disappre of the woman more easily than it could put its opprobri upon the man; or whether he spoke to her just a word fr the sidewalk as he passed her home, always he managed see her. Always he had one look into her eyes, and so d ing all the day, she was in his thoughts. It seems straig that a man of great talents could keep the machinery of mind going and still have an ever present consciousness a guilty intrigue. Yet there it was. Until be had seen and spoken to her, it was his day's important problem devise some way to bring about the meeting. So with deish caution and ponderous circumlocution and craft he w about his daily work, serene in the satisfaction that he ! being successful in his elaborate deceit; rather gloating times in the iniquity of one in his position being in so low business. He wondered what the people would say if the really knew the depths of his infamy, and when he senten a poor devil for some minor crime, he would often watch h self as a third party and wonder if he would ever stand and take his sentence. But he had no fear of that. little drama between Judge Van Dorn, the prisoner at bar, and the lover of Margaret Fenn, was for his diversi rather than for his instruction, and he enjoyed it as artistic travesty upon the justice he was dispensing.

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A LITTLE RASCAL ON THE RACK

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It last the whole wretched intrigue dramatized itself in culminating episode. It came in the spring. Dr. Neshad put on his white linens just as the trees were in their gayety of foliage and the spring blooming flowers were heir loveliest.

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iverse that the white-clad Doctor jogged up Elm

Street behind his maternal sorrel in the phaëton, to get his noon day meal. He passed the Van Dorn home. Its beauty fitted into this mood and beckoned to him. For the whole joy of spring bloomed in flower and shrub and vine that bordered the house and clambered over the wide hospitable porch. The gay color of the spring made the house glow like a jewel. The wide lawn—the stately trees, the gorgeous flowers called to his heart, and seeing his daughter upon the piazza, the Doctor surrendered, drew up, tied the horse and came toddling along the walk to the broad stone steps, waving his hands gayly to her as he came. Little Lila, coming home from kindergarten and bleating through the house lamb-wise: "I'm hungry," saw her grandfather, and ran down the steps to meet him, forgetting her pangs.

He lifted her high to his shoulder, and came up the porch steps laughing: "Here come jest and youthful jollity, my dear," and stooping with his grandchild in his arms, kissed

the beautiful woman before him.

"Some one is mighty sweet this morning," and then seeing a package beside her asked: "What's this—" looking at the address and the sender's name. "Some one been getting a new dress?"

The child pulling at her mother's skirts renewed her blest for food. When Lila had been disposed of Laura sat by ber

father, took his fat, pudgy hand and said:

"Father, I don't know what to do; do you mind talking some things over with me. I suppose I should have been to see you anyway in a few days. Have we time to go clear to the bottom of things now?"

She looked up at him with a serious, troubled face, and patted his hand. He felt instinctively the shadow that was on her heart, and his face may have winced. She saw or knew without seeing, the tremor in his soul.

"Poor father-but you know it must come sometime. Let

us talk it all out now."

He nodded his head. He did not trust his voice.

"Well, father dear," she said slowly. She nodded at the

package-a long dress box beside the porch post.

"That was sent to Margaret Fenn. It came here by mistake—addressed to me. There were some express charges on is. I thought it was for me; I thought Tom had bought it for me yesterday, when he was at the capital, so I opened it. There is a dress pattern in it—yellow and black—colors I never could wear, and Tom has an exquisite eye for those things, and also there is a pair of silk stockings to match. On the memoranda pinned on these, they are billed to Mrs. Fenn, but all charged to Tom. I hadn't opened it when I sent the expressman to Tom's office for the express charges, but when he finds the package has been delivered here—we shall have it squarely before us.' The daughter did not turn her eyes to her father as she went on after a little sigh that seemed like a catch in her side:

"So there we are."

The Doctor patted his foot in silence, then replied:

"My poor, poor child—my poor little girl," and added with a heavy sigh: "And poor Tom—Laura—poor, foolish. devil-ridden Tom." She assented with her eyes. At the end of a pause she said with anguish in her voice:

"And when we began it was all so beautiful—so beautiful—so wonderful. Of course I've known for a long time—ever since before Lila came that it was slipping. Oh, father—I've known: I've seen every little giving of the tie that bound us, and in my heart deep down, I've known all—all—everything—all the whole awful truth—even if I have not had the facts as you've had them—you and mother—I suppose."

"You're my fine, brave girl," cried her father, patting her trembling hand. But he could speak no further.

"I'm a coward. I have sat by and watched it all slip away, watched him getting further and further from me, saw my hold slipping—slipping—slipping, and saw him getting restless. I've seen one awful—" she paused, shuddered, and cried, "Oh, you know, father, that other dreadful affair. I may that rise, burn itself out and then this one—" she turned away and her body shook.

In a minute she was herself: "I'm foolish I suppose, but I've never talked it out before. I won't do it again. I'm all right now." She took his hands and continued:

"Now, then, tell me-is there any way out? What shall

we do to be saved-Tom and Lila and It' She hesita "I'm afraid- Oh, I know, I know I don't love Tom more. How could I-how could It But some way I was to mother him. I don't want to see him get clear down. know this woman. I know what she means. Let me # you, father. For two years she's been playing with To like a cat. I knew it when she began. I can't say how knew it; but I felt it-felt it reflected in his moods, saw his nervous and feverish. She's been torturing him, father she's strong. Also she's-she's hard. Tom hasn't-well mean she's always kept the upper hand. I know that in I And he's stark, raving mad somewhere within him A storm of emotion shook her and then she cried passionate "And, oh, father, I want to rescue him-not for myse Oh, I don't love him any more. That's all gone. At les not in the old way, I don't, but he's so sensitive so easy hurt. And she's slowly burning him alive. It's awful.

The little pink face of the Doctor began to harden. It big blue eyes began to look through narrow slits in his elids, and the pudgy, white-clad figure stood erect. It daughter's voice broke and as she gripped herself the fattereached his bristling pompadour and cried in wrath, "I him burn—let him burn, girl—hell's too good for him!"

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"I can't bear to see it; I—I want to shield him—I muss if I can." A tremor ran through her again. She causehold of herself, then went on more calmly. "But things can on this way. Here is this box—"

"Child-ehild," cried the Doctor angrily, "you come rathome-right home," he piped with rising wrath. "Rathome to mother and me."

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way. I must work out my life as it is—as before God ila—and Tom—yes, Tom, father, as before all three, I my responsibility. I must not put away Tom—no matno matter how I feel—no matter what he has done. I i," she repeated. "I won't."

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After a morning in the dirt and grime and misery and injustice and wickedness that made the outer skin over South Harvey and Foley and Magnus and the mining and smelter towns of the valley, the Doctor came driving into the cool beauty of Quality Hill in Harvey with a middle aged man's sense of relief. South Harvey and its neighbors disheartened him.

He had seen Grant Adams, a man of the Doctor's own caste by birth, hurrying into a smelter on some organization errand out of overalls in his cheap, ill-fitting clothes, begrimed, heavy featured, dogged and rapidly becoming a part of the industrial dregs. Grant Adams in the smelter, preoccupied with the affairs of that world, and passing definitely into it forever, seemed to the Doctor symbolic of the passing of the America he understood (and loved), into an America that discouraged him. But the beauty and the calm and the restful elm-bordered lawns of Harvey, always toned up his spirits. Here, he said to himself was the thing he had helped to create. Here was the town he had founded and cherished. Here were the people whom he really loved—old neighbors, old friends, dear in associations and sweet in memories.

It was in a cherubic complaisance with the whole scheme of the universe that the white-clad Doctor jogged up Elm

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home to mother and me,"

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Her voice broke again in sobs, and tears were running down ler cheeks as she continued. "How can we blame Tom for riolating his vows to me? Where are all our vows to God to leal justly with His people—the widows and orphans and relpless ones, father?" She looked at her father through per tears, at her father, whose face was agape! He was staring into the wistaria vines as one who saw his world of A quick bolt of sympathy shot through the daughter. She patted his limp hands and said softly, "So—fa mustn't leave Tom. He's a poor, weak creature—a stick—and because I know it—I must stay with him.

Behind the screen of matter, the lusty fates were at the screws of the rack. "Pull harder," cried t fate; "the little old pot-bellied rascal—make him see i him see how he warned her against the symptoms, but disease that was festering her lover's soul!"

"Turn yourself," cried the second, "make the fi sweat as he sees how he has been delivering laws in a to grind iniquity through Tom Van Dorn's mill!

turn, turn you lout!"

"And you," cried the third fate at the screw to t "twist that heart-string, twist it hard when he sees his ter's broken face and hears her sobbing!"

But the angels, the pitying angels, loosened the e

the rack with their gentle tears.

As the taut threads of the rack slackened, he has soft voice of his daughter saying: "But of course, to important thing is Lila—not that she means a great him now. He doesn't care much for children. He want them—children."

She turned upon her father and with anguished vo with all her denied motherhood, she cried: "O, f I want them—lots of them—arms full of them all the

She stretched out her arms. "Oh, it's been so hard my youth passing, and only one child—I wanted a house full. I'm strong; I could bear them. I don' anything—I just want my babies—my babies that have come."

And then the pitiless fates turned the screws of t again and the father burst forth in his vain grief, v high, soft, woman's voice. "I wonder—I wonder—I what God has in waiting for you to make up for this!

Before she could answer, the telephone bell ram wife stepped to the instrument. "Well," she said w me back. "The hour has struck; the expressman went to n for the express charges; he knows the package is here l," she added after a sigh, "he knows that I know all tit." She even smiled rather sadly, "So he's coming—on his wheel."

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH TOM VAN DORN BECOMES A WAYFARING MAN AM

HE father rose. His head was cast down. He pair a vine curling about the porch floor with his cana. "I wonder, my dear," he spoke slowly, and wis great gentleness, "if maybe I shouldn't talk with Tembefore you see him."

He continued to poke the vine, and looked up at the daug ter sadly. "Of course there's Lila; if it is best for her-

why that's the thing to do—I presume."

"But father," broke in the daughter, "Tom and I can—But he entreated, "Won't you let me talk with Tom! I half an hour—I'll go. You and Lila slip over to mother for half an hour—come back at half past twelve. I'll to

him where you are."

The mother and child had disappeared around the corn of the house when the click of Van Dorn's bicycle on the curbing told the Doctor that the young man was upon the walk. The package from the capital still lay beside the porch column. The Doctor did not lift his eyes from it is the younger man came hurrying up the steps. He will flushed, bright-eyed, a little out of breath, and his black will of hair was damp. On the top step, he looked up and step the Doctor.

"It's all right, Tom-I understand things." The Dittor's eyes turned to the parcel on the floor between them.

The Doctor's voice was soft; his manner was gentle, and lifted his blue, inquiring eyes into the young Judge's reless black ones. Dr. Nesbit put a fatherly hand on the you man's arm, and said: "Shall we sit down, Tom, and to stock of things and see where we stand? Wouldn't that a good idea?"

They sat down and the younger man eyed the packa turned it over, looked at the address nervously, pulled at

TOM VAN DORN A WAYFARING MAN

che as he sank back, while the elder man was saying: lieve I understand you, Tom—better than any one else world understands you. I believe you have not a betiend on earth than I right at this minute."

Judge turned around and said in a disturbed voice, sure that's the God's truth, Doctor Jim." Then after he added, "And this is what I've done to you!"

nd will keep right on doing to me as long as you live," the elder man, twitching his mouth and nose conuously.

s long as I live, I fancy," repeated the other. In the the young man put his hands to his hips and his chin breast as he slouched down in the chair and asked: re's Laura?"

ver at her mother's," replied the father. "Nobody nterrupt us—and so I thought we could get down to roots and talk this thing out."

: Judge crossed his handsome ankles and sat looking at im toes.

suppose that idea is as good as any." He put one long, hairy hand on the short, fat knee beside him and said: whole trouble with our Protestant religion is that we no confessor. So some of us talk to our lawyers, and of us talk to our doctors, and in extreme unction we talk newspapers."

grinned miserably, and went on: "But we all talk to one, and now I'm going to talk to you—talk for once, r, right out of my soul—if I have one."

rose nervously, obeying some purely physical impulse, hen sat down again, with his hands in his thick, black and his elbows on his bony knees.

ll right, Tom," piped the Doctor, "go ahead."

'ell, then,' he began as he looked at the floor before 'do you suppose I don't know that you know what I'm? Do you think I don't know even what the town is ag about? Lord, man, I can feel it like a scorching Why," he exclaimed with emotion, "feeling the hearts n is my job. I've been at it for fifteen years—"

broke off and looked up. "How could I get up before and feel them out man by man as I talked if I wasn't

sensitive to these things? You've seen me make them when I was in the practice. How could I make them er I didn't feel like crying myself. You're a doctor—you k that. People forget what I am—what a thousand struinstrument I am. Now, Doctor Jim, let me tell you s thing. This is the bottom hard pan of the truth: I n before really cared for these women—these other wo—when I got them. But I do care for the chase, I do for the risk of it—for the exhilaration of it—for the of it!"

The Doctor's mouth twitched and he took a breath about to speak. Van Dorn stopped him: "Don't cui Doe Jim-let me say it all out. I'm young. I love the m light and the stars and I never go through a wood that not see trysting places there-and I never see a great str of prairie under the sunshine that I do not put in a beaut woman and go following her-not for her-Doctor Jim, for the joy of pursuit, for the thrill of uncovering a bi naked soul, and the overwhelming danger of it. God-I've stood afraid to breathe, flattened against a wall heard the man-beast growl and sniff, hunting me. I lov love and be loved; but not less do I love to hunt an hunted. I've hidden under trees, I've skulked in the ows. I've walked boldly in the sunlight with my life in hand to meet a woman's eyes, to feel her guilty shudde my arms. Oh, Doctor Jim, you don't understand the ra my blood that the moon makes shining through the trees u the water, with great, shadowy glades, and the tinkle cow bells far away, and a woman afraid of me-and I at of her-and nothing but the stars and the night between

He rose and began pacing the piazza as he continued sping. "It's always been so with me—as early as my boyt it was so. I often wake in the lonely nights and the of them all over again—the days and nights, the girls women who have flashed bright and radiant into my Over and over again, I repeat to my soul their names, and over I live the hours we have spent together, the days the delights, the cruel misery of it all and then at the turt the street, at the corner of a room, in the winking of an I see another face, it looks a challenge at me and I are

on the high road of another romance. I've got to go! part of my life; it's the pulse of my blood." It's

He stood excited with his deep, beady, black eyes burning and his proud, vain face flushed and his hands a-tremble. The Doctor saw that he was in the midst of a physical and mental turmoil that could not be checked.

"And then you and my friends ask Van Dorn went on: me to quit. Laura, God help her—she naturally—" he ex-"But is the moon to be blotted out for me! Are the night winds to be muffled and mean no more than the scraping of a dead twig against a rusty wire? Are flowers to lose their scent, and grass and trees and birds to be blurred and turned drab in my eyes? How do you think I live, How do you think I can go before juries and audiences and make them thrill and clench their fists and cry like children and breathe with my emotions, if I am to be stone dead? Do you think a wooden man can do that? Try Joe Calvin with a jury—what does he accomplish with all his virtue? He hasn't had an emotion in twenty years. pretty woman looking at Joe in a crowd wouldn't say anything to him with her eyes and dilating nostrils and the swish of her body. And when he gets before a jury he talks the law to them, and the facts to them, and the justice of the case to them. But when I used to stand up before them, they knew I was weak, human mud. They had heard all the stories on me. They knew me, and some of them despised me, and all of them were watching out for me, but when I reached down in my heart and brought up the common clay of which we all are made and molded it into a man or an event before their eyes, then—by God they came to me. And yet you've been sitting there for years, Doctor Jim Nesbit and saving 'Tom-Tom, why don't you quit?' ''

He was seated now, talking in a low, tense voice, looking the Doctor deeply in the eyes, and as he paused, the perspiration stood out upon his scarred forehead, and pink splotches appeared there and the veins of his temples were big and The Doctor turned away his eyes and said coldly: blue.

"There's Laura-Tom-Laura and little Lila."

"Yes." he groaned, rising. "There are Laura and Lila." He thrust his hands deeply into his pockets and looked down at the Doctor and sneered. "There's the trap that snapped and took a paw, and I'm supposed to lick it and love

it and to cherish it."

He shuddered, and continued: "For once I'll speak and tell it all. I'll not be a hypocrite in this hour, though ever after I may lie and cringe. There are Laura and Lila and here am I. And out beyond is the wind in the elms and the sunshine upon the grass and the moving odor of flowers—flowers that are blushing with the joy of nature in her great perennial romance—and there's Laura and Lila and here am I."

His passion was ebbing; his face was hardening into its wonted vain, artificial contour, his eyes were losing their dilation, and he was sitting rather limply in his chair, staring

into space. The Doctor came at him.

"You're a fool. You had your fling; you're along in your thirties, nearly forty now and it's time to stop." The younger man could not regain the height, but he could hide you his arrest. So he payried healt grouply with insolant.

lived who could. You may get away with your love affairs, and no one be the wiser; you may make a crooked or dirty million on a stock deal and no one be the wiser; but you'll bear the marks to the grave."

"So," mocked the sneering voice of the young Judge, "I suppose you'll carry the marks of all the men you've

bought up in this town for twenty years."

"Yes, Tom," returned the Doctor pitifully, as he rose and stood beside the preening young man, "I'll carry 'em to the

grave with me, too; I've had a few stripes to-day."

"Well, anyway," retorted Van Dorn, pulling his hat over his eyes, restlessly, "you're entitled to what you get in this life. And I'm going to get all I can, money and fun, and everything else. Morals are for sapheads. The preacher's God says I can't have certain things without His cracking down on me. Watch me beat Him at his own game." It was all a make-believe and the Doctor saw that the real man was gone.

"Tom." sighed the Doctor, "here's the practical question—you realize what all this means to Laura? And Lila—thy. Tom. can't you see what it's going to mean to her—

ball of us as the years go by?"

Their eyes met and turned to the parcel on the floor. You can't afford—well, that sort of thing," the Doctor punched the parcel contemptuously with his cane. "It's all

bad enough, Tom, but that way lies hell!"

Van Dorn turned upon the Doctor, and squared his jaw and said: "Well then—that's the way I'm going—that way "—he nodded toward the package..."lies romance for me! There is the road to the only joy I shall ever know in this earth. There lies life and beauty and all that I live for, and I'm going that way."

The Judge met the father's beseeching face, with an angry

glare—defiant and insolent.

The Doctor had no time to reply. There was a stir in the house, and a child's steps came running through the hall. Lila stopped on the porch, hesitating between the two men. The Doctor put out his arms for her. Van Dorn casually reached out his hand. She ran to her father and cried, "Up

—Daddy—up," and jumped to his shoulder as he took The Doctor walked down the steps as his daughter camof the door.

The man and the woman looked at one another, but dispeak. The father put the child down and said:

"Now, Lila, run with grandpa and get a cooky

granny while your mother and I talk."

She looked up at him with her blue eyes and her puckered little face, swallowed her disappointed tears trudged down the steps after the white-clad grandfather was untying his horse.

When the child and the grandfather were gone the said in a dead, emotionless voice, looking at the parcel of

floor, "Well, Tom?"

"Well, Laura," he repeated, "that's about the size of there it is—and you know all about it. I shall not lie-

time. It's not worth while-now."

The woman sat in a porch chair. The man hesitated, she said: "Sit down, Tom. I don't know what to c what to say," she began. "If there were just you are to consider, I suppose I'd say we'd have to quit. But the Lila. She is here and she does love you—and she has right—the greatest right in the world to—well, to ushome, and a home means a father and a mother." The rose. He put his hands in his coat pockets and stood by porch column, making no reply.

The wife continued, "I can't even speak of what you done to me, Tom. But it will hurt when I'm an old wom I want to hide my face from every one—even from G

when I think of what you have used me for."

He dropped into the chair beside her, looking at the Her voice had stirred some chord in his thousand-stri heart. He reached out a hand to her.

"No, Tom," said the wife, "I don't want your pity."
"No, Laura," the husband returned quickly, "no, don't need my pity; it's not pity that I am trying to you. I only wished you to listen to what I have to a The wife looked at her husband for a second in fear a apprehended what he was about to utter. He turne eyes from her and went on: "It was a mistake, a

mare of a mistake-my mistake-all my mistake-but just an awful mistake. We couldn't make life go. All vas foredoomed, Laura, and now-now-'' his eyes were the parcel on the floor, "here I am sure I have found hing my life needs. And it is my life-my life." He his wife go pale, then flush; but he went on. is one's own life that commands him, and nothing else e world. And now I must follow my destiny."

but, Tom," asked the wife, "you aren't going to this in! You aren't going to leave us! You surely won't

up this home—not this home, Tom?"

e man hesitated before answering, then spoke directly: aust follow my destiny-work it out as I see it. You no right, no one has any right—even I have no right to promise with my destiny. I live in this world just 1.,

But what is your destiny, Tom!" answered the wife. ive me out of it: but aren't the roots you have put down is home, this career you are building; our child's normal ood with a father's care—aren't these the big things our destiny? Lila's life—growing up under the shame follows a child of parents divorced for such base reasons hese? Lila's life is surely a part of your destiny. ly, surely you have no rights apart from her and hers!" s quick mind was ready. "I have my own life to live, wn destiny to follow; my individual equation to solve, for me nothing exists in the universe. As for my career I take care of that. That's mine also!"

e wife threw out an appealing hand. "Tom, I can't wanting to pick you up and shield you. It will be aw--awful—that thing you are trying to go into. vs chosen the material thing—the practical thing—and she's a practical woman. Oh, Tom-I'm not jealousa bit. If I thought she would enrich your soul-if I ght she would give you what I've wanted to give you-I've prayed God night after night to let me give you take even Lila and go away and give you your chance love such as I've had. Can you see, Tom, I'm not jeal-

I'm not even angry." e turned upon her suddenly and said: "You don't

knew what you're talking about. Anyway—she suits me she'll enrich me as you call it all right. I'm sure of that "No, Tom," said the wife quietly, "she'll not enrich y—not spiritually. No one can do that—for any one. It me come from within. I've poured my very heart over you, and you didn't want it—you only wanted—sh, Ged hide my shame—my shame—my shame." Her voice me for a moment and she muffled it with her face in her arms. "Tom—" she faltered, "Tom—I am going to make a last plea—for Lila's sake won't you put it all away—way you?" she shuddered. "It is killing all my self-respect, "but I must. Won't you—won't you please for Lila's sake this off—and see if we can't patch up him

"No." he answered.

Their eyes met; his shifting, beady eyes were held fould with many a twitching, by her gray eyes. For two swiseconds they stood taking farewell of each other.

"No," he repeated, dropping his glance.

Then he put out his hand with a gesture of finality, "I' going now. I don't know when—or—well, whether I come—'' He picked up the package. He was going don't he steps with the package in his hands when he heard t patter of little feet and a little voice calling:

"Daddy-daddy-" and repeated, "daddy."

He did not turn, but walked quickly to the sidewalk. I far as he could hear, that childish voice called to him.

And he heard the cry in his dreams.

CHAPTER XXIII

HERE GRANT ADAMS DISCOVERS HIS INSIDES

AURA VAN DORN stood watching her husband pass down the street. She silenced the child by clasping her close in the tender motherly arms. No tears rose in the wife's eyes, as she stood looking vacantly down the street at the corner where her husband had turned. ally it came to her consciousness that a crowd was gathering by her father's house. She remembered then that she had en a carriage drive up, and that three or four men followed it on bieveles, and then half a dozen men got out of a wagon. Even while she stared, she saw the little rattletrap of a buggy that Amos Adams drove come tearing up to the curb by her father's house. Amos Adams, Jasper and little Kenyon got out. Even amidst the turmoil of her emotions, she moved mechanically to the street, to see better, then she clasped Lila to her breast and ran toward her father's home.

"What is it?" she cried to the first man she met at the size of the little group standing near the veranda steps

"Grant Adams—we're afraid he's killed." The man who space was Denny Hogan. Beside him was an Italian, who seld. "He's burned something most awful. He got it saving he feller here," nodding and pointing to Hogan.

Laura put down her child and hurried through the house to her father's little office. The strong smell of an anesthetic came to her. She saw Amos Adams standing a tremble by the office door, holding Kenyon's hand. Amos answered her question.

"They think he's dying,-I knew he'd want to see Ken-

· n `

Jasper, white and frightened, stood on the stairs. These details she saw at a glance as she pushed open the office door. At first she saw great George Brotherton and three

or four white-faced, terrified working men, standing in helplessness, while like a white shuttle, among the gle figures the Doctor moved quickly, ceaselessly, effecti Then her eyes met her father's. He said:

"Come in, Laura-I need you. Now all of you go ou

George and her."

Then, as she came into the group, Laura saw Grant Ac sitting with agony upon his wet face. Her father bent him and worked on a puffy, pink, naked arm and shou and body. The man was half conscious; his face was tw ing, and when she looked again she saw where his right should be only a brown, charred stump.

Not looking up the Doctor spoke: "You know we things are and what I need—I can't get him clear und Every motion he made counted; he took no false steps made no turn of his body or twist of his hand that was full of conscious purpose. He only spoke to give orders.

when Brotherton whispered to Laura:

"White hot lead pig at the smelter-Grant saw it wa

ing to kill Hogan and grabbed it."

The Doctor shook his head at Brotherton and for hours that was all Laura knew of the accident. Once the Doctor stopped for a second to take a deep breath, B erton asked, "Do you want another doctor?" the little shook his head again, and motioned with it at his daught

"She's doing well enough." She kept her father's meless pace, but always the sense of her stricken life set to be hovering in the back of her consciousness, and the hosemed ages as she applied her bandages, and helped with grewsome work of the knife on the charred stump of arm. But finally it was over and she saw Brotherton Hogan lift Grant to a cot, under her father's direction, earry him to the bedroom she had used as a girl at he While the Doctor and Laura had been working in his of Mrs. Nesbit had been making the bedroom ready.

It was five o'clock, and the two fagged women wer Mrs. Nesbit's room. The younger woman was pale and gard and unable to relax. The mother tried all of a mot wiles to bring peace to the over-strung nerves. But daughter paced the floor silently, or if she spoke it w

GRANT ADAMS DISCOVERS HIS INSIDES

mak some trivial question about the household—about what arrangements were made for the injured man's food, about Itila, about Amos Adams and Kenyon. Finally, as she tarned to leave the room, her mother asked, "Where are you going?" The daughter answered, "Why, I'm going home."

"But Laura," the mother returned, "I believe your father is expecting your help here—to-night. I am sure he will need you." The daughter looked steadily, but rather vacantly at her mother for a moment, then replied: "Well, Lila and I must go now. I'll leave her there with the maid and I'll try to come back."

Her hand was on the door-knob. "Well," hesitated her mother, "what about Tom-?"

The eyes of the two women met. "Did father tell you?" asked the daughter's eyes. The mother's eyes said "Yes." Then rose the Spartan mother, and put a kind, firm hand upon the daughter's arm and asked: "But Laura, my dear, my dear, you are not going back again, to all—all that, are you?"

"I am going home, mother," the daughter replied.

"But your self-respect, child?" quoted the Spartan, and the daughter made answer simply: "I must go home, mother."

When Laura Van Dorn entered her home she began the evening's routine, somewhat from habit, and yet many things she did she grimly forced herself to do. She waited dinner for her husband. She called his office vainly upon the telephone. She and Lila ate alone; often they had eaten alone before. And as the evening grew from twilight to dark, she put the child to bed, left one of the maids in the child's room, lighted an electric reading lamp in her husband's room, turned on the hall lamp, instructed the maid to tell the Judge that his wife was with her father helping him with a wounded man, and then she went out through the open, hospitable door.

But all that night, as she sat beside the restless man, who writhed in his pain even under the drug, she went over and over her problem. She recognized that a kind of finality had come into her relations with her husband. In the rush of events that had followed his departure, a period, definite and

conclusive seemed to have been put after the whole of hise's adventures with Tom Van Dorn. She did not ery, a feel the want of tears, yet there were moments who a instinctively put her hands before her face as in a she She saw the man in perspective for the first time cloud. She had not let herself take a candid inventory of him belt But that night all her subconscious impressions rese a framed themselves into conscious reflections. And that knew that his relation with her from the beginning had be a reflex of his view of life—of his material idea of the school of things.

As the night wore on, she kept her nurse's chart and the things to be done for her patient. For the time is emotions were spent. Her heart was empty. Even for shattered and suffering body before her, the tousied head, the half-closed, pain-bleared eyes, the lips that shift the clenched teeth—she felt none of that tenderness the comes from deep sympathy and moving pity. At dawn went home with her body worn and weary, and after the shift of the

sun was up she slept.

Scarcely had the morning stir begun in the Nesbit hose hold, before Morty Sands appeared, clad in the festive ment of the moment—white ducks and a shirtwaist and tennis racquet, to be exact. He asked for the Doctor when the Doctor came, Morty cocked his sparrow like had and paused a moment after the greetings of the morning we spoken. After his inquiries for Grant had been satisfied Morty still lingered and cocked his head.

"Of course, Doctor," Morty began diffidently, "and naturally you know more of it than I—but—" he got no furth for a second. Then he gathered courage from the Doctor bland face to continue: "Well, Doctor, last night at Bret erton's, Tom came in and George and Nate Perry and Ky and Captain Morton and I were there; and Tom—well, Doctor

-Tom said something-"

"He did—did he?" cut in the Doctor. "The dirty de So he broke the news to the Amen Corner!"

"Now, Doctor, we all know Tom," Morty explains "We know Tom: but George said Laura was helping wi Grant, and I just thought, certainly I have no wish to i

it I just thought maybe I could relieve her myself; up with Grant, if—"

octor's kindly face twitched with pain, and he 'Morty, you're a boy in a thousand! But can't hat just at this time if I had half a dozen cases like

they would be a God's mercy for her!"

could not control his voice. So he turned and down the steps and flitted away. As Morty dis-, George Brotherton came roaring up the hill, but of what Van Dorn had said in the Amen Corner Brotherton drop. He asked about Grant, inquired iura, and released a crashing laugh at some story ring Kyle Perry trying to tell deaf John Kollander "Kyle," said George, "pro-· Venezuelan dispute. Venezuela like an atomizer!" Captain Morton om his loved employ, let the egg-beater of the hour and permitted stock in his new Company to slump ry market while he camped on the Nesbit veranda he day to greet and disperse such visitors as Mrs. emed of sufficiently small social consequence to re-Captain's ministrations. At twilight the Captain aura coming from her home for her night watch, a rather elaborate scenario of amenities, told her Household Horse company was prospering, how his r was going, and asked after Lila's health, omitting of the Judge with an easy nonchalance which struck the woman's heart-terror, lest the Captain and nim all men should know of her trouble.

eper than the terror in her heart at what the Caput know and tell was the pain at the thing she knew that the home which she loved was dead. However t might stand before the world, for the passing hour year, she knew, and the knowledge sickened her to death, that the home was doomed. She kept thinkas a tree, whose roots were cut; a tree whose leaves green, whose comeliness still pleased the eye but ly, withered branches soon must stand out to affront l. And sorrowing for the beauty that was doomed to her work. All night with her father she ministhe tortured man, but in the morning she slipped

away to her home again hoping her numb vain hope, through

another weary journey of the sun.

The third night found Grant Adams restless, waken anxious to talk. The opiates had left him. She saw that he was fully himself, even though conscious of his tortum body. "Laura," he cried in a sick man's feeble voice, "want to tell you something."

"Not now, Grant," she returned quietly. "I'd rath

hear it to-morrow."

"No," he returned stubbornly, "I want to tell you now. He paused as if to catch his breath. "For I want you know I'm the happiest man in the world." He set his tell firmly. The muscles of his jaw worked, and he smiled up her. He questioned her with his blue eyes, and after set assent had come into her face—or he thought it had, went on:

"There's a God in Israel, Laura-I know it way down

me and all through me."

A crash of pain stopped him. He grinned at the grew which the pain wrenched from him, and whispered, "There a God in Israel—for He gave me my chance. I saw to great white killing thing coming to do for Denny Horn How I'd waited for that chance. Then when it came, wanted to run. But I didn't run. There's something you bigger than fear. So when God gave me my chance he put the—the—the—'' pain wrenched him again, she said weakly, "the—I've got to say it, you'll understan—He put the—the guts in me to take it."

When she left him a few minutes later he seemed to asleep. But when Doctor Nesbit came into the room hour later Grant was wide-eyed and smiling, and seemed much better that as a reward of merit the Doctor brought the morning paper and told Grant he could look at the heatings for five minutes. There it was that he first realis what a lot of business lay ahead of him, learning to live a one-armed man. The Doctor saw his patient worrying

the paper, and started to help.

"No, Doctor," said the young man, "I must begin at time, and now's as good a time as any." So he strug with the unwieldy sheets of paper, and finally managest his morning's reading done. When the time was up, handed back his paper saying, "I see Tom Van Dorn is ing on his vacation—does that mean Laura, too?" The octor shook his head; and by way of taking the subject ray from Laura he said: "Now about your damages, rant—you know I'll stand by you with the Company, don't a—I'm no Van Dorn, if I am Company doctor. You

ght to have good damages-for-"

"Damages! damages!" cried Grant, "why, Doctor, I can't damages. I wasn't working for the smelter when it opened. I was around organizing the men. And I don't ent damages. This arm," he looked lovingly at the stump side him. "is worth more in my business than a million llars. For it proves to me that I am not afraid to go clear rough for my faith, and it proves me to the men! Dames! damages?" he said grimly. "Why, Doctor, if Uncle an and the other owners up town here only know what this amp will cost them, they would sue me for damages! I il you those men in the mine there saved my life. Ever ace then I've been trying to repay them, and here comes is chance to turn in a little on account, to bind the bargain, ad now the men know how seriously I hold the debt. Dam-There was just a hint of fanaticism in his laugh; be Doctor looked at Grant quickly, then he sniffed, "Fine alk. Grant, fine talk for the next world, but it won't buy bees for the baby in this," and he turned away impatiently and went into a world of reality, leaving Grant Adams to njoy his Utopia.

That morning after breakfast, when Laura had gone home, he Doctor and his wife sitting alone went into the matter lather. "Of course," said the Doctor, "she'll see that he he gone away. But when should we tell her what he has

"Doctor," said the mother, "you leave his letter here here I can get it. I'm going over there and pack everying that rightfully may be called hers—I mean her dresses and trinkets—and such things as have in them no particular preserve of him. They shall come home. Then I'll lock up home."

The Doctor equinted up his eyes thoughtfully and said

slowly, "Well, that seems kind. I don't suppose you read her the whole letter. Just tell her he is going to for a divorce—tell her it's incompatibility. But his lisn't important." The Doctor sighed.

"Grant ought really to stay here another week—m we can stretch it to ten days—and let her have all the sponsibility she'll take. It'll help her over the first brackenyon is taking care of Lila—I suppose?" The De rose, stood by his wife and said as he found her hand:

"Poor Laura—poor Laura—and Lila! You know wh had her down town with me yesterday, in the hallway! ing to Joe Calvin's office, she met Tom—" The De looked away for a moment. "It was pretty toughlittle heart-break when he went by her without taking up!" The wife did not reply. The husband with his about her walked toward the door.

"You can't tell me, my dear, that Tom isn't payin know how that sort of thing gets under his skin—he's sensitive not to imagine all it means to the child." Nesbit's face hardened and her husband saw her biness. "I know, my dear—I know how you feel—I fee that, and yet in my very heart I'm sorry for poor He's swapping substance for shadow so recklessly—not in this, not merely with Laura—but with everything—ething."

"Good Lord, Jim, I don't see how you can agonize or wool-dyed scoundrel like that—perhaps you have some

for that Fenn bussy, too!"

"Well," squeaked the Doctor soberly—"I knew father—a lecherous old beast who brought her up wit restraint or morals—with a greedy philosophy pounded her by example every day of her life until she was seven years old. There's something to be said—even for her, dear—even for her."

"Well, Jim Nesbit," answered his wife, "I'll go a way with you in your tomfoolery, but so long as I've go draw the line somewhere I'll draw it right there."

The Doctor looked at the floor. "I suppose so-" sighed, then lifted his head and said: "I was just to think of all the sorrows that come into the world, of

the tragedies I ever knew, and I have concluded that this tragedy of divorce when it comes like this—as it has come to our daughter—is the greatest tragedy in the world. To love as she loved and to find every anchor to which she tied the faith of her life rotten, to have her heart seared with faithlessness—to see her child—her flesh and blood scorned, to have her very soul spat upon—that's the essence of sorrow, my dear."

He looked up into her eyes, bent to kiss her hand, and after he had picked up his cane and his hat from the rack, toddled down the walk to the street, a sad, thoughtful, worried little man, white-clad and serene to outward view, who had not even a whistle nor a vagrant tune under his breath to console

him.

That day, after her father's insistence, Laura Van Dorn changed from the night watch to the day nurse, and from that day on for ten days, she ministered to Grant Adams' Mechanically she read to him from such books as the house afforded-Tolstoi-Ibsen, Hardy, Howells,-but she was shut away from the meaning of what she read and even from the comments of the man under her care, by the consideration of her own problems. For to Laura Van Dorn it was a time of anxious doubt, of sad retrogression, of inner anguish. In some of the books were passages she had marked and read to her husband; and such pages calling up his dull comprehension of their beauty, or bringing back his scoffing words, or touching to the quick a hurt place in her heart, taxed her nerves heavily. But during the time while she sat by the injured man's bedside, she was glad in her heart of one thing-that she had an excuse for avoiding the people who called.

As Grant grew stronger—as it became evident that he must go soon, the woman's heart shrank from meeting the town, and she clung to each duty of the man's convalescence hungrily. She knew she must face life, that she must have some word for her friends about her tragedy. She felt that in going away, in suing for the divorce himself, her husband had made the break irrevocable. There was no resentment nor malice toward him in her heart. Yet the future seemed hopelessly black and terrible to her.

The afternoon before Grant Adams was to leave the Nesh home he was allowed to come down stairs, and he sat wither upon the side porch, all screened and protected by vin that led to her father's office. Laura's finger was in a bot they had been reading—it was "The Pillars of Society. The day was one of those exquisite days in mid-June, ar after a cooling rain the air was clear and seemed to put jointo one's veins.

"How modern he is—how American—how like Harvey, said the young man. "Ibsen might have lived right here this town, and written that," he added. He started raise his right arm, but a twinge of pain reminded him that the stump was bound, so he raised his left and cried:

"And I tell you, Laura—that's what I'm on earth if fight—the whole infernal system of pocket-picking and poor robbing, and public gouging that we permit under the professystem." The woman's thoughts were upon her own sol row, but she called herself back to smile and reply:

"All right, Grant-I'm with you. We may have to draft father and commandeer George Brotherton, and start out a

a pirate crew-but I'm with you."

"Let me tell you something," said the man. "I've no been loafing for the past two years. I've got Harvey—the men in the mines and smelter, I mean, fairly well unionized but the unions are nothing—nothing ultimate—they are only temporary."

"Well," returned the woman, soberly, "that's some

thing."

The man made no answer. With his free hand he was ruffling his red hair, and she could see the muscles of his jaw working, and she felt his great mouth harden as he flashed his blue eyes upon her. "Laura," he cried, "the may whip us this year. For a while they may scare the me into voting for prosperity, but as sure as we both live we shall see these times and these issues and these men who are promoting this devilish conspiracy eternally damned—all them—the issues, the times and the men who are leading And I don't want to hurt you, Laura, but," he added so emnly, "your husband must take his punishment with the rest."

They sat mute, then each heard the plaintive cry of a child running through the house. "She is looking for me," said Laura. In a moment a little wet-eyed girl was in her mother's arms, crying:

"I want my daddy—my dear daddy—I want him to come home—where is he?"

She sobbed in her mother's arms and held up her little face to look earnestly into the beautiful face above her, as she cried, "Is he gone—Annie Sands' new mamma says my papa's never coming back-Oh, I want my daddy-I want to go home."

She continued calling him and sobbing, and the mother

rose to take the child away.

"Laura!" cried Grant, in a passionate question. He saw the weeping child and the grief-stricken face of the mother. In an instant he held out his bony left hand to her and said gently: "God help you-God help you."

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH THE DEVIL FORMALLY TAKES THE TWO HINDERMOST AND CLOSES AN ACCOUNT IN HIS LEDGER

ARVEY tried sincerely to believe in Tom Van Dora up to the very day when it happened. For the town had accepted him gladly and unanimously as its most distinguished citizen. But when the town read in the Times one November day after he had come home from his political campaign through the east for sound money and the open mills—a campaign in which Harvey had seen him through the tinted glasses of the Harvey Daily Times as one of the men who had saved the country—when the town read

to the beckoning arms of Margaret Fenn. But the feeling of freedom, the knowledge that he could speak to any woman as he chose and no one could gainsay him legally, the consciousness that he had no ties which the law recognized—and with him law was the synonym of morality—the exuberant sense of relief from a bondage that was oppressive to him, overbore all the influence of the town's spirit of wrath in the air about him.

As for the morality of the town and what he regarded as its prudery—he scorned it. He believed he could live it down; he said in his heart that it was merely a matter of a few weeks, a few months, or a few years at most, before they would have some fresh ox to gore and forget all about him. He was sure that he could play upon the individual self-interest of the leaders of the community to make them respect him and ignore what he had done. But what he had done, did not bother him much. It was done.

He seemed to be free, yet was he free?

Now Thomas Van Dorn was thirty-eight years old that antumn. Whether he loved the woman he had abandoned or not, she was a part of his life. Counting the courtship during which he and this woman had been associated closely, rearly ten years of his life, half of the years of his man-bood—and that half the most active and effective part, had been spent with her. A million threads of memory in his brain led to her; when he remembered any important event in his life during those ten years, always the chain of associated thought led back to the image of her. There she was, fixed in his life; there she smiled at him through every hour of these ten years of their life, married or as lovers together.

For whom God had joined, not Joseph Calvin, not Joseph Calvin, sitting as Judge protem, not Joseph Calvin vested with all the authority of the great commonwealth in which he lived, could put asunder. That was curious. At times Thomas Van Dorn was conscious of this phenomenon, that he was free, yet bound, and that while there was no God, and the law was the final word, in all considerable things, some way the brain, or the mind that is fettered to the brain, or the soul that is built upon the aspect of the mind fettered to the brain, held him tethered to the past.

For our lives are not material, whatever our bodies may be Our lives are the accumulations of consciousness, the assembling of our memories, our affections, our judgments, or aspirations, our weaknesses, our strength—the vast sum of all our impressions, good or bad, made upon a material place called the brain. The brain is of the dust. The picture-which is a human life—is of the spirit. And the spirit is of God. And when by whatever laws of chance or greed, a high purpose or low desire two lives are joined until the cement of years has united the myriads of daily sensative that make up a segment of these lives, they are thus joine in the spirit forever.

Now Thomas Van Dorn went about his free life day he day, glorying in his liberty. But strands of his old life floating idly and unnoticed through minutes of his hour existence, kept tripping him and bothering him. His meal his clothes, his fixed habits of work, the manifold creature comforts that he prized—all the associations of his life with home—came to him a thousand, thousand times and cut he knife-edged rents in the fabric of his new freedom.

And he would have said a year before that it was physically impossible for one child—one small, fair-haired child of five, with pleading face and eager eyes—to meet a man soften in a given period of time, as Lila met him. At first I had avoided her; he would duck into stores; hurry up stai ways, or hide himself in groups of men on the sidewalk whe he saw her coming. Then there came a time when he know that the little figure was slipping across the street to avoid him because his presence shamed her with her playmates.

He had never in his heart believed that the child mean much to him. She was merely part of the chain that he him, and yet now that she was not of him or his interests, is seemed to Thomas Van Dorn that she made a piteous figur upon the street, and that the sadness that flitted over he face when she saw him, in some way reproached him, and yet—what right had she in him—or why should he let be annoy him, or disturb his peace and the happiness that he freedom brought. Materially he noticed that she was we fed, well dressed, and he knew that she was well house. What more could she have—but that was absurd. Be 't wreck his life for the mere chance that a child should ed a little. There was no sense in such a proposition. 'homas Van Dorn's life was regulated by sensen sense—horse sense, he called it.

curious—and scores of Tom Van Dorn's friends wonit it then and have marveled at it since, that in the
inths which elapsed between his divorce and his rege, he did not fathom the shallowness and pretense of
the Fenn. But he did not fathom them. Her glib
ken mechanically from cheap philosophy about being
ou think you are, about shifting moral responsibility
indicated intentions, about living for the present and ignorin past with the uncertain future, took him in com-

She used to read books to him, sitting in the glow red lamp-shade—a glow that brought out hidden hints splendid feline body, books which soothed his vanity lled his mind. In that day he fancied her his intelequal. He thought her immensely strong-minded, He contrasted her in thought with the had put away, told Margaret that Laura was always about duty and getting her conscience pinched and They agreed sitting there under the lamp, z about it. ey had been mates in some far-off jungle, that they en parted and had been seeking one another through nd that when their souls met one of the equations of vsical universe was solved, and that their happiness e adjustment of ages of wrong. She thought him the illiant of men; he deemed her the most wonderful of and the devil checked off two drunken fools in his

as in those halcyon days of his courtship of Margaret when he felt the pride of conquest of another soul and rongly upon him, that Judge Thomas Van Dorn beacquire—or perhaps to exhibit noticeably—the turkey gait, that ever afterwards went with him, and became as the Van Dorn Strut. It was more than mere knee—though knee action did characterize it prominently. rut properly speaking began at the tip of his hat—t, black hat that sat so cockily upon his head. His ras thrown back as though he had been pulled by a

check-rein. His shoulders swung jauntily—more than j tily, call it insolently—as he walked, and his trunk swi with some stateliness as his proud hands and legs formed their grand functions. But withal he bowed smiled—with much condescension—and lifted his hat from his handsome head, and when women passed he do it like a flag in a formal salute, and while his body spe complacence, his face never lost the charm and grace courtesy that drew men to him, and held them in spit his faults.

One bitter cold December day, when the wind was blow sleet down Market Street, and hardly a passer-by darke the doors of the stores, the handsome Judge sailed eight the Amen Corner, fumbled over the magazines, pleout a pocketful of cigars from the case, without calling Brotherton who was in the rear of the store working a his accounts, lighted a cigar, and stood looking out of frosted window at the deserted gray windy street, uttignoring the presence of Captain Morton who was preting to be deeply buried in the National Tribune, but who watching the Judge and trying to summon courage to sp. The Judge unbuttoned his modish gray coat that ne reached his heels and put his hands behind him for a momas he puffed and pondered—apparently debating someth "Judge," said the Captain suddenly and then the

tain's courage fell and he added, "Bad morning."
"Yes," acquiesced the Judge from his abstraction.
long pause that followed, Captain Morton swallowed at
a peek of Adam's apples that kept coming up to choke
and then he cleared his throat and spoke:

"Tom-Tom Van Dorn-look around here." He low his voice and went on, "I want to talk to you." The

tain edged over on the bench.

"Sit down here a minute—I've been wanting to see for a month." Captain Morton spoke all but in a whis The Adam's apple kept strangling him. The Judge that the old man was wrestling with some heavy prob He turned, and looking down at the little wizened rasked: "Well, Captain?"

The Captain moistened his lips, patted his toes on

and twirled his fingers. He took a deep breath and "Tom, I've known you since you were twenty-one old. Do you remember how we took you in the first you came to town-me and mother! before the was done, eh?" A smile on the Judge's face emned the Captain. "You've got brains, Tom-lots of 8-I often say Tom Van Dorn will sit in the big at the White House yet—what say? Well, Tom—" there was the place to say it. But the Captain's i's apple bobbed convulsively in a second silence. He ed to take a fresh start: "Tom, you're a sensible -! I says to myself I'm going to have a plain talk to He's smart: he'll appreciate it. Just the other George back there, and John Kollander and Dick Bowand old man Adams, and Joe Calvin, and Kyle Perry in here talking and I says-Gentlemen, that boy's rains-lots of brains-eh? and he's a prince; 'y gory a e, that's what Tom Van Dorn is, and I can go to him talk to him-what say?" The Captain was on the Slowly there mantled over the face of the e the gray scum of a fear. And the scar on his foreflashed crimson. The Captain saw that he had been pated. He began patting his toes on the floor. Judge Dorn's face was set in a cement of resistance.

Tell?" barked the Judge. The little man's lips dried, niled weakly, and licked his lips and said: "It was my sprocket—my Household Horse—I says, Tom Van understands it if you gentlemen don't and some day and me will talk it over and 'y gory—he'll buy some—he'll back me."

e Captain's nervous voice had lifted and he was talking it the clerk and Mr. Brotherton both in the back part of tore might hear. The cement of the Judge's counteeracked in a smile, but the gray mantle of fear still red across his eyes.

Ill right, Captain," he answered, "some other time low—I'm in a hurry," and went strutting out into the

r. Brotherton with his moon face shining into the ledger bed a great clacking laugh and got up from his stool to

come to the cigar case, saying, "Well, say—Cap—if yo a' went on with what you started out to say, I'd a' give dollars—say, I'd a' made it ten dollars—say!" And laughed again a laugh that seemed to set all the cellulois the plush covered, satin lined toilet cases on the new cour a-flutter. He walked down the store with elephantine treas he laughed, and then the door opened and Dr. Ne came in. Five months had put a perceptible bow into shoulders, and an occasional cast of uncertainty into twinkling eyes.

Mr. Brotherton called half down the store, "Say, De you should have been here a minute ago, and seen the C tain bristle up to Tom Van Dorn about his love affair then get cold feet and try to sell him some Household He stock," The Captain grinned sheepishly, the Doctor pa the Captain affectionately on the shoulder and chirped.

"So you went after him, did you, Ezry?" The loose of his face twitched, "Poor Tom—packing up his career petticoat and going forth to fuss with God—no sense-sense," piped the Doctor, glancing over the headlines in Star. The Captain, still clinging to the subject that been too much for him, remarked: "Doc—don't you the some one ought to tell him?" The Doctor put down paper, stroked his pompadour and looking over his glass answered:

"Ezry—if some one hasn't told him—no one ever cantried to tell him once myself. I talked pretty middlin' ple Ezry." He was speaking softly, then he piped out, "what a man's heart doesn't tell him, his friends can't. So Ezry, a strong friend is often a good tonic for a weak hear The Doctor looked at the Captain, then concluded: "T was a brave, kind act you tried to do—and I warr you got it to him—some way. He's a keen one—Ezry mighty keen one; and he understood."

Mr. Brotherton went back to his ledger; the Do plunged into the Star, the Captain folded up his newspe and began studying the trinkets in the holiday stock in show case under the new books. A comb and brush with toise shell backs seemed to arrest his eyes. "Doc," mused, "Christmas never comes that I don't think of-

mother! I guess I'd just about be getting that comb and ash for her." The Doctor casually looked through the w case and saw what had attracted the Captain. Doc," again the Captain spoke, bending over the case th his face turned from his auditor: "You're a doctor d are supposed to know lots. Tell me this: How does a m break it to a woman when he wants to leave her-1" Without waiting for an answer the Captain went on: and this is what puzzles me—how does he get used to anher one-with that one still living? You tell me that. I think he'd be scared all the time that he would do someing the way his first wife had trained him not to. arse," meditated the Captain, "right at first, I suppose a an may feel a little coltish and all. But, Doc, honest and when mother first left I kind of thought—well, I used enjoy swearing a little before we was married, and I says myself I guess I may as well have a damn or two as I go long-but, Doc, I can't do it. Eh? Every time I set off me fireworks—she fizzles; I can see mother looking at that way." The old man went on earnestly: "Tell k, Doc, you're a smart man—how Tom Van Dorn can b it. What say? 'Y gory I'd be scared—right now! and if I thought I had to get used all over again to another wan, and her ways of doing things—say of setting her head Friday night, and having a hot brick for her feet and letting her hair in her teeth when she done it up, and dosthe children with sassafras tea in spring-I'd just turally take to the woods, eh? And as for learning over min all the peculiarities of a new set of kin and what they like to eat and died of, and how they all treated their wives, and who they married—Doc! Doc!" in shook a dubious and doleful head. "Fourteen years, oc," sighed the Captain. "Pretty happy years—children ming on,—trouble visiting us with the rest; sorrow—hapskimping and saving; her a-raking and scraping to ske a good appearance, and make things do; me trying one ing and another, to make our fortune and her always kind d encouraging, and hopeful; death standing between us d both of us sitting there by the kitchen stove trying to the up some kind of prayer to comfort the other. Fourteen years of it, Doc—her and me, and her so patient forbearing—Doc—you're a smart man—tell me, Doc, I did Tom Van Dorn get around to actually doing it? We say?"

The Doctor waved his folded paper in an impatient gest

at the Captain.

"We are all products of our yesterdays, Ezry; we what we were, and we will be what we were. Man is que Sometimes out of the depth of him a god rises—sometimes a beast. I've sat by the bed and seen life gasp into be I've stood in the ranks and fought with men as you hand have seen them fight and then again have seen turn tail like cowards. I have sat by the bed and seen sigh into the dust. What is life—what is the God quickens and directs us,—why and how and whence Ezry Morton, man—I don't know. And as for Tom—that roaring hell of lust and lying and cheap parching p where he is plunging—why, Ezry, I could almost cry for

fool; the damned beforehand fool!"

As the Doctor went whistling homeward through the st that winter night he wondered how many more months black spell of grief and despair would cover his daugh Five months had passed since that summer day when home had fallen. He knew how tragic her struggle wa fit herself into her new environment. She was dwell but not living in the Nesbit home. It was the Nesbit he a kindly abode, but not her home. Her home was g The severed roots of her life kept stirring in her memor in her heart, and outwardly, her spirit showed a with and unhappy being, trying to rebuild life, to readjust it after the shock that all but kills. The Doctor realized w an agony the new growth was bringing, and that ni stirred somewhat to somber meditation by Captain Mort reflections, the Doctor's tune was a doleful little tune a whistled into the wind. Excepting Kenyon Adams, still came daily bringing his violin and was rapidly lear all that she knew of the theory of music, Laura Van I had no interest in life outside of her family. When Adamses came to dinner as frequently they came-L

to feel no constraint with them. Grant had even er laugh with stories of Dick Bowman's struggles to ed card socialist, and to vote the straight socialist and still keep in ward politics in which he had been a reler for nearly twenty years. Laura was interested organization of the unions, and though the Doctor at it and made fun of Grant, it was largely to stir up so in which his daughter would take a vital in-

It was getting something more than a local reputation reircles as an agitator, and was in demand as an orin different parts of the valley. He worked at his nore or less, having rigged up a steel device on the of his right forearm that would hold a saw, a plane or ner. But he was no longer a boss carpenter at the

His devotion to the men and in the work they were seemed to the Nesbits to awaken in their daughter a terest in life, and so they made many obvious ex-

o have the Adamses about the Nesbit home.

ron was growing into a pale, dreamy child with woneyes, lustrous, deep, thoughtful and kind. He was nad, and read all the poetry in the Nesbit library— Doctor leved poetry as many men love wine. Heroid mythology, romances and legends Kenyon read day ay between his hours of practice, and for diversion the before the fire or in the sun of a chilly afternoon, g them in such language as little Lila could under-

So in the black night of sorrow that enveloped her, Nesbit often spent an hour with Grant Adams, and

of much that was near her heart.

ras strong, sometimes she thought him coarse and raw. Red the jargon of the agitator with the enthusiasm of sh and the vernacular of the mine and the shop and ge. But in him she could see the fire of a mad connassion for humanity.

ng those days of shame and misery, when the old inof life were dying in her heart, interests upon which builded since her childhood—the interests of home, ren. of wifehood and motherhood, to which in joy she had consecrated herself, she listened often to Grant Ad.
Until there came into her life slowly and feebly,
almost without her conscious realization of it, a new via
a new hope, a new path toward usefulness that makes for

only happiness.

As the Doctor went whistling into the storm that Decenight, he went over in his mind rather seriously the mean and the direction and the final outcome of those small, conscious buddings of interest in social problems that he putting forth in his daughter's mind. Above everythelse, he was not a reformer. He hated the reformer to But he preferred to see her interested in the work of G. Adams—even though he considered Grant mildly cranand felt that his growing power in the valley was dange—rather than to see her under the black pall that enveloper.

It was early in the evening as the Doctor went up the He passed Judge Van Dorn, striding along and saw turn into Congress Street to visit his lady love. The Judge rational along and the Judge rather processed a large roll of architect's plans under his arm. Doctor nodded to the Judge, and the Judge rather processed that he was free and did not have to slink to his lady's be returned a gracious good evening, and his tall, straight fis went prancing down the street. When the Doctor enter his home, he found Laura and Lila sitting by the open The child was in her night gown and they were discuss Santa Claus. Lila was saying:

"Kenyon told me Santa Claus was your father ?"

Before the mother could reply the little voice went on "I wonder if my Santa Claus will come this year—will mother!—Why doesn't father ever come to us, mother

why doesn't he play with me when I see him?"

Now there is the story of the absent one that parents—the legend about God and Heaven and the angels—a be tiful and comforting legend it is for small minds, and be merciful, God may in His own way bring us to realize it deed and in truth. When the lonely father or the breaked mother tells the desolate child that legend, chood finds surcease there for its sorrow. But when the no God, no Heaven, no angels to whom the absent one

hers answer? What surcease for its sorrow has the little hely, aching heart in that sad case? What then, "ye merry atlemen that nothing may dismay"?

CHAPTER XXV

IN WHICH WE SEE TWO TEMPLES AND THE CONTENTS TH

T was an old complaint in Harvey that the H Tribune was too much of a bulletin of the doings. Adams family and their friends. But when a ma all the type on a paper, writes all the editorials and go the news he may be pardoned if he takes first such new near his hand. Thus in the May that followed even down in the last chapter we find in the Tribune a few of interest to the readers of this narrative. We lear instance that Captain Ezra Morton who is introducing Nonesuch Sewing Machine, paid his friends in Pro school district a visit; that Jasper Adams has been proto superintendent of deliveries in Wright & Perry's: that Kenyon Adams entertained his friends in the Grade of the South Harvey schools with a violin solo of last day of school; that Grant Adams had been made as to the secretary of the National Building Trades As tion in South Harvey; that Mr. George Brotherton Miss Emma Morton and Martha and Ruth had enjoy pleasant visit with the Adamses Sunday afternoon and resumed an enjoyable buggy ride after partaking of a ch dinner. In the editorial column were some reflection dently in Mr. Left's most lucid style and a closing para containing this: "Happiness and character," said the Blow Philosopher, "are inseparable: but how easy it be happy in a great, beautiful house; or to be unhappy comes to that in a great, beautiful house: Environment influence character; but all the good are not poor, nor a rich bad. Therefore, the Peach Blow Philosopher tal the woods. He is willing to leave something to the Almighty and the continental congress.

As Dr. Nesbit sat reading the items above set forth

TWO TEMPLES AND THE CONTENTS

his home, he smiled. It was late afternoon. He had hard day's work—some of it among the sick, some of ng the needy—the needy in the Doctor's bright lexicon those who tried to persuade him that they needed al offices. "I cheer up the sick, encourage the needy, or 'em both, and sometimes for their own good have o 'em all,' he used to say in that day when the duties profession and the care of his station as a ruling boss tics were oppressing him. Dr. Nesbit played politics ame. But he pla, ed always to win.

d Linen Pants is a bland old scoundrel," declared Opinion, about the corridors of the political hotel at pital. "But he is as ruthless as iron, as smooth as oil, bitter as poison when he sets his head on a proposition.—he buys men in all the ways the devil teaches them—offices, power, honor, cash in hand, promises, presnything that a man wants, Old Linen Pants will for, and then get that man. Humorous old devil, quoth Public Opinion. "Laughs, quotes scripture, in a little Greek philosophy, and knows all the new, but never forgets whose play it is, nor what cards the control of the con

as he remained longer and longer in the game, as his term as state Senator began to lengthen, the game nd there began to lose in his mouth something of its savor. That afternoon as he sat on the veranda king the lawn shaded by the elm trees of his greatest Dr. Nesbit was discoursing to Mrs. Nesbit, who was and paid little heed to his animadversions; it was muy rather than a conversation—a soliloquy accomby an obligato of general mental disagreement from fe of his bosom, who expressed herself in sniffs and and scornful staccato interjections as the soliloquy. Here are a few bars of it transcribed for begin-

n the Doctor's solo: "Heigh-ho—ho hum—Two l States Senators, one slightly damaged Governor, I down, five congressmen and three liars, one supreme justice, also a liar, a working interest in a second,

and a slight equity in a third; organization of the Se speaker of the house,—forty liars and thirty thieves—t

my political assets, my dear."

"I wish you'd quit politics, Doctor, and attend to practice," this by way of accompaniment from Mrs. No The Doctor was in a playful and facetious mood that p ant afternoon.

He leaned back in his chair, reached up in the air outstretched arms, clapped his hands three times, go kicked his shoe-heels three times at the end of his a little legs, smiled and proceeded: "Liabilities of Jo Nesbit, dealer in public grief, licensed dispenser of prijoy, purveyor of Something Equally Good, item one, for nine gentlemen who think they've been promised thirt jobs—but they are mistaken, they have been told only I'll do what I can for them—which is true; item two, thundred friends who want something and may ask at minute; item three, seventy-five men who will be or been primed up by the loathed opposition to demand jitem four, Tom Van Dorn who is as sure as guns to this about a year he has to have a vindication by running another term; item five—"

"He can't have it," from Mrs. Nesbit, and then the pi

voice went on:

"Item six, a big, husky fight in Greeley county for maharaja of Harvey and the adjoining provinces." A sigh rose from the Doctor, then followed more clappin hands and kicking of heels and some slapping of suspens as the voices of Kenyon and Lila came into the veranda f the lawn, and the Doctor cast up his accounts: "Let's now—naught's a naught and figure's a figure and carry and subtract the profits and multiply the trouble and have a busted community. Correct," he piped, "Bed my dear, observe a busted community. Your affectio lord and master, kind husband, indulgent father, good zen gone but not forgotten. How are the mighty fallen.

"Doctor," snapped Mrs. Nesbit, "don't be a fool; me, James, will Tom Van Dorn want to run again?" Making a basket with his hands for the back of his l the Doctor answered slowly, "Ho-ho-ho! Oh, I don't k sould say—yes. He'll just about have to run—for a ation."

ell, you'll not support him! I say you'll not support Mrs. Nesbit decided, and the Doctor echoed blandly: nen I'll not support him. Where's Laura!" he asked

ie went down to South Harvey to see about that kinderi she's been talking of. She seems almost cheerful
the way Kenyon is getting on with his music. She says
ild reads as well as she now and plays everything on the
that she can play on the piano. "Doctor," added
Vesbit meditatively, "now about those oriental rugs we
going to put upstairs—don't you suppose we could
he money we were going to put there and help Laura
that kindergarten? Perhaps she'd take a real interest:
through those children down there." The wife hesiand asked, "Would you do it?"

Doctor drummed his chair arm thoughtfully, then is thumbs in his suspenders. "Greater love than this to woman shown, my dear—that she gives up oriental for a kindergarten—by all means give it to her."

mes, Lila still grieves for her father."

**," answered the Doctor sadly, "and Henry Fenn was office this morning begging me to give him something rould kill his thirst."

doctor brought his hands down emphatically on his arms. "Duty, Bedelia, is the realest obligation in orld. Here are Lila and Henry Fenn. What a miserest of tommy rot about soul-mating Tom and this Fenn conjured up to get away from their duty to child usband. They have swapped a place with the angels right to wallow with the hogs; that's what all their fine amounts to." The Doctor's shrill voice rose. don't fool me. They don't fool any one; they don't ool each other. I tell you, my dear." he chirped as a from his chair, "I never saw one of those illicit love in life or heard of it in literature that was not just old fashion, downright, beastly selfishness. Duty is a r thing in life than what the romance peddlers call

The Doctor stood looking at his wife questioningly—waiting for some approving response. She kept on sewing. "Oh you Satterthwaites with hearts of marble," he cried as he patted the cast iron waves of her hair and went chuckling into the house.

Mrs. Nesbit was aroused from her reverie by the rattle of the Adams buggy. When it drew up to the curb Laura and Grant climbed out and came up the walk. Laura wore a simple summer dress that brought out all the exquisite coloring of her skin, and made her light hair shine in a kind of haloed glory. It had been months since the mother had seen in her daughter's face such a smile as the daughter gave to the man beside her—red-faced, angular, hard muscled, in his dingy blue carpenter's working clothes with his measuring rule and pencil sticking from his apron pocket, and with his crippled arm tipped by its steel toolholder.

"Grant is going to take that box of Lila's toys down to the

kindergarten, mother," she explained.

When they had disappeared up the stairs Mrs. Neshit could hear them on the floor above and soon the heavy feet of the man carrying a burden were on the stairs and in another

minute the young woman was saying:

"Leave them by the teacher's desk, Grant," and as he untied the horse, she called, "Now you will get that door in to-night without fail—won't you? I'll be down and we'll put in the south partition in the morning." As she turned from the door she greeted her mother with a smile and

dropped wearily into a chair.

"Oh mother," she cried, "it's going to be so fine. Grant has the room nearly finished and he's interesting the wives of the union men in South Harvey and George Brotherton is going to give us every month all the magazines and periodicals that are not returnable and George brought down a lot of Christmas numbers of illustrated papers, and we're cutting the bright pictures out and pinning them on the wall and George himself worked with us all afternoom George says he is going to make every one of his lodges contribute monthly to the kindergarten—he belongs to everything but the Ladies of the G. A. R.—" she smiled and

led with her,—"and Grant says the unions ay half of the salary of the extra teacher. easier."

, don't you think-"

t you stop me till I'm done—for this is the y Sands came down to-day to help—'' Laura at her mother's surprised glance, "and Morty e us \$200 for the kindergarten just as soon as out of his father for expense money." She, tired breath, "There," she sighed, "that's

d came up and the mother caught the little playing with her, tying her hair ribbon, her skirts, rubbing a dirt speck from her ling the little one rapturously in her arms. women were alone, Laura sat on the veranda head resting upon her mother's knee. The the soft hair and said: "Laura, you are

r," the daughter answered. "The mothers or help down there in South Harvey, and," le drearily—"so am I; so we are speaking a ge."

er head in the lap above her. "And I'm gomething worth doing—something fine and

the lazy clouds, "You know I'm glad about Grant thinks Morty sincerely wants to hing real—to help and be more than a money see old spider would just let him out of the other stared at her daughter a second., about the only money grubbing Morty seems rubbing money out of his father to maintain

smiled and the mother went on with her r, did you know that little Ruth Morton is taking vocal lessons this summer?' The r head. "Grant says Mr. Brotherton's paythinks she has a wonderful voice."

"Voice-" cut in Mrs. Nesbit, "why Laura, the c

only fourteen-voice-!"

Laura answered, "Yes, mother, but you've never her sing; she has a beautiful, deep, contralto voice, but treble above 'C' is a trifle squeaky, and Mr. Brotherton he's 'going to have it oiled'; so she's to 'take vocal' larly."

On matters musical Mrs. Nesbit believed she had a to know the whole truth, so she asked: "Where doe

Brotherton come in, Laura ?"

"Oh, mother, he's always been a kind of god-fath You know as well as I that Emma's been those girls. ing with that funeral choir of yours and Mr. Brother all these years, only because he got her into it, and says he's kept Mrs. Herdicker from discharging Marth two years, just by sheer nerve. Of course Grant go from Mr. Brotherton but Grant says Martha's so pretty such a trial to Mrs. Herdicker! I like Martha, but, me she just thinks she should be carried round on a chip be of her brown eyes and red hair and dear little snubby Grant says Mr. Brotherton is trying to get the money way to float the Captain's stock company and pu Household Horse on the market, I think Mr. Brother a fine man, mother-he's always doing things to help ple."

Mrs. Neshit folded up her work, and began to "George Brotherton, Laura," said her mother as she at full length looking down upon her child, "has a voi an angel, and perhaps the heart of a god, but he wi onions and during the twenty years I've been singing him I've never known him to speak a correct sent

Common, Laura-common as dishwater."

As Laura Van Dorn talked the currents of life eduabout her were reflected in what she said. But she not know the spirit that was moving the currents; for a neighborly shyness those who were gathering about were careful to seem casual in their kindness, and she not know how deeply they were moved to help her. Kingartens were hardly in George Brotherton's line; yet he tied old bundles of papers, ransacked his shop and brought

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of old posters and picture papers to her. Captain ought a beloved picture of his army Colonel to room, and deaf John Kollander, who had a low the ignorant foreigners and the riff-raff and scum which Laura was trying to help, wished none the p her, and came down one day with a flag for room and insisted upon making a speech to the patriotism. He made nothing clear to them but t quite clear to himself that they were getting a charity, which they little deserved, and never irn. And to Laura he conveyed the impression usidered her mission a madness, but for her and which she was fighting, he had appreciative

He must have impressed his emotions upon his e came down and talked elaborately about starting chool in the building, and after planning it all out. and forgot it. The respectable iron gray sidef Ahab Wright once relieved the dingy school n Ahab looked in and the next day Kyle Perry of the firm of Wright & Perry came trudging into garten with a huge box which he said contained a at-a-p-p-pppat-pat-" here he swallowed and over and finally said p-p-patent," and then started ong struggle with the word swing, but he never and until Laura opened the box she thought Mr. brought her a soda fountain. But Nathan Perry. no came wandering down to the place one after-Anne Sands, put up the swing, and suggested a practical devices for the teacher to save time and r work, while Anne Sands in her teens looked on observes a major god completing a bungling job is on a newly contrived world.

es coming home from his day's work Amos Adams p in for a chat with the tired teacher, and he ser curiously with his quiet manner and his unworldliness, and his tough, unyielding optimism. lectures for the children. He would watch them mes, try to play with them himself in a pathetic, ed way, telling them fairy stories of an elder nmer day than ours. Sometimes Doctor Nesbit,

coming for Laura in his buggy, would find Amos in the school room, and they would fall to their everlasting debat upon the reality of time and space with the Doctor enjoying hugely his impious attempt to couch the terminology of the school of the terminology of the school of the sc

abstract philosophy in his Indiana vernacular.

Lida Bowman bringing her little brood sometimes would sit silently watching the children, and look at Laura as a about to speak, but she always went away with her mind at relieved. Violet Hogan, who brought her beruffled as bedizened eldest, made up for Mrs. Bowman's reticene Moreover Violet brought other mothers and there was must talk on the topics of the day—talk that revealed to Laur Nesbit a whole philosophy that was new to her—the help

fulness of the poor to the poor.

But if others brought to Laura Van Dorn materi strength and spiritual comfort in her enterprise, Gra-Adams waved the wand of his steel claw over the kindergs ten and made it live. For he was a power in the Wah Valley. Her friends knew that his word gave the kinds garten the endorsement of every union there and thus broug to it mothers with children and with problems as well children, whom Laura Van Dorn otherwise never cou have reached. The unions made a small donation month to the work which gave them the feeling of proprietorsh in the place and the mothers and children came in se respect. But if Grant gave life to the kindergarten, he s more than he gave. For the restraining hand of Lau Van Dorn always was upon him, and his friends in Valley came to realize her friendship for them and the cause. They knew that many a venture of Grant's Utog would have been a wild goose chase but for the wisdom her counsel. And the two came to rely upon each other unconsciously.

So in the ugly little building near Dooley's saloon in Southarvey the two towns met and worked together; and to heal a broken heart, a bruised life. From out of unexplored realm where our dreams are blooming into fruit of reality one evening came Mr. Left with this message "Whoever in the joy of service gives part of himself to vast sum of sacrificial giving that has remained unsured."

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an began to walk erect, is adding to humanity's he building an unseen temple wherein mankind is a rom its own inhumanity. This sum of sacrific

is the temple not made with hands!"

the foundations of that part of the temple not mainds in South Harvey, may be said to have been last watertable set on the day when Laura Van Doughed the bell-chime laugh of her girlhood. An many came well along in the summer. It was twilighted Doctor was sitting with his wife and daughter of a set veranda when Morty Sands came flitting across n like a striped miller moth in a broad-banded outing he waved gayly to the little company in the veranda ne up the steps at two bounds, though he was a man many-eight and just the least bit weazened.

ll," he said, with his greetings scarcely off his lips,

e to tell you I've sold the colt!"

chorus repeated his announcement as a question.

sold the colt," solemnly responded Morty. And led, "Father just wouldn't! I tried to get that two in various ways—adding it to my cigar bill; slipn on my bill for raiment at Wright & Perry's, but nned Kyle down, and he stuttered out the truth. get the horse-doctor to charge the two hundred bill and when father uncovered that—I couldn't longer so I've sold the colt!"

Morty, what for in Heaven's name?" asked Laura. an fumbling in his pockets before he spoke. He ile, but as his hand came out of an inside pocket, tily: "For two hundred and seventeen dollars

I fought an hour for that half dollar!" He the Doctor, saying: "It's for the kindergarten.

for her, Doctor Jim!"

ty had gone Mrs. Nesbit said: "What queer ands blood is, Doctor. There is Mary Sands's boy, and Daniel has bred nothing into him. ave been a queer breed a generation or two

did not answer. He took the money which n to him, handed it to Laura and said: "And

now my dear, accept this token of devotion from Sir Me mer Sands, of the golden heart and wooden head!" then Laura laughed, not in derision, not in merriment e but in sheer joy that life could mean so much. And she laughed the temple not made with hands began to strong and beautiful in her heart and in the hearts of who touched her.

How they would have sneered at Laura Van Dorn's ni in the temple, those practical folk who helped her became they loved her. How George Brotherton would he laughed; with what suspicion John Kollander would he viewed the kindergarten, if he had been told that it " part of a temple. For he had no sort of an idea of lett. the rag-tag and bob-tail of South Harvey into a temple; knew very well they deserved no temple. They were sim less and wicked. How Wright & Perry would have snis at any one who would have called the dreary little de where Laura Van Dorn held forth, a temple. For they pretended to see only the earthly dimensions of mate things. But in their hearts they knew the truth. It is American way to mask the beauty of our nobler selves. real selves under a gibing deprecation. So we wear the neer of materialism, and beneath it we are intense ideals And woe to him who reckons to the contrary!

Perhaps the town's views on temples in general a Laura's temple in particular, was summed up by Hi Herdicker, Prop., when she read Mr. Left's reflections in "Temples-eh!-temples not made with hand is it? Well, Miss Laura can get what comfort she can of her baby shop; but me? Every man to his trade as H Perry said when he tried to buy a dozen seissors and ge sewing machine—me?—I get my heart balm selling and if others gets theirs coddling brats—'tis the good G wisdom that makes us different and no business of miss long as they bring grist to the profit mill! The tree

with their temples is that they don't pay taxes!"

So in the matter of putting up temples—particulars the matter of erecting temples not made with hands. town worked blindly. But so far as Laura Van Dorm! concerned, while she was working on her part of the

n of youth still in her heart. Youth indeed very soul that life has not tarnished, and if 1, hold ourselves true and bow to no circum-rogant it may be, youth still will abide in 2h many years. Now Laura, who was born ne Van Dorn, was taking up life with that at comes to every unconquered soul. She s, she believed in herself, and youth shone m her face and glowed in her body.

m her face and glowed in her body.

I an Dorn, who had been her husband, she self to hold no unkind thought. She even en the child asked for him—to harbor no m. So the child turned to her father when tural face of a child; it was a sad little face ough no one else ever saw it sad; but the n she spoke and looked gently at him, in the ay he would come back to her.

ned that on the night when Laura's laugh ugh her temple another rising temple wit-

y entirely befitting its use.

that night when a pale moon was climbey below the town, Margaret and her lover ne great unfinished house which they were

uncurtained windows the moonlight was ig white splashes upon the floors. avs they wandered locating the halls, the 1. the spacious dining-room, the airy, comis exposed to the south, the library, the ballroom on the third floor. It was to be a is house of Van Dorn. And in their fancy woman called it the temple of love erected he love god whom they worshiped. They nany a merry company. They saw the rich 1 the dining-room. They pictured in this apering through the ball room. They enand contentment in the library. In the n they installed elegance and luxury, and ned with ostentatious pride for the coming obility as Harvey and its environs and the surrounding state and Nation could produce. A gr proud temple, a rich, beautiful temple, a strong, maste

temple would be this temple of love.

"And, dearest," said he—the master of the house, a held her in his arms at the foot of the stairway that so down into the broad hall like the ghost of some bare grandeur, "dearest, what do we care what they say! have built it for ourselves—just for you, I want it for you; not friends, not children, not any one but This is to be our temple of love."

She kissed him, and whined wordless assent. Then whispered: "Just you-you, you, and if man, woman child come to mar our joy or to lessen our love, God the intruder." And like a flaming torch she fluttere

his arms.

The summer breeze came caressingly through an uncl window into the temple. It seemed—the summer by which fell upon their cheeks-like the benediction of a pagan god; their god of love perhaps. For the grand he the rich house, the beautiful, masterful temple of t mad love was made for summer breezes.

But when the rain came, and the storms fell and beat v that house, they found that it was a house built upon s But while it stood and even when it fell there was a ten a real temple, a temple made with hands—a temple all Harvey and all the world could understand!

CHAPTER XXVI

BEST STARTS ON A LONG UPWARD BUT DEVIOUS JOURNEY

HE Van Dorns opened their new house without ostentation the day after their marriage in October. There was no reception; the handsomest hack in town d for them at the railway station, as they alighted from imited from Chicago. They rode down Market Street. e Avenue to Elm Crest Place, drove to the new house. hat night it was lighted. That was all the ceremony rusewarming which the place had. The Van Dorns what the town thought of them. They made it plain They allowed no second they thought of the town. people to crowd into the house as guests while the first people smiled, and the third rate people sniffed. e had some difficulty keeping Mrs. Van Dorn to their She was impatient—having nothing in particular nk about, and being proud of her furniture. Naturally, were calls—a few. And they were returned with some iliousness. But the people whom the Van Dorns were us to see did not call. In the winter, the Van Dorns to Florida for a fortnight, and put up at a hotel where could meet a number of persons of distinction whom courted, and whom the Van Dorns pressed to visit them. she came home from the winter's social excursion, Van Dorn went straight to the establishment of Mrs. icker, Prop., and bought a hat; and bragged to Mrs. icker of having met certain New York social digniin Florida whose names were as familiar to the Harvey n as the names of their hired girl's beaux! started this tale of her social prowess on its career. aret was more easily restrained by her husband from ng the house to the Plymouth Daughters for an enterent. It was in that spring that Margaret began—or

perhaps they both began to put on what George Brother called the "Van Dorn remnant sale." The parade part down Market Street every morning at eight thirty. It is sisted of one handsome rather overdressed man and one be tiful rather conspicuously dressed woman. On fair of they rode in a rakish-looking vehicle known as a trap, in bad weather they walked through Market Street. At foot of the stairs leading to the Judge's office they part with all the voltage of affection permitted by the canon propriety and at five in the evening, Mrs. Van Dorn appeared on Market Street, and at the foot of the stabefore the Judge's office, the parade resumed its cour "Well—say," said George Brotherton, "right smart the line of staple and fancy love that firm is carrying

tle line of staple and fancy love that firm is carrying season. Rather nice titles too; good deal of full bindings—well, say—glancing at the illustrations, I sho like to read the text. But man—say—hear your Un George! With me it's always a sign of low stock when I it all in the window and the show ease! Well, say—"he laughed like the ripping of an earthquake. "It tainly looks to me as if they were moving the line for

quick turnover at a small profit! Well say!"

But without the complicated ceremony required to the town that he was pleased with his matrimonial bar the handsome Judge was a busy man. Every time h Dr. Neshit toddling up or down Market Street, or th South Harvey, or in the remotenesses of Foley or Ma the Judge whipped up his energies. For he knew the Doctor never lost a fight through overconfidence the Judge, alone for the first time in his career, set, bring about his nomination, where a nomination me election. Now a judge who showed the courage of victions, as Judge Van Dorn had shown his courage ing settlements in the mine accident cases and in matters of occasional interest, was rather more imp needed by the mine owners of Harvey than the boss, who merely used the mine owner's money to e his own ends, and incidentally work out the owner tion. Daniel Sands played both sides, which was Van Dorn could ask. But when the Doctor saw t

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was giving secret aid to Van Dorn, the Doctor's heart was hot within him. And Van Dorn continued to rove the district day and night, like a dog, hunting for its buried bone

It was in the courthouse that Van Dorn made his strong est alliance—in the courthouse, where the Doctor was supposed to be in supreme command. A capricious fate had arranged it so that nearly all the county officers were running for their second terms, and a second term was a time honored courtesy. Van Dorn tied himself up with them by main taining that his was a second term election also,—and a second regular four year term it was. His appointment, and his election to fill out the remainder of his predecessor's term, he waved aside as immaterial, and staged himself as a candidate for his second term. The Doctor tried to break the combination between the Judge and the second term county candidates by ruthlessly bringing out their deputies against the second termers as candidates. But the scheme provoked popular rebellion. The Doctor tried bringing out one young lawyer after another against the Judge, but all had retainers from the mine owners, and no one in the county would run against Van Dorn, so the Doctor had to pick his candidate from outside of the county, in a judicial convention wherein Greeley County had a majority of the votes. But Van Dorn knew that for all the strategy of the situation, the Doctor might be able to mass the town's disapproval of Van Dorn, socially, into a political majority in the convention against him. So the handsome Judge, with his matrimonial parade to give daily, his political fortunes to consider every hour, and withal, a court to hold, and a judicial serenity to maintain, was a busy young man—a rather more than passing busy young man!

As for the Doctor, he threw himself into the contest against Van Dorn with no mixed motives. "There," quoth the Doctor, to the wide world including his own henchmen, yeomen, heralds, and outriders, "is one hound pup I am going to teach house manners!" And failing to break Van Dorn's alliance in the courthouse, and failing to bulldoze Daniel Sands out of a secret liaison with Van Dorn, failing to punish those of his courthouse friends who permitted Van Dorn to stand with them on their convention tickets in the

primary, the Doctor went forth with his own primary t and announced that he proposed to beat Van Dorn i

convention single handed and alone.

And so quiet are the wheels of our government, the heard them grinding during the spring and early su—few except the little coterie of citizens who pay atte to the details of party politics. Yet underneath and the town, and through the very heart of it wherever the of the spider went, there was a cruel rending. Two with hate in their hearts were pulling at the web, wren its filaments, twisting it out of shape, ripping its textu a desperate struggle to control the web, and with that exto govern the people.

Then Dr. Nesbit pushed his way into the very nest of spider, and bolted into Daniel Sands's office to regis final protest against Sands's covert alliance with the J. He plunked angrily into the den of the spider, shut the turned the spring lock, and looking around saw not S.

but Van Dorn himself.

The Doctor burst out: "Well, young man! So y here, eh!" Van Dorn nodded pleasantly, and replied ciously: "Yes, Doctor, here I am, and I believe we have here before—at one time or another."

The Doctor sat down and slapping a fat hand on a arm, cried angrily: "Thomas, it can't be did—you

cut 'er."

Judge Van Dorn answered blandly, rather patronizi

"Have you let 'em fool you-the fellows on the streasked the Doctor.

Judge Van Dorn tapped on the desk beside him a tatively, then answered slowly: "No—I should say mostly lied to me—they're not for me—excepting, m Captain Morton, who tried to say he was opposed to but couldn't—quite. No—Doctor—no—Market Street d fool me."

He was so suave about it, so naïve, and yet so cock-su his success, that the Doctor was impatient: "Tom, piped, "I tell you, they're too strong to bluff and too to buy. You can't make it."

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he younger man shut one eye, knocked with his tongue he roof of his mouth, and then said as he looked insolently the Doctor's face:

Well, to begin-what's your price?"

he Doctor flushed; his loose skin twitched around his nos-, and he gripped his chair arms. He did not answer for ly a minute, during which the Judge tilted back in his r beside the desk and looked at the elder man with some v of curiosity, if not of interest.

My price," sneered the Doctor, "is a little mite low to-It's a pelt—a hound pup's pelt and you are going urnish it, if you'll stop strutting long enough for me

kin you!"

he two men glared at each other. Then Van Dorn, reing his poise, answered: "Well, sir, I'm going to win matter how—I'm going to win. I've sat up with this ation every night for six months—Oh, for a year. I wit backwards and forwards, and you can't trip me any e along the line. I've counted you out." He went on ing:

What have I done that is not absolutely legal? This is wernment of law, Doctor—not of hysteria. The trouble you." the Judge settled down to an upright position in chair, "is that you're an old maid. You're so—so" he ried the "so" insolently, "damn nice. You're an old i, and you come from a family of old maids. I warrant grandmother and her mother before her were old maids. re hasn't been a man in your family for five generations." Doctor rose. Van Dorn went on arrogantly, "Doctor es Nesbit, I'm not afraid of you. And I'll tell you: If you make a fight on me in this contest, when I'm ted, we'll see if there isn't one less corrupt boss in this and if Greeley County can't contribute a pompadour be rogues' gallery and a tenor voice to the penitentiary r."

uring the harangue of the Judge, the Doctor's full lips begun to twitch in a smile, and his eyes to twinkle. Then hirped gaily:

Heap o' steam for the size of the load and weight of your. Tom. Better hoop 'em up!"

And with a laugh, shaking his little round stomach, he toddled out of the room into the corridor, and began whistling the tune that tells what will happen when Johany commarching home.

So the Doctor whistled about his afternoon's work and did not realize that the whistling was a form of nervee

ness.

That evening the Doctor and Laura began to read the Browning where they had left off the night before. The were in the midst of "Paracelsus," when the father looks up and said:

"Laura, you know I'm going to fight Tom Van Dorn fo

another term as district judge?"

"Why, of course you should, father-I didn't expec-

he'd ask it again!" said the daughter.

"We had a row this afternoon—a miserable, bickerin row. He got on his hind legs and snarled and snapped a me, and made me mad, I guess. So I got to thinking why should be against him, and it came to me that a man who ha violated the decencies as he has and whose decisions for the old spider have been so raw, shouldn't be judge in the district. Lord, what will young fellows think if we stan for him! So I have kind of worked myself up," the Docks smiled deprecatingly, "to a place where I seem to have sacred duty in the matter of licking him for the sake of general decency. Anyway," he concluded in his high falsets "old Browning's diver, here, fits me. He goes down pauper and, with his pearl, comes up a prince."

"Festus," cried the Doctor, waving the book, "I plunge. Thus through the pique of pride, and through the sting a seorn, a force of righteousness came into the world of Harvey For our miracles of human progress are not always done wit prunes and prisms. The truth does not come to men always nor even, generally, as they are gazing in joyful admiration at the good and the beautiful. Sudden conversions of mentagood causes are rare, and often unstable and sometimes worth less. The good Lord would find much of the best work the world undone if he waited until men guided by pure altruistic motives and inspired by new impulses to righteon ness, did it. The world's work is done by ladies and gentle

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men who, for the most part, are largely clay, working in the clay, for clay rewards, with just enough of the divine impulse moving them to keep their faces turned forward and not back.

Public opinion in the Amen Corner, voiced by Mr. Brotherton, spoke for Harvey and said: "Well, say—what do you think of Old Linen Pants bucking the whole courthouse just to get the hide of Judge Van Dorn? Did you ever see such a thing in your whole life?" emphasizing the word "whole" with fine effect.

Mr. Brotherton sat at his desk in the rear of his store, contemplating the splendor of his possessions. Gradually the rear of the shop had been creeping toward the alley. was filled with books, stationery, cigars and smoker's supplies. The cigars and smoker's supplies were crowded to a little alcove near the Amen Corner, and the books-school books, pirated editions of the standard authors, fancy editions of the classics, new books copyrighted and gorgeously bound in the fashion of the hour, were displayed prominently. Great posters adorned the vacant spaces on the walls, and posters and enlarged magazine covers adorned the bulletin boards in front of the store. Piles of magazines towered on the front counters—and upon the whole, Mr. Brotherton's place presented a fairly correct imitation of the literary tendencies of the period in America just before the Spanish war.

Amos Adams came in, with his old body bent, his hands behind him, his shapeless coat hanging loosely from his stooped shoulders, his little tri-colored button of the Loyal Legion in his coat lapel, being the only speck of color in his graying figure. He peered at Mr. Brotherton over his spectacles and said: "George—I'd like to look at Emerson's addresses—the Phi Beta Kappa Address particularly." He nosed up to the shelves and went peering along the books in sets. "Help yourself, Dad, help yourself— Glad you like Emerson—elegant piece of goods; wrapped one up last week and took it home myself—elegant piece of goods."

"Yes," mused the reader, "here is what I want—I had a talk with Emerson last night. He's against the war; not that he is for Spain, of course, but Huxley," added Amos, sa

he turned the pages of his book, "rather thinks we should fight—believes war lies along the path of greatest resistance, and will lead to our greater destiny sooner." The old mas sighed, and continued: "Poor Lincoln—I couldn't get him last night: they say he and Garrison were having a great row about the situation."

The elder stroked his ragged beard meditatively. Finally he said: "George—did you ever hear our Kenyon play!"

The big man nodded and went on with his work. "Well, sir," the elder reflected: "Now, it's queer about Kenyon. He's getting to be a wonder. I don't know—it all puzzles me." He rose, put back the book on its shelf. "Sometimes I believe I'm a fool—and sometimes things like this bother me. They say they are training Kenyon—on the other side! Of course he just has what music Laura and Mrs. Nestricularly could give him; yet the other day, he got hold of a piars score of Schubert's Symphony in B flat and while he can't play it, he just sits and cries over it—it means so much to the little fellow."

The gray head wagged and the clear, old, blue eyes looked out through the steel-rimmed glasses and he sighed: "Be is going ahead, making up the most wonderful music—seems to me, and writing it down when he can't play it—writing the whole score for it—and they tell me—" he caplained deprecatingly, "my friends on the other side, the the child will make a name for himself." He paused and asked: "George—you're a hardheaded man—what do you think of it? You don't think I'm erazy, do you, George!"

The younger man glanced up, caught the clear, kindly ex-

of Amos Adams looking questioningly down.

"Dad," said Mr. Brotherton, hammering his fat fist on the desk, "there's more things in Heaven and earth than and dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio'—well say, manthat's Shakespeare. We sell more Shakespeares than all the other poets combined. Fine business, this Shakespeare. And when a man holds the lead in the trade as this Shakespeare has done ever since I went into the Red Line poets back in the eighties—I'm pretty nearly going to stay him. And when he says, 'Don't be too damn sure you know it all—' or words to that effect—and holds the trade says

it-well, say, man-your spook friends are all right with me only say," Mr. Brotherton shuddered, "I'd die if one came gliding up to me and asked for a chew of my eating tobacco

—the way they do with you!"
"Well," smiled Amos Adams, "much obliged to you
George—I just wanted your ideas. Laura Van Dorn has sent Kenyon's last piece back to Boston to see if by any chance he couldn't unconsciously have taken it from something or some one. She says it's wonderful—but, of course," the old man scratched his chin, "Laura and Bedelia Nesbit are just as likely to be fooled in music as I am with my controls.' Then the subject drifted into politics—the local politics of the town, the Van Dorn-Nesbit contest.

And at the end of their discussion Amos rubbed his bony lean, hard, old hands, and looked away through the books and the brick wall and the whole row of buildings before him into the future and smiled. "I wonder-I wonder if the country ever will come to see the economic and social and political meaning of this politics that we have now—this politics that the poor man gets through a beer keg the night before election, and that the rich man buys with his 'barl.'

He shook his head. "You'll see it-you and Grant-but it will be long after my time." Amos lifted up his old face and cried: "I know there is another day coming—a better day. For this one is unworthy of us. We are better than this at heart! We have in us the blood of the fathers, and their high visions too. And they did not put their lives into this nation for this—for this cruel tangle of injustice that we show the world to-day. Some day—some day," Amos Adams lifted up his face and cried: "I don't know! May be my guides are wrong but my own heart tells me that some day we shall cease feeding with the swine and return to the house of our father! For we are of royal blood, George of royal blood!"

"Why, hello, Morty," cut in Mr. Brotherton. "Come right in and listen to the seer-genuine Hebrew prophet here

-got a familiar spirit, and says Babylon is falling.'

"Well, Uncle Amos," said Morty Sands, "let her fall!" Old Amos smiled and after Morty had turned the talk from falling Babylon to Laura Van Dorn's kindergarten. Amo being reminded by Laura of Kenyon and his music, this theory of the occult source of the child's musica and invited George and Morty to church to hear

play.

So when Sunday came, with it came full knowled most members of the congregation were to hear Adams' new composition, which had been rather with vertised by his friends; and Rev. John Dexter, feeling a fifth wheel, discarded his sermon and in humility a trition submitted some extemporaneous remarks on sion for humanity of "Christ and him crucified."

A little boy was Kenyon Adams—a slim, great-ey ous faced, little boy in an Eton jacket and knickerts not so much larger than his violin that he carried warm. His little hand shook, but Grant caught his gwith a tender, earnest reassurance put sinews into the arms, and stilled an unsteady jaw. The organ was the prelude, when the little hand with the bow went wide, sure, strong curve, and when the bow tone strings, they sang from a soul depth that no child's once could know.

It was the first public rendering of the now famous in C minor, known sometimes as "The Prairie Wi perhaps better as the Intermezzo between the seed third acts of the opera that made Kenyon Adams' Europe before he was twenty. It has been changed be since that first hearing there in John Dexter's chur the Sands Memorial organ, built in the early eight Elizabeth Page Sands, mother of Anne of that tribe composition is simplicity itself—save for the mystic tioning that runs through it in the sustained seventheme which Captain Morton said always reminded I meadow lark's evening song, but which repeats its and over plaintively and sadly as the stately music its crescendo and dies with that unanswered cry of break echoing in the last faint notes of the closing ba

When it was finished, those who had ears heard and stood and those who had not said, "Well," and was public opinion, unless they were fools, in which es said they would have preferred something to whist

DR. NESBIT STARTS ON A JOURNEY

e the thing impressed itself upon hundreds of hearts our, many in the congregation came forward to greet ild.

ong these, was a tall, stately young woman in pure with a rose upon her hat so deeply red that it seemed of a shame. But her lips were as red as the red of se and her eyes glistened and her face was wrought by a great storm in her heart. Behind her walked a gentleman, a lordly gentleman who elbowed his way th the throng as one who touches the unclean. hild stood by Grant Adams as they came. Kenyon did e the beautiful woman; the child's eyes were upon the He knew the man; Lila had poured out her soul to the yout the man and in his child's heart he feared and ab-I the man for he knew not what. The man and woman oming closer. They were abreast as they stepped into lpit where the child stood. By his own music, his soul sen stirred and riven and he was nervous and excited. e woman beside the man stretched out her arms, with ce tense from some inner turmoil, the child saw only oud man beside her and shrank back with a wild cry id in his father's breast. The eves of Grant and Marmet, but the child only cuddled into the broad breast him and wept, crying, "No-no-no-"

n the proud man turned back, spurned but not knowing in the beautiful woman with red shame in her soul folhim with downcast face. In the church porch she up her face as she said with her fair, false mouth:

"isn't it funny how those kind of people sometimes have—just like the lower animals seem to have intelligence.

me, but that child's music has upset me!"

man's heart was full of pride and hate and the n's heart was full of pride and jealousy. Still the air weet for them, the birds sang for them, and the sun tenderly upon them. They even laughed, as they went high Jovian way, at the vanities of the world on its plane. But their very laughter was the crackling of under a pot wherein their hearts were burning.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN WHICH WE SEE SOMETHING COME INTO THIS STORY OUTSIDE OF THE MATERIAL WORLD

Peachblow philosopher, "disheartens us because we expect the wrong things of it. We expect material rewards for spiritual virtues, material punishments for spiritual transgressions; when even in the material work material rewards and punishments do not always follow the acts which seem to require them. Yet the only sure thing is the world is that our spiritual lapses bring spiritual punishments, and our spiritual virtues have their spiritual rewards."

Now these observations of Mr. Left might well be taken to the thesis of this story. Tom Van Dorn's spiritual tragressions had no material punishments and the good the was in Grant Adams had no material reward. Yet the spiritual laws which they obeyed or violated were inexorable

their rewards and punishments.

Once there entered the life of Judge Van Dorn, from the outside, the play of purely spiritual forces, which looped his up and tripped him in another man's game, and Tom, possible, may have thought that it was a special Provides around with a warrant looking after him. Now this standard ment hangs on one "if,"—if you can call Nate Perry a man "One generation passeth and another cometh on," saith the Preacher. Perhaps it has occurred to the reader that the love affairs of this book are becoming exceedingly middle aged; some have only the dying glow of early reminisces. But here comes one that is as young as spring flowers; the is—if Nate Perry is a man, and is entitled to a love affair at all. Let's take a look at him; long legged, lean face keen eyed, razor bodied, just back from College where he

studied mining engineering. He is a pick and shovel miner n the Wahoo Fuel Company's mine, getting the practical end of the business. For he is heir apparent of stuttering Kyle Perry, who has holdings in the mines. Young Nate's voice rasps like the whine of a saw and he has no illusions about the stuff the world is made of. For him life is atoms dopping about in the ether in an entirely consistent and satisfactory manner. Things spiritual don't bother him. And yet it was in working out a spiritual equation in Nate Perry's life that Providence tipped over Tom Van Dorn, in his race for Judgeship.

And now let us put Mr. Brotherton on the stand:

"Showers," exclaims Mr. Brotherton, "showers for Nate and Anne,-why, only yesterday I sent him and Grant Adams over to Mrs. Herdicker's to borrow her pile-driver, and spanked him for canning a dog, and it hasn't been more'n a week since I gave Anne a rattle when her father brought her down town the day after the funeral, as he was looking over Wright & Perry's clerks for the fourth Mrs. Sandsand here's showers! Well, say, isn't time that blue streak! Showers! Say, I saw Tom Van Dorn's little Lila in the store this morning—isn't she the beauty—bluest eyes, and the sweetest, saddest, dearest little face—and say, man—I do believe Tom's kind of figuring up what he missed along that line. He tried to talk to her this morning, but she looked at him with those blue eyes and shrank away. Doc Jim bought her a doll and a train of cars. That was just this morning, and well, say—I wouldn't be surprised if when I come down and unlock the store to-morrow morning, some one will be telling me she's having showers. Isn't time that ald hot-foot?"

"Showers—kitchen showers and linen showers, and silver howers for little Anne—little Anne with the wide, serious eyes, 'the home of silent prayer';—well, say, do you know who mid that? It was Tennyson. Nice, tasty piece of goods—that man Tennyson. I've handled him in padded leather evers; fancy gilt cloth, plain boards, deckle-edges, wide martins, hand-made paper, and in thirty-nine cent paper—and he is a neat, nifty piece of goods in all of them—always easy to move and no come backs." After this pean to the poet,

Mr. Brotherton turned again to his meditations, "Little—Why, it's just last week or such a matter I wrapped Mother Goose for her—just the other day she came in they sent her off to school, and I gave her a diary—and it's showers—'' He shook his great head, "Well, say-

getting on."

And while Mr. Brotherton mused the fire burned—the of youth that glowed in the heart of Nathan Perry. The wandered back from college no one in particular noticed him. But Anne Sands was no one in particular affairs, as a girl in her teens she had focused her heart the gangling youth, and there grew into life one of matter-of-fact, unromantic love affairs that encompass whole heart. For they are as commonplace as light an and are equally vital. Because their course is smooth, affairs seem shallow. But let unhappy circumstance the even surface, and behold, from their depths comes a beauty of a great force diverted, all the anguish of a passion curbed and thwarted.

In this democratic age, when deep emotional experi are not the privilege of the few, but the lot of many, break is almost commonplace. We do not notice it as it have been noted in those chivalric days when only the had the finer sensibilities that may make great mental s ing possible. So here in the commonplace town of Ha in their commonplace homes, amid their commonplace fr and relatives, two commonplace hearts were aching al suspected by a commonplace world. And it happened

Anne Sands had opinions about the renomination an election of Judge Van Dorn. For Judge Van Dorn's di

and remarriage had offended Anne Sands.

On the other hand, to Nathan Perry the aspiration of a property of Judge Van Dorn meant nothing but the ambition of a property of the Van Dorn case, as a parter of the property of the Van Dorn case, as a parter of the property of the van Dorn case, as a parter of the property of the pr

lovers spoke plainly. The thing sounded like a quarrel—their first; and coming from the Sands house into the summer afternoon, Nate Perry decided to go to Brotherton's. He reflected as he walked that Mr. Brotherton's remarks on "showers," which had come to Anne and Nate, might possibly be premature. And the reflection was immensely disquieting.

A practical youth was Nathan Perry, with a mechanical instinct that gloried in adjustment. He loved to tinker and potter and patch things up. Now something was wrong with the gearing of his heart action. His theory was that Anne was for the moment crazy. He could see nothing to get exeited about over the renomination and election of Judge Van Dorn. The men in the mine where the youth was working as a miner hated Van Dorn, the people seemed to distrust him as a man more or less, but if he controlled the nominating convention that ended it with Nathan Perry. The Judge's family affairs were in no way related to the nomination, as the youth saw the case. Yet they were affecting the cams and cogs and pulleys of young Mr. Perry's love affairs, and he felt the matter must be repaired, and put in running order. For he knew that love affair was the mainspring of his life. And the mechanic in him—the Yankee that talked in his rasping, high-keyed tenor voice, that shone from his thin, lean face, and cadaverous body, the Yankee in him, the dreaming, sentimental Yankee, half poet and half tinker, fell upon the problem with unbending will and open mind.

So it came to pass that there entered into the affairs of Judge Thomas Van Dorn, an element upon which he did not calculate. For he was dealing only with the material elements of a material universe!

When Nathan Perry came to Brotherton's he sat down in the midst of a discussion of the Judgeship that began in rather etherial terms. For Doctor Nesbit was saving:

"Amos, I've got you cornered if you consider the visible universe. She works like a watch; she's as predestined as a corn sheller. But let me tell you something—she isn't all visible. There's something back of matter—there's another side to the shield. I know mighty well there's a time when may medicine won't help sick folks—and yet they get well.

I've seen a great love flame up in a man's heart or a woman's heart or a child's in a bed of torture, and when medicine wouldn't take hold I've seen love burn through the wall between the worlds, and I have seen help come just as sure as you see the Harvey Hook and Ladder Company coming rattling down Market Street! Funny old world-funny old world-seventy rides around the sun-and then the fireworks." After puffing away to revive his pipe he said: "I sort of got into this way of thinking recently going over this judgeship fight." He smoked meditatively then broke out, "Lord, Lord, what an iron-clad, hog-tight, rock-ribbed, copper-riveted material proposition it is that Tom is putting up. He's bound selfinterest with self-interest everywhere. He and Joe Calvin have roped old man Sands in, and every material interest in this whole district is tied up in the Van Dorn candidaey. I'm a child in a cyclone in this fight. The self-interest of the county candidates, of all the deputies who hope two years from now to be county candidates, and all their friends, every straw boss at the shops, in the smelters, in the mines-and all the men who are near them and want to be straw bosses. every merchant who is caught in the old spider's web with a ninety-day note; every street-car conductor, every employee of the light company, every man at the waterworks plant, every man at the gas plant, the telephone linemen-every human being that dances in the great woof of this little spider's web feels the pull of devilish material power."

Amos Adams threw back his grizzled head in a laugh that failed to vocalize. "Well, Jim, according to your account you're liable to get burned and singed and disfigured until you're as useless in politics as this old Amos Adams-the

spook chaser!"

There was no bitterness in Amos Adams's voice. "It's all right, Jim-I have no complaint to make against life. Forty years ago Dan Sands got the first girl I ever loved went to war; he paid his bounty and married the girl. That was a long time ago. I often think of the girl-it's no lack of faith to Mary. And I have the memory of the war-of that Day at Peach Tree Creek with all the wonderful exulting joy of that charge and what God gave me to do. This but ton," he put his thumb under the Loyal Legion emblem in his warped coat lapel, "this button is more fragrant than any flower on earth to my heart. Dan Sands has had five wives: he missed the hardship of the war. He has a son by her. Jim," said Amos Adams as he opened his eyes, "if you knew how it has cut into my heart year by year to see the beautiful oul that Hester Haley gave to Morty decay under the blight of his father—but you can't." He sighed. "Yet there is still her soul in him-gentle, kind, trying to do the right thing-but tied and hobbled by life with his father. Grant may be wrong, Doctor," cried the father, raising his hand excitedly, "he may be crazy, and I know they laugh at him up town here—for a fool and the son of a fool; he certainly doesn't know how he is going to do all the things he dreams of doing—but that is not the point. The important thing is that he is having his dream! For by the Eternal, Jim Nesbit, I'd rather feel that my boy was even a small part of the life force of his planet pushing forward—I'd rather be the father of that boy-I'd rather be old Amos Adams the spook chaser—than Dan Sands with his million. I've been happier. Jim. with the memory of my Mary than he with his five wives. I'd rather be on the point of the drill of life and mangled there, than to have my soul rot in greed."

The Doctor puffed on his pipe. "Well, Amos," he returned quietly, "I suppose if a man wants to get all messed up as one of the points of the drill of life, as you call it—it's easy enough to find a place for the sacrifice. I admire Grant; but someway," his falsetto broke out, "I have thought there was a little something in the bread-and-butter proposition."

"A little, Doctor Jim-but not as much as you'd think!"

answered Amos.

"Nevertheless in this fight here in Greeley County, I'm quietly lining up a few county delegates, and picking out a few trusty friends who will show up at the caucuses, and Grant has a handful of crazy Ikes that I am going to use in my business, and if we win it will be a practical proposition -my head against Tom's."

The Doctor rose. Amos Adams stopped him with "Don't be too sure of that, Jim; I got a writing from Mr. Left last

night and he says-"

"Hold on, Amos—hold on," squeaked the Doctor's falsetto; "until Mr. Left is registered in the Third Ward—we won't bother with him until after the convention."

The Doctor left the place smiling at Amos and glancing casually at young Mr. Perry. The dissertation had been a hard strain on the practical mind of young Mr. Perry, and while he was fumbling his way through the mazes of what be had heard, Amos Adams left the shop and another practical man very much after Nathan Perry's own heart came in. Daniel Sands had no cosmic problems on his mind with which to befuddle young Perry. Daniel Sands was a seedy little old man of nearly three score years and ten; his dull, fishy eyes framed in red lids looked shiftily at one as though be was forever preoccupied in easting up sums in interest. His skin was splotched and dirty, a kind of scale seemed to be growing over it, and his long, thin nose stuck out of his shaggy, ill-kept whiskers like a sharp snout, attenuated by rooting in money. When he smiled, which was rarely, the false quality of his smile seemed expressed by his false teeth that were forever falling out of place when he loosed his facial muscles. He walked rather stealthily back to the desk where the proprietor of the shop was working; but he spoke loud enough for Nate Perry's practical ear to comprehend the elder man's mission.

"George, I've got to be out of town for the next ten days, and the county convention will meet when I'm gone." He stopped, and cleared his throat. Mr. Brotherton knew what was coming. "I just called to say that we're expecting you to do all you can for Tom." He paused. Mr. Brotherton was about to reply when the old man smiled his

false smile and added:

"Of course, we can't afford to let our good Doctor's family affairs interfere with business. And George," he concluded "just tell the boys to put Morty on in my place. And George, you kind of sit by Morty, and see that he gets his vote in right. Morty's a good boy, George—but he someway doesn't get interested in things as I like to see him. He'll be all right if you'll just fix his ballot in the convention and see that he votes it." He blinked his dull, red eyes at the book seller and dropped his voice.

"I noticed your paper as I passed the note counter just now; some of it will be due while I'm gone; I'll tell 'em to renew it if you want it." He smiled again, and Mr. Brotherton answered, "Very well—I'll see that Morty votes right, Mr. Sands," and solemnly went back to his ledger. And thus the practical mind of Nathan Perry had its first practical lesson in practical politics—a lesson which soon afterwards

produced highly practical results.

Up and down Market Street tiptoed Danie! Sands that day, tightening his web of business and politics. Busily he futtered over the web, his water pipes, his gas pipes, his electric wires. The pathway to the trade of the miners and the men in the shops and smelters lay through his door. Material prosperity for every merchant and every clerk in Market Street lay in the paunch of the old spider, and he could spin it out or draw it in as he chose. It was not usual for him to appear on Market Street. Dr. Nesbit had always been his vicegerent. And often it had pleased the Doctor to pretend that he was seeking their aid as friends and getting it solely upon the high grounds of friendship.

But as the Doctor stood by his office window that day and saw the old spider dancing up and down the web, Dr. Neshit knew the truth—and the truth was wormwood in his mouth that he had been only an errand boy between greed in the bank and self-interest in the stores. In a flash, a merciless, cynical flash, he looked into his life in the capital, and there be saw with sickening distinctness that with all his power as a boss, with his control over Senators and Governors and courts and legislatures, he was still the errand boy-that he reigned as boss only because he could be trusted by those who controlled the great aggregations of capital in the state—the railroads, the insurance companies, the brewers, the public ervice corporations. In the street below walked a flashy muth who went in and out of the saloons in obvious pride of being. His complacent smile, his evident glory in himself, made Dr. Nesbit turn away and shut his eyes in shame. He had loathed the youth as a person unspeakable. Yet the youth also was a messenger—the errand boy of vice in South Harvey who doubtless thought himself a person of great power and consequence. And the difference between an errand boy of greed and the errand boy of vice was not sufficient to revive the Doctor's spirits. So the Doctor, sadly sobered, left the window. The gay enthusiasm of the diver plunging for the pearl was gone from the depressed little white clad figure. He was finding his pearl a burden rather than a joy.

That evening Morty Sands, resplendent in purple and fine linen—the purple being a gorgeous necktie, and the fine linen a most sumptuous tailor-made shirt waist above a pair of white broadcloth trousers and silk hose, and under a fifty dollar Panama hat, tripped into the Brotherton store for his

weekly armload of reading and tobacco.

"Morty," said Mr. Brotherton, after the young man had picked out the latest word in literature and nicotine, "your father was in here to-day with instructions for me to chaperone you through the county convention Saturday,—you'll be on the delegation."

The young man blinked good naturedly. "I haven't got

the intellect to go through with it, George."

"Oh, yes, you have, Morty," returned Mr. Brotherton, expansively. "The Governor wants me to be sure you vote for Van Dorn—that's about all there is in the convention. Old Linen Pants is to name the delegates to the State and congressional conventions—they're trying to let the old man down easy—not to beat him out of his State and congressional leadership."

The young man thought for a moment then smiled up into the big moon-face of Brotherton—"All right, Georgie, I suppose I'll have to cast my unfettered vote for Van Dorn, though as a sporting proposition my sympathies are with the

other side."

"Well, say-you orter 'a' heard a talk I heard Doc Nesbit give this afternoon. That old sinner will be shouting on

the mourner's bench soon-if he doesn't check up."

Morty looked up from his magazine to say: "Georgeit's Laura. A man couldn't go with her through all she's
gone through without being more of a man for it. When I
took a turn in the mining business last spring I found that
the people down in South Harvey just naturally love her to
death. They'll do more or less for Grant Adams. He's

getting the men organized and they look up to him in a way. But they get right down on their marrow bones and love Laura."

Morty smiled reflectively: "I kind of got the habit myself once—and I seem someway never to have got over it—much! But, she won't even look my way. She takes my money—for her kindergarten. But that is all. She won't let me take her home in my trap, nor let me buy her lunch—why she pays more attention to Grant Adams with his steel claw than to my strong right arm! About all she lets me do is distribute flower seeds. George," he concluded ruefully, "I've toted around enough touch-me-nots and coxcomb seeds this spring for that girl to paint South Harvey ringed, streaked and striped."

There the conversation switched to Captain Morton's stock company, and the endeavor to get the Household Horse on the market. The young man listened and smiled, was interested, as George Brotherton intended he should be. But Morty went out saying that he had no money but his allowance—which was six months overdrawn—and there the mat-

ter rested.

In a few days, a free people arose and nominated their delegates to the Greeley County convention and the night before the event excitement in Harvey was intense. There could be no doubt as to the state of public sentiment. against Tom Van Dorn. But on the other hand, no one seriously expected to defeat him. For every one knew that he controlled the organization—even against the boss. Yet vaguely the people hoped that their institutions would in some way fail those who controlled, and would thus register public sentiment. But the night the delegates were elected. it seemed apparent that Van Dorn had won. Yet both sides claimed the victory. And among others of the free people elected to the Convention to cast a free vote for Judge Van Dorn, was Nathan Perry. He was put on the delegation to look after his father's interests. Van Dorn was a practical man. Kyle Perry was a practical man and they knew Nate Perry was a practical youth. But while Tom Van Dorn slept upon the assurance of victory, Nate Perry was perturbed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEREIN MORTY SANDS MAKES A FEW SEMSIBLE REMAINS IN PUBLIC

HEN Mortimer Sands came down town Satus morning, two hours before the convention met, found the courthouse yard black with presse delegates and also he found that the Judge's friends w a majority in the crowd. So evident was their accur that the Nesbit forces had conceded to the Judge the ri At eleven o'clock the cros to organize the convention. merchants, clerks, professional men, working men in the Sunday clothes, delegates from the surrounding count towns, and farmers—a throng of three hundred men, best to crowd into the hot "Opera House." So young Mr. Sant with his finger in a book to keep his place, followed the cross to the hall, and took his seat with the Fourth Ward dele tion. Having done this he considered that his full d to God and man had been performed. He found Nath Perry sitting beside him and said:

"Well, Nate, here's where Anne's great heart breaks-

I suppose?"

Nathan nodded and asked: "I presume it's all over by

the shouting."

"All over," answered the elder young man as he divinto his book. As he read he realized that the conventional had chosen Captain Morton—a partisan of the Judge—chairman. The hot, stifling air of the room was thick with the smoke of cheap tobacco. Morty Sands grew nervous a irritated during the preliminary motions of the organization of the promote excitement. He went out for a breath air. When he reëntered Judge Van Dorn was making to opening speech of the convention. It was a fervid effective that the state of the convention. It was a fervid effective that the convention of the convention.

lish war was then in progress so the speech was full ons to what the Judge was pleased to call "libertah" ir common countrah" and our sacred "dutah" to itah." Naturally the delegates who were for the renomination displayed much enthusiasm, and it isy moment. When the Judge closed his remarks of course—and took his seat as chairman of the Ward delegation, which was supposed to be for him usly as it was his home ward, Morty noticed that 2 Judge sat grand and austere in the aisle seat with partly closed as one who is recovering from a great fort, his half-closed eyes were following Mr. Joseph who was buzzing about the room distributing among rates meal tickets and saloon checks good for food and beast at the various establishments of public ment.

learned from George Brotherton that as the county vere to be renominated without opposition, and as the had been agreed to the day before, and as the central committeemen had been chosen the night the caucuses, the convention was to be a short horse rried. Of course, Captain Morton as permanent 1 made a speech—with suitable eulogies to the boys e the blue. It was the speech the convention had any times before, but always enjoyed—and as he asked rather grandly, "and now what is the further of the convention?"

Mr. Calvin's pleasure, as expressed in a motion, secretary be instructed to cast the vote of the confor the renomination of the entire county ticket, and that Senator James Nesbit, in view of his leadership arty in the State, be requested to name the delegates tate and congressional conventions and that Judge Van Dorn—cheers led by Dick Bowman—Thomas n be requested to name the delegates to the judicial convention. Cheers and many cries of no, no, the Calvin motion. It was seconded and stated by and again cheered and roared at. Dr. Nesbit rose, is mild, treble voice protested against the naming of ates to the State and congressional and judicial con-

ventions. He said that while it had been the practice i past, he was of the opinion that the time had come to be Convention itself choose by wards and precincts and ships its delegates to these conventions. He said further as for the State and congressional delegates, they con pick a delegation of twenty men in the room if they tried would not contain a majority which he could work with which there was cheering from the anti-Van Dorn ero but it was clear that they were in the minority. No fu discussion seemed to be expected and the Captain was to put the motion, when from among the delegates South Harvey there arose the red poll of Grant As From the Harvey delegates he met the glare of distrus from any crowd of merchants and clerks to any labor tator. Morty could see from the face of Dr. Neshit th was surprised. Judge Van Dorn, who sat near young S looked mildly interested. After he was recognized, (in an impassioned voice began to talk of the inherent of the Nesbit motion, providing that each precinct or delegation could name its own delegates to the State. gressional and judicial conventions.

If the motion prevailed, Judge Van Dorn would he divided delegation from Greeley county to the judicial vention, as some of the precincts and wards were against though a majority of the united convention was for Grant Adams, swinging his iron claw, was explaining to the convention. He was appealing passionately for right of proportional representation; holding that the mity had rights of representation that the majority si

not deny.

Judge Van Dorn, without rising, had sneered acros room in a snarling voice: "Ah, you socialist!" On had growled: "None of your red mouthed ranting he Finally, as it was evident that Grant's remarks were esting the workmen on the delegations, Van Dorn, still a called out:

"Here, you-what right have you to address this co

"I am a regularly accredited delegate from South He holding the proxy-"

He got no further.

The Van Dorn delegates roared, "Put him out. No proxies go," and began hooting and jeering. It was obtions that Van Dorn had the crowd with him. He let them war at Grant, who stood quietly, demanding from time to line that the chair should restore order. Captain Morton hummered the table with his gavel, but the Van Dorn crowd withing to hoot and howl. Finally Judge Van Dorn rose with great elaborateness of parliamentary form adhened the chair asking to be permitted to ask his friend with a proxy one question.

The two men faced each other savagely, like characters abolizing forces in a play; complaisance and discontent. Thind Grant was the unrest and upheaval of a class coming to consciousness and tremendously dynamic, while Van stood for those who had won their fight and were static delf-satisfied. He twirled his mustache. Grant raised steel claw as if to strike; Van Dorn spoke, and in a bark-vicious, raucous tone intended to annihilate his adver-

wy. asked:

Will you tell this convention in the interest of fairness, hat, if any, personal and private motives you have in helpDr. Nesbit inject a family quarrel into public matters in

county!"

A moment's silence greeted the lawyer's insolently framed lestion. Mortimer Sands saw Dr. Nesbit go white, start to be, and sit down, and saw dawning on the face of Grant clams the realization of what the question meant. But betwee he could speak the mob broke loose; hisses, cheers and roar of partisan and opposition filled the room. Grant clams tried to speak; but no one would hear him. He arted down the aisle toward Van Dorn, his red hair flashing a banner of wrath, menacing the Judge with the steel w upraised. Dr. Nesbit stopped Grant. The insult had ten so covert, so cowardly, that only in resenting its plication would there be scandal.

Mortimer Sands closed his book. He saw Judge Van Dorn ligh, and heard him say to George Brotherton who sat be-

de young Sands:

"I plugged that damn pie-face!"

Nathan Perry, the practical young man sitting i Fourth ward delegation, heard the Judge and nudged ! Sands. Morty Sands's sporting blood rose in him. pup," he whispered to Nate. "He's taking a sh Laura."

The crowd gradually grew calm. There being no fidiscussion, Captain Morton put the motion of Joseph to let the majority of the convention name all delegates superior conventions. The roar of ayes overwhelms blat of noes. It was clear that the Calvin motio carried. The Doctor was defeated. But before the announced the vote the pompadour of the little maquickly as he stood in the middle aisle and asked in his treble for a vote by wards and precincts.

In the moment of silence that followed the Doctor gestion, Nathan Perry's face, which gradually had growing stony and hard, cracked in a mean smile

leaned over to Morty and whispered:

"Morty, can you stand for that—that damned he snap at Laura Van? By grabby I can't—I won't!"
"Well, let's raise hell, Nate—I'm with you. I on

nothing," said the guileless and amiable Morty.

Judge Van Dorn rose grandly and with great elegatication agreed with the Doctor's "excellent suggestion tickets were passed about containing the words yes a and hats were passed down delegation lines and the gates put the ballots in the hats and the chairmen of tions appointed tellers and so the ballots were con When the Fourth ward balloting was finished, Judg Dorn looked puzzled. He was three votes short of unast His vanity was pricked. He believed he had a solid tion and proposed to have it. When in the roll of Fourth ward delegation was reached (it was the four cinct on the secretary's roll) the Judge, as chairman Fourth warders, rose, blandly and complacently, as nounced: "Ward Four casts twenty-five votes "ye three votes 'no." I demand a poll of the delegation."

George Brotherton rose when the clerk of the conealled the roll and voted a weak, husky 'no' and sat sheepishly under the Judge's glare. we the list came the clerk reading the names of ates. Finally he called "Mortimer Sands," and the g man rose, smiling and calm, and looking the Judge s in the eye cried, "I vote no!"

en pandemonium broke loose. The convention was bed-The friends of the Judge were confounded. They

ot know what it meant.

e clerk called Nathan Perry.

io," he cried as he looked maliciously into the Judge's

r eyes.

en there was no doubt. For the relations of Wright & were so close to Daniel Sands that no one could mistake neaning of young Perry's vote, and then had not the town read of the "showers" for Anne Sands! Those opposed the Judge were whispering that the old spider turned against the Judge. Men who were under oblins to the Traders' Bank were puzzled but not in doubt. was a general buzzing among the delegations. The tion of Mortimer Sands and Nathan Perry was one of wholly unexpected events that sometimes make panics lities. The Judge could see that in one or two cases stions were balloting again. "Fifth ward," called the

ifth ward not ready," replied the chairman.

lancock township, Soldier precinct," called the clerk.

ldier precinct not ready," answered the chairman.

next precinct cast its vote No, and the next precinct to vote 7 yes and 10 no and a poll was demanded and ote was a tie. The power of the name of Sands in eyeounty was working like a yeast.

7ell, boys," whispered Mr. Brotherton to Morty as two hips were passed while they were reballoting, "Well.—you sure have played hell." He was mopping his red and to a look of inquiry from Morty Mr. Brotherton exad: "You've beaten the Judge. They all think that our father's idea to knife him, and the foremen of the who are running these county delegations and the Harvey contingent are changing their votes—that's

amother instant Morty Sands was on his feet. He

stood on a seat above the crowd, a slim, keen-faced, old figure. When he called upon the chairman a hush fell of the crowd. When he began to speak he could feel the of the crowd boring into him, "I wish to state," he s hesitatingly, then his courage came, "that my vote aga this resolution, was due entirely to the inferential endo ment of Judge Thomas Van Dorn," this time the anti-Dorn roar was overwhelming, deafening, "that the res tion contained."

Another roar, it seemed to the Judge as from a pil beasts, greeted this period. "But I also wish to mak clear," continued the young man, "that in this position am representing only my own views. I have not been structed by my father how to cast this ballot. For know as well as I how he would vote." The roar from anti-Van Dorn crowd came back again, stronger than e The convention had put its own interpretation upon words. They knew he was merely making it plainer that old spider had caught Judge Van Dorn in the web, and some reason was sucking out his vitals. Morty sat down the sense of duty well done, and again Mr. Brother leaned over and whispered, "Well, you did a good jobput the trimmings on right-hello, we're going to again." Again the young man jumped to his feet eried amid the noise, which sank almost instantly as saw who was trying to speak: "I tell you, gentlemen, so far as I know my father is for Judge Van Dorn," but erowd only laughed, and it was evident that they thou Morty was playing with them. As Morty Sands sat d Nathan Perry rose and in his high, strong, wire-edged to eried: "Men, I'm voting only myself. But when a shows doghair as Judge Van Dorn showed it to this contion in that question to Grant Adams-all hell can't hold to-" But the roar of the crowd drowned the close of sentence. The mob knew nothing of the light that dawned in Nathan Perry's heart. The crowd knew only the son and the future son-in-law of the old spider turned on Van Dorn, and that he was marked for slave so it proceeded with the butchering which gave it great sonal felicity. Men howled their real convictions and

Van Dorn's universe tottered. He tried to speak, but was howled down.

"Vote—vote, vote," they cried. The Fourth ward balloted again and the vote stood "Yes, fifteen, no, twelve," and the proud face of the suave Judge Van Dorn turned white with rage, and the red scar flickered like lightning across his forehead. The voting could not proceed. For men were running about the room, and Joseph Calvin was hovering over the South Harvey delegation like a buzzard. Morty Sands suspected Calvin's mission. The young man rose and ran to Dr. Nesbit and whispered: "Doctor, Nate's got seven hundred dollars in the bank—see what Calvin is doing? I can get it up here in three minutes. Can you use it to help?" The Doctor ran his hand over his graying pompadour and

The Doctor ran his hand over his graying pompadour and smiled and shook his head. In the din he leaned over and piped. "Touch not, taste not, handle not, Morty—I've sworn off. Teetotler," he laughed excitedly. Young Sands saw a bill flash in Mr. Calvin's hands and disappear in Dick Bow-ran's peakers.

man's pockets.

"No law against it," chirped the Doctor, "except God Almighty's, and He has no jurisdiction in Judge Tom's district"

As they stood watching Calvin peddle his bills the convention saw what he was doing. A fear seized the decent men in the convention that all who voted for Van Dorn would be suspected of receiving bribes. The balloting proceeded. In five minutes the roll call was finished. Then before the result was announced George Brotherton was on his feet saying, "The Fourth ward desires to change her vote," and while Brotherton was announcing the complete desertion of the Fourth ward delegation, Judge Van Dorn left the hall. Men in mob are cruel and mad, and the pack howled at the vain man as he slunk through the crowd to the door.

After that, delegation after delegation changed its vote and before the result was announced Mr. Calvin withdrew his motion, and the spent convention only grunted its approval. Then it was that Mugs Bowman crowded into the room and handed Nathan Perry this note scrawled on brown butcher's paper in a hand he knew. "I have this moment learned that you are a delegate and must take a public stand.

Don't let a word I have said influence you. I stand by you whatever you do. Use your own judgment; follow you conscience and 'with God be the rest.' '' "A. S."

Nathan Perry folded the note, and as he put it is his we pocket he felt the proud beat of his heart. Fifteen minus later when the convention adjourned for noon, Nathan and Morty Sands ran plumb into Thomas Van Dorn, sitting is to back room of the bank, wet eyed and blubbering. The John was slumped over the big, shining table, his jaws trembling his hands fumbling the ink stands and paper weights. It eyes were staring and nervous, and beside him a whister bottle and glass told their story. The man rose, holding thable, and shricked:

"You damned little fice dog, you—" this to Morty, "you—you—" Morty dashed around the table toward the Judge of but before he could reach the man to strike, the Judge of moving his jaws impotently, and grasping the thin air. If mouth foamed as he fell and he lay, a shivering, white-graphorror, upon the floor. The bank clerks lifted the figure to leather couch, and some one summoned Doctor Neshit.

The Doctor saw the whiskey bottle half emptied and as the white faced, prostrate figure. The Doctor sent the eler from the room as he worked with the unconscious man, a piped to Morty as he worked, "Nothing serious—heat temper, whiskey—and vanity and vexation of spirit; 'van of vanities—all is vanity—saith the preacher.' "Morty a Nathan left the room as the man's eyes opened and to Doctor with a woman's tenderness brought the wretch broken, shattered bundle of pride back to consciousness.

For years this became George Brotherton's favorite ste

He first told it to Henry Fenn thus:

"Say, Henry, lemme tell you about old man Sands, come in here the day after he got back from Chicago wrestle with me for letting Morty vote against Tom. W—say—I'm right here to tell you that was some do—all rigall right! You know he thought I got Morty and Nate vote that way and the old spider came hopping in here I a grand-daddy long-legs and the way he let out on y humble—well, say—say! Holler—you'd orto heard him I ler! Just spat pizen—wow! and as for me who'd got

A FRW SENSIBLE REMARKS

o the trouble—as for me," Mr. Brotherton paused. his hand over his expansive abdomen and sighed as one who recalls an experience too deep for lan-"Well, say—I tried to tell him I didn't have anyo do with it, but he was wound up with an eight-day I knew it was no use to talk sense to him while he tting his lights at me like a drunk switchman on a ght, but when he was clean run down I leans over the and says as polite as a pollywog, 'Most kind and uke,' says I, 'you touch me deeply by your humptious 'says I, 'let me assure you, your kind and generous nts will never be erased from the tablets of my most I memory'—just that way.

ll. say-" and here Mr. Brotherton let out his laugh me down like the cataract at Ladore, "pretty soon

sails in fresh as a daisy and asks:

ther been in here?'

neck one father,' says I.

nising hell?' he asks

neck one hell,' says I.

'ell, sir,' says he, 'I'm exceedingly sorry.' ne sorrow check,' says I.

neerely and truly sorry, George,' he repeats and 'Two check,' I repeats and he goes on: 'Look here, I know father, and until I can get the truth into him, won't be for a week or two, I suppose he may try to u!'

neck one interesting ruin,' says I.

he brought down his hand on the new case till I shudor the glass, and well, say—what do you think that ie? He pulls out a roll of money big enough to choke and puts it on the case and says: 'I sold my launch ew every dollar I had out of the bank before father ne. Here, take it; you may need it in your business ther calms down.

sn't that white! I couldn't get him to put the k and along comes Cap Morton, and when I wouldn't the old man glued on to him, and I'm a goat if Morty lend it to the Captain, with the understanding I ave it any time inside of six months, and the Captain

17: 18

could use it afterward. That's where the Captain go money to build his shop."

It cost Daniel Sands five thousand dollars in hard a money, not that he earned the money, but it was hardenevertheless, to undo the work of that convention, and nate and elect Thomas Van Dorn district Judge up independent ticket. And even when the work was donemptiness of the honor did not convince the Judge the is not a material world. He hugged the empty honor heart and made a vast pretense that it was real.

CHAPTER XXIX

BEING NOT A CHAPTER BUT AN INTERLUDE

TERE and now this story must pause for a moment. It has come far from the sunshine and prairie grass where it started. Tall elm trees have grown from mplings that were stuck in the sod thirty years before, and limit the vision. No longer can one see over the town the roofs of Market Street into the prairie. No longer en can one see from Harvey the painted sky at night that who South Harvey and the industrial towns of the Wahoo lley. Harvey is shut in; we all are sometimes by our com-The dreams of the pioneers that haloed the heads of me who came to Harvey in those first days—those dreams gone. Here and there one is trapped in brick or wood or me or iron; and another glows in a child or walks the ary ways of man as a custom or an institution or as a law at brought only a part of the blessings which it promised. And the equality of opportunity for which these pioneers med the Mississippi and came into the prairie uplands of west-where is that evanescent spirit? Certainly it nehed Daniel Sands's shoulder and he followed it: it becked Dr. Nesbit and he followed it a part of the journey. grely Kyle Perry saw it for years, and Captain Morton was stined to find it, gorgeous and iridescent. Amos Adams ight have had it for the asking, but he sought it only for It never came to Dooley and Hogan, and Williams d Bowman and those who went into the Valley. e, one may ask; or did it vanish like a prairie stream unr the sand to flow on subterranean and appear again rong, purified and refreshed, a powerful current to carry mkind forward? The world that was in the flux of dreams st day when Harvey began, had hardened to reality thirty ars after. Men were going their appointed ways working t in circumstances the equation of their life's philosophy.

And now while the story waits, we may well look at a pictures. They do not speed the narrative; they has point morals to adorn this tale. But they may show how living a creed consistently colors one's life. For all the realities of life are from within. Events, eave ment, fortune good or bad do not color life, or give it rid and form and value. But in living a creed one make picture. So let us look at Thomas Van Dorn, who has that he could beat God at his own game, and did. For that he wanted came to him, wealth and fame and power

the women he desired.

Judge and Mrs. Van Dorn and her dog are riding their smart rubber tired trap, behind a highly checked and with the dog between them. They are not tal The man is looking at his gloved hands, at the horse, street,-where occasionally he bows and smiles and by any chance misses bowing and smiling to any woman might be passing. His wife, dressed stiffly and smart looking straight ahead, with as weary a face as that of Hungarian Spitz beside her. Time, in the Temple of Lo the hill has not worn her bloom off; it is all there-and but the additional bloom, the artificial bloom, is v When she smiles, as she sometimes smiles at the men fr of the Judge who greet the pair, it is an elaborately me ical smile, with a distinct beginning, climax, and es Some way it fails to convince one that she has any please it. The smile still is beautiful, exceedingly beautiful only as a picture. When the smile is garnished with the voice is low and musical-but too low and too obv musical. It does not reveal the soul of Margaret Van D the soul that glowed in the girl who came to Prospect ' ship fifteen years before, with banners flying to lav si Harvey. The soul that glowed through those wone eyes upon Henry Fenn-where is it? She has not crossed in any desire of her life. She has enjoyed form of pleasure that money could buy for her; she is d into books that make the wrinkles come between he brows, and is rubbing the wrinkles out and the ideas the books as fast as they come. She is droning a fo for happiness, learned of the books that make her head

NOT A CHAPTER BUT AN INTERLUDE

id is repeating over and over, "God is good, and I am id," as one who would plaster truth upon his consciousness, the mere repetition of it. But the truth does not help her. I she sits beside her husband, a wax work figure of a woman, id he seems to treat her as a wax figure. For he is clearly expired with his own affairs.

When he is not bowing and smiling, a sneer is on his face. In the here he speaks to the horse his voice is harsh and mean. In holds an unlighted cigar in his mouth as a terrier might that a loathed rat; working the muscles of his lips at times the books with the saying nothing. The soft, black hat of his that which he imagines gives him great dignity. His the have become so painfully scrupulous in their exact aformation to the mode that he looks wooden. He has ten so much thought to the subject of "wherewithal shall the clothed," that the thought in some queer spiritual curding has appeared in the unyielding texture of his artificial alored skin, that seems to be a part of another consciousness an his own.

Moreover, those first days he spent after the convention are chipped the suavity from his countenance, and have ratten upon the bland, complacent face all the cynicism of is nature. Triumph makes cynicism arrogant, so the man is ming his mask. His nature is leering out of his eyes, marling out of his mouth, and where the little, lean lines are pared away the flesh from his nose, a greedy, self-meking pride is peering from behind a great masterful nose. It is a local to be a properly to the is in the old age of adolescence. His skin has no local the soft olive texture of youth; it is brown and mothed and leathery. His lips—his lips once full and red, are wring and leadening.

Thus the pair go through the May twilight; and when be electric lights begin to flash out at the corners, thus the lan Dorns ride before the big black mass of the temple of we that looms among the young trees upon the lawn. The man alights from the trap. She pauses a moment upon be stone block at the curbing. The man makes no sign of wring. She takes the dog from the seat, and puts it on

the ground. The man gathers the reins tightly in his hi then drops them again, lights his eigar, and says behind hands: "I'm going back downtown."

"Oh, you are?" echoes the woman.
"Yes, I am," replies the man sharply.

The woman is walking up the wide parking, with the She makes no reply. The man looks at her a second or and drives away, cutting the horse to a mad speed a rounds the corner.

Through the wide doors into the broad hall, up the g staircase, through the luxurious rooms goes the high Prio of the Temple of Love. It is a lonely house. For it is in a state of social siege. So far as Harvey is concerne one has entered it. So they live rather quiet lives.

On that May evening the mistress of the great hous in her bed room by the mild electric, trying book after and putting each down in disgust. Philosophy fails to her attention—poetry annoys her; fiction—the book o moment, which happened to be "The Damnation of TI Ware," makes her wince, and so she reaches under the ing stand, and brings out from the bottom of a pile of a zines a salacious novel filled with stories of illicit and This she reads until her cheeks burn and her lips grow and she hears the roll of a buggy down the street, knows that it must be nearly midnight and that her me coming. She slips the book back into its place of comment, picks up "The Harmonious Universe," and walks some show of grandeur in her trailing garments down stairs to greet her lord.

"You up?" he asks. He glances at the book and conti "Reading that damn trash? Why don't you read Brow or Thackeray or—if you want philosophy Emerson or

lyle? That's rot."

He puts what scorn he can into the word rot, and i

sweetest, falsest, baby voice the woman answers:

"My soul craves communion with the infinite and seek the deeper harmonies. I just love to wander the wastes between the worlds like I've been doing to-night

The man grabs the book from her, and finding her in a place far beyond the end of the cut leaves, he looks a and sneers a profane sneer and passes up the stairs. tares after him as he slowly mounts, without joy in his tread and she follows him lightly as he goes to his room. She suses before the closed door for a lonely moment and the sighs and goes her way. She mumbles, "God is good and God," many times to herself, but she lies down to sleep wondering whimperingly in a half-doze if Pelleas and Melisande found things so dreadfully disillusioning after al they suffered for love and for each other. As a footnote t

Is the thing called love worth having at the cost of character? The trouble with the posts in the cost of character? The trouble with the poets is that they take their dies and gentlemen of pliable virtue and uncertain recti ande, only to the altar. One may ask with some degree o copriety if the duplicity they practiced, the lying they die justified by the sacredness of their passion, the crime bey committed and the meannesses they went through to take their ends were after all worth while. Also one may if the characters they made—or perhaps only revealed ter not such as to make them wholly miserable when the began to "live happily ever after"? A symposium entitled Is Love Really Worth It?" by such distinguished charac ters as Helen of Troy, Mrs. Potiphar and Cleopatra, migh be improving reading, if the ladies were capable of telling the - truth after lives of dissimulation and deceit.

But let us leave philosophy and look at another picture

This time we have the Morton family.

The Captain's feet are upon the shining fender. There no fire in the stove. It is May. But it is the Captain's habit to warm his feet there when he is in the house at night and he never fails to put them upon the fender and go through his evening routine. First it is his paper; then i his feet; then it is his apple, and finally a formal dis Capsion of what they will have for breakfast, with the Cap tain always voting for hash, and declaring that there are Potatoes enough left over and meat enough unused to make hash enough for a regiment. But before he gets to the hash question, the Captain this evening leads off with this "Curious thing about spring." The world of education

reading its examination papers, concurs in silence. The

worlds of fashion and of the fine arts also assenting, Captain goes on: "Down in South Harvey to-day: I o' dirty down there; looks kind of smoky and tin cann and woe-begone, like that class of people always looks, bu gory, girls, it's just as much spring down there as it is here, only more so! eh? I says to Laura, looking like a bloom peach tree herself in her kindergarten, says I, 'La it's terrible pretty down here when you get under the sa and the dirt. Every one just a lovin', says I, and g galloping into life kind of regardless. There's Nate Anne, and there's Violet and Hogan, and there's a whole of fresh married couples in Little Italy, and the Huns Belgians are all broke out with the blamedest dose of v' ever see! And they's whole rafts of 'em to be man before June!' Well, Laura, she laughed and if it wa like pouring spring itself out of a jug. Spring," he mu "ain't it curious about spring!"

Champing his apple the Captain gesticulates slowly his open pocket knife, "Love"—he reflects; then he away from his discussion and begins anew: "Less tall say Anne and Nate, a happy couple—him a lean, eagle-best New England kind of a man; her—a little quick-gain big-eyed woman and sping! out of the Providence of delemighty comes a streak of some kind of creepy, for lightning and they're struck dumb and blind and plant in the struck dumb and blind and bli

crazv-eh?"

He champs for a time on the apple, "Eighteen sixty-or May, sixty-one—me a tidy looking young buck—girl—b tiful girl with reddish brown hair and bluest eyes in world. Sping! comes the lightning, and melts us toge and the whole universe goes pink and rose-colored. sense—neither of us—no more'n Anne and Nate, just idea. I can't think of nothing but her—war isn't m shackles on four millions slaves—no consequence; the Col caught us kissing in his tent the day I left for the ar union forever—mere circumstance in the lives of two e people—in a world mostly eyes and lips and soft hands whispers and flowers, eh—and—" The Captain does finish his sentence.

He rises, puts his apple core on the table, and says

a great sigh: "And so we bloomed and blossomed and come to fruit and dried up and blowed away, and here they are—all the rest of 'em—ready to bloom—and may God help 'em and keep 'em." He pauses, "Help 'em and keep 'em and when they have dried up and blowed away—let 'em remember the perfume clean to the end!" He turns away from the girls, wipes his eyes with his gnarled fingers, and after clearing his throat says: "Well, girls, how about hash for breakfast—what say?"

The wheels of the Judge's buggy grate upon the curbing nearby and the Captain remarks: "Judge Tom gets in a little later every night now. I heard him dump her in af eight, and here it is nearly eleven—pretty careless,—pretty careless; he oughtn't to be getting in this late for four or five years yet—what say?" Public opinion again is divided. Fashion and the fine arts hold that it is Margaret's fault and that she is growing to be too much of a poseur; but the schools, which are the bulwarks of our liberties, maintain that he is just as bad as she. And what is more to the point—such is the contention of the eldest Miss Morton of the fourth grade in the Lincoln school, he has driven around to the school twice this spring to take little Lila out riding, and even though her mother has told the teachers to let the child go if she cared to, the little girl would not go and he was mean to the principal and insolent, though Heaven knows it is not the principal's fault, and if the janitor hadn't been standing right there—but it really makes little difference what would have happened; for the janitor in every school building, as every one knows, is a fierce and awesome creature who keeps more dreadful things from happening that never would have happened than any other single agency in the world.

The point which the eldest Miss Morton was accenting was this, that he should have thought of Lila before he got his divorce.

Now the worlds of fashion and the fine arts and the schools themselves, bulwarks that they are, do not realize how keenly a proud man's heart must be touched if day by day he meets the little girl upon the street, sees her growing out of babyhood into childhood, a sweet, bright, lovables

child, and he yearns for something sincere, something that has no poses, something that will love him for himself. So he swallows a lump of pride as large as his handsome head. and drives to the school house to see his child-and is denied. In the Captain's household they do not know what that means. For in the Captain's household which includes a six room house-not counting the new white painted bathroom, the joint product of the toil of the handsome Miss Morton and the eldest Miss Morton, and not counting the basket for the kitten christened Epaminondas, and maintained by the youngest Miss Morton over family protestsin the Captain's household there is peace and joy, if one excepts the numbing fear of a "step" that sometimes prostrates the eldest Miss Morton and her handsome sister; a fear that shelters their father against the wily designs of their sex upon a meek and defenseless and rather obliging gentleman. So they cannot put themselves in the place of the rich and powerful neighbors next door. The Mortons hear the thorns crackling under the pot, but they cannot appreciate the heat.

And now we come to the last picture.

It is still an evening in May!

"Well, how is the missionary to South Harvey," chirrups the Doctor as he mounts the steps, and sees his daughter, waiting for him on the veranda. She looks cool and fresh and beautiful. Her eyes and her skin glow with health and her face beams upon him out of a soul at peace.

"She's all right," returns the daughter, smiling. "How's

the khedive of Greeley county?"

As the Doctor mounts the steps she continues: "Sit down, father—I've something on my mind." To her father's inquiring face she replied, "It's Lila. Her father has been after her again. She just came home crying as though her little heart would break. It's so pitiful—she loves him; that is left over from her babyhood; but she is learning someway—perhaps from the children, perhaps from life—what he has done—and when he tries to attract her—she shrinks away from him."

"And he knows why-he knows why, Laura." The Doctor taps the floor softly with his cane. "It isn't all gone

Tom's heart, I mean. Somewhere deep in his consciousness he is hungering for affection—for respect—for understanding. You haven't seen Tom's eyes recently?" The daughter makes no reply. "I have," he continues. "They're burned out—kind of glassy—scummed over with the searing of the hell he carries in his heart—like the girls' eyes down in the Row. For he is dying at the heart—burning out with everything he has asked for in his hands, yet turning to Lila!"

"Father," she says with her eyes brimming, "I'm not angry with Tom—only sorry. He hasn't hurt me—much—when it's all figured out. I still have my faith—my faith in folks—and in God! Really to take away one's faith is the

only wrong one can do to another!"

The father says, "The chief wrong he did you was when he married you. It was nobody's fault; I might have stopped it—but no man can be sure of those things. It was just one of the inevitable mistakes of youth, my dear, that come into our lives, one way or another. They fall upon the just and the unjust—without any reference to deserts."

She nods her assent and they sit listening to the sounds of the closing day—to the vesper bell in the Valley, to the hum of the trolley bringing its homecomers up from the town; to the drone of the five o'clock whistles in South Harvey, to the rattle of homebound buggies. Twice the daughter starts to speak. The second time she stops the Doctor pipes up, "Let it come—out with it—tell your daddy if anything is on your mind." She smiles up into his mobile face, to find only sympathy there. So she speaks, but she speaks hesitatingly.

"I believe that I am going to be happy—really and truly happy!" She does not smile but looks seriously at her father as she presses his hand and pats it. "I am finding my place—doing my work—creating something—not the home that I would have now, but it is something good and worth while. It is self respect in me and self respect in those wives and mothers and children in South Harvey. All over the place I find its roots—the shrivelled parching roots of self-respect, and the aspiration that grows with self respect. Sometimes I see it in a ger-

anium flowering in a tomato can, set in a window; oftentime in a cheap lace curtain; occasionally in a struggling, stunted yellow rose bush in the hard-beaten earth of a dooryard; or in a second hand wheezy cabinet organ in some front bedroom—in a thousand little signs of aspiration, I find America asserting itself among these poor people, and as I cherish these things I find happiness asserting itself in my life. So it's my job, my consecrated job in this earth—to water the geranium, to prune the rose, to mulch the roots of self-respect among these people, and I am happy, father, happier every day that I walk that way."

She looks wistfully into her father's face. "Father, you won't quite understand me when I tell you that the tomate cans with their geraniums behind those gray lace curtains, that make Harvey people smile, are really not tomate cans at all. They are social dynamite bombs that one day will blow into splinters and rubbish the injustices, the cruel injustices of life that the poor suffer at the hands of their exploiters. The geranium is the flower, the spring flower of the divine discontent, which some day shall bear great and won-

derful fruit."

"Rather a swift pace you're setting for a fat man, Laura," pipes the Doctor, adding earnestly: "There you go talking like Grant Adams! Don't let Grant Adams fool you, child: the end of the world isn't here. Grant's a good boy, Laura, and I like him; but he's getting a kind of Millerite notion that we're about to put on white robes and go straight up to glory, politically and socially and every which way, in a few years, and there's nothing to it. Grant's a good son, and a good brother, and a good friend and neighbor, but"—the Doctor pounds his chair arm vehemently, "there are bats, my dear, bats in his belfry just the same. Don't get excited when you see Grant mount his haystack to jump into the crack o' doom for the established order!"

The daughter smiles at him, but she answers:

"Perhaps Grant is touched—touched with the mad impatience of God's fools, father. I don't always follow Grant. He goes his way and I go mine. But I am sure of this, that the thing which will really start South Harvey, and all the South Harveys in the world out of their dirt and misery, and

NOT A CHAPTER BUT AN INTERLUDE

is not our dreams for them, but their dreams for them-L. They must see the vision. They must aspire. They feel the impulse to sacrifice greatly, to consecrate thems deeply, to give and give and give of themselves that children may know better things. And it is my work ouse their dreams, to inspire their visions, to make them a for better living. I am trying to teach them to use to love beautiful things, that they may be restless among things. I think beauty only serves God as the handen of discontent! And, father, way down deep in my t—I know—I know surely that I must do this—that it is eason for being-now that life has taken the greater joy me from me. So," she concludes solemnly; "these peowhom I love, they need me, but father, God and you know how I need them. I don't know about Grant,an why he is going his solitary way, but perhaps somere in his heart there is a wound! Perhaps all of God's -those who live queer, unnormal self-forgetting lives, the broken and rejected pieces of life's masonry which builder is using in his own wise way. As for the plan, not ours. Grant and I, broken spawl in the rising ice, we and thousands like us, odd pieces that chink in hold the strain—we must be content to hold the load and w always—always know that after all the wall is rising! t is enough."

nd now we must put aside the pictures and get on with story.

CHAPTER XXX

GRANT ADAMS PREACHING A MESSAGE OF LOVE BAISES VERY DEVIL IN HARVEY

HE most dramatic agency in life is time-time escapes the staged drama. The passing year ceaseless chiselling of continuous events upon a the reaction of a creed upon the material routine of the the humdrum living through of life that brings to it it color and form-these things shape us and guide us. us what we are, and alas, the story and the stage may mention them. It is all very fine to say that as the ve work and aspiration passed, Grant Adams's channel grew narrower. But what does that tell ! Does it tell slow, daily sculpturing upon his character of the thre emotional episodes of his life? To be a father in boyh father ashamed, yet in duty bound to love and cheri child; to face death in youth horribly and escape only other men's courage save him; to react upon that expe in a great spiritual awakening that all but touched made and to face unspeakable pain and terror and possible to justify one's fanatic consecration. Then day by to renounce ambition, to feel no desire for those things of the heart that gather about a home and the of a home; to be atrophied where others are quick and supersensitive and highstrung where others are dull: are facts of Grant Adams's life, but the greater fac hidden; for they pass under the slow and inexorably n current of life. They are that part of the living th of life that may not be staged nor told.

But something of the living through is marked of man. Here he stands toward the close of the centurbore him—a tall, spare, red-haired, flint-visaged, wir man, prematurely middle-aging in late youth. Und high white forehead are restless blue eyes—deep, clear combative blue eyes, a big nose protrudes from he eyes that marks a willful, uncompromising creatable by a big strong mouth, not finely cut, but with thick, so, often chapped, that cover large irregular teeth. It is determined and dogged—almost brutal sometimes rest; but when a smile lights it, a charm and grave other being illumines the solemn countenance and dams's heart is revealed. The face is Puritan—all dour New England Adams, and the smile Irish—e joyous life of Mary Sands.

nay only see the face: here and there on it is the the sculptor's tool: now and then a glare or a smile what deep creases and gashes the winds of the passing ave made in the soul behind the mask. Here and s a rising strident voice in passionate exhortation may hear the roar of the narrowing channel into is life is rushed with augmented force as he hurries into his destiny. In that tumult, family, home, a, his very child itself that was his first deep wellof love, are slipping from him into the torrent. The shes about him; his one idea dominates him. He is under it-restless even with the employment of the The unions, for which he has been working for more If a decade, do not satisfy him. His aim is perfection rtality irritates him, but does not discourage him. n vanity is slipping from him in the erosion of the ushing down their narrowing groove.

t is only his grim flint face we see; only his high, but often melodiously sympathetic voice we hear; wiry, lank body with its stump of a right arm that before us. The minutes—awful minutes some of he hours, painful wrestling hours, the days, doubt-lays, and the long monotonous story of the years, we t know. For the living through of life still escapes only life's tableau of the moment is before us.

whatever gloss of gayety Dr. Nesbit might put upon ion of Grant Adams and his work in the world, it was that the Doctor's opinion of that work was not high. as comparatively high; for Harvey's opinion of Grant

Adams and his work was abysmal in its depth. H running his life on a different motor from the motor moved Harvey; the town was moving after a cent force-every one was for himself, and the devil was e to the hindermost. Grant Adams was centrifugal; l not considering himself particularly and was sham taking heed of the hindermost which was the devil's by And so men said in their hearts, if this man wins, the be the devil to pay. For Grant was going about the spreading discontent. He was calling attention to the tion of the laws in the mines; he was calling attent the need of other laws to further protect the mine smelter men. He was going about from town to town Valley building up the unions and urging the men to d more wages, either in actual money or in shorter hou proved labor conditions, and cheaper rent and better from the company which housed the families of the w

"Why," he asked, "should labor bear the burden

dustry and take its leavings?"

"Why," he demanded, "should capital toil not no

and be clothed as Solomon in his glory?"

"Why," he argued, "should the profits of toil be a buy more tools for toil and not more comforts for toil "Why, why—" he challenged Market Street, "is the nership of society, not a partnership, but a conspiracy

Now Market Street had long been wrathful at the

sistent Why.

But when it became known that John Dexter havited Grant Adams to occupy the pulpit of the Contional Church one Sunday evening to state his case, I Street's wrath choked it. For several years John had been preaching sermons that made the choir the possible theme of conversation between him and Wright. John Dexter had been crucified a thousand by the sordid greed of man in Harvey, and had crient the wilderness of his pulpit against it; but his crient upon deaf ears, or in dumb hearts.

The invitation to Grant to speak at John Dexter's Sevening service was more of a challenge to Harvey Harvey comprehended. But even if the town did r

calize the seriousness of the challenge, at least the found himself summoned by Market Street to a to discuss the wisdom of his invitation. Whereupon exter accepted the invitation and, girding up his loins, a strong man rejoicing to run a race.

hat a judgment seat they summoned John Dexter!

p spake Commerce. "Dr. Dexter," said Commerce
nerce always referred to John Dexter as Doctor,
no Doctor was he and he knew it well, "Dr. Dexter,
that your encouragement—hum—uhm—well, your
ge of this man Adams, in his—well, shall we say iny—" a harsh word is incendiary, so Commerce
and touched its graying side whiskers reverently and
its immaculate white necktie, and then went on:
perhaps indiscreet will do!" With Commerce inere is no vast difference between the indiscrete and
endiary. "—indiscrete agitation against the—well
—the way we have to conduct business, is—is regretit least regretable!"

y?" interrupted John Dexter sharply, throwing ree sadly out of balance. But the Law, which is the im of our liberties, answered for Commerce in a slow

s, "because he is preaching discontent."

Mr. Calvin, 'returned John Dexter quickly, 'if would come to town preaching discontent to Wright 7, showing them how to make more money, to enlarge rofits, to rise among their fellow merchants—would use to give him audience in a pulpit?' The Law deign to answer the preacher and then Industry took say, pulling its military goatee vigorously, and clear-dear old throat for a passage at arms: "'Y gory sere's always been a working class and they've always work like sixty and get the worst of it, I guess, and ways will—what say? You can't improve on the way. It is made. And when she's made, she's made—what itell you now, you're wasting your time on that class ole."

antagonists looked into each other's kindly eyes. Intriumphing in its logic, the minister hunting in his or the soft answer that would refute the logic with-

out hurting its author. "Captain," he said, "the once a wiser than we who went about preaching a new spreading discontent with injustice, whose very me

of the lowest industrial class."

"Yes—and you know what happened to Him," the Courts, which are the keystones of government structure of civilization. "And," continued the carried a grand and superior voice, "you can't drag busing religion, sir. Religion is one thing and I respect ters from the listening angels, "—and business is thing, and we think, sir, that you are trying to insoluble, and as business men who have our own ligious convictions—" inaudible guffaws from the "—we feel the sacrilege of asking this blatherskit to speak on any subject in so sacred a place as o crated pulpit, sir." Hoarse hoots from the angel.

No soft benignity beamed in the preacher's fa turned to the Courts. "My pulpit, Judge," answe Dexter sternly, "first of all stands for the gospel of between man and man. It will afford sanctuary for and the Magdalene, but only the penitent thief weeping Magdalene!" And John Dexter brought resounding fist on the table before him. "I bell the first duty of religion is to preach shame on the that they may quit their wickedness, and if," John voice rose as he went on, "in the light of our wid telligence we see that employers are organized with rob their workers of justice in one way or another with those who would make the thief disgorge for soul's sake, incidentally, but chiefly that justice n into an evil world and men may not mock the m goodness of God by pointing at the evil men do unre His name, and under His servants' noses. My pulpi pulpit, sir. When it is not that, I shall leave it. though I do not agree sometimes with a man's me long as my pulpit is free, any man who desires to thief, in the darkness of this world, may lift his vo and no man shall say him nay! Have you gentler thing further to offer?"

Commerce ceased rubbing its hands. Its alter e

ness, was obviously getting ready to say something, but was only whistling for the station, and the crowd knew it would be a minute before his stuttering speech should arrive. Patriotism was leaning forward with its hands back of its ears, smiling pleasantly at what he did not understand, and Industry, who saw the strings in which his world was wrapped up for delivery, cut, and the world sprawled in confusion before him by the preacher's defiance, was pulling his military goatee solemnly when Science toddled in, white-clad, pinkfaced, smoking his short pipe and clicking his cane rather more snappily than usual. He saw that he had punctuated an embarrassed situation. Only Religion and Patriotism were smiling. Science brought his cane down with a whack and piped out:

"So you are going to muzzle John Dexter, are you—you witch-burning old pharisees. I heard of your meeting, and I just thought I'd come around to the bonfire! What are you

trying to do here, anyway?"

At last Business which had been whistling for the station was ready to pull in; so it unloaded itself thus: "We are p-protesting, Doc, at th-th-th-th m-m-m-man Adams—this 1-1-labor sk-sk-skate and s-s-socialist occupying J-J-John Dex-

ter's p-pulp-p-pit!"

Science looked at Business a grave moment, then burst out, "What are you all afraid of! Here you are, a lot of grown men with fat bank accounts sitting around in a blue funk because Grant Adams does a little more or less objectionable talking. I don't agree with Grant much more than you do. But you're a lot of old hens, cackling around here because Grant Adams invades the roost to air his views. Let him talk. Let 'em all talk. Talk is cheap: otherwise we wouldn't have free speech." He grinned cynically as he asked, "Haven't you any faith in the Constitution of the fathers? They were smart enough to know that free speech was a safety valve; let 'em blow off. Then go down and organize and vote 'em afterwards according to the dictates of your own conscience. Politics is the antidote for free speech!" The Doctor glared at the Courts, smiled amiably at Business and winked conspicuously at Religion. Religion blushed at the blasphemy and as there seemed to be nothing further before the house the Doctor and John Dexter left the room.

But the honest indignation of Market Street that an agtator should appear in a pulpit—that an agitator for anything, should appear in any pulpit—waxed strong. For it was assumed that religion had nothing to do with social conduct; religion was solely a matter of individual salvation. Religion was a matter concerned entirely with getting to heaven oneself, and not at all a matter of getting others to heaven except as they took the narrow and individual path. The idea that environment affects character and that society through politics and social and economic institutions may change a man's environments and thus affect the characters and the chances for Heaven of whole sections of the population, was an idea which had not been absorbed by Market Street in Harvey. So Market Street raged.

That evening when Grant Adams returned from work be received two significant notes. One was from John Dexter

and ran:

"Dear Grant: Fearing that you may hear of the comment my invitation to you to speak in my pulpit is causing and fearing that you may either decide at the last minute not to come or that you will modify your remarks out of consideration for me, I write to say that while of course I may not agree with everything you advocate, yet my pulpit is a free pulpit and I cannot consent that you restrict its freedom in saying your full say as a man, any more than I could consent to have my own freedom restricted. Yours in the faith—J. D."

The other note ran: "Father says to tell you to tone it down. I have delivered his message, I say here is your chance to get the truth where it is most needed, and ever if for the most part it falls on stony ground—you still must

sow it .- L. N. VD."

Sunday evening saw a large congregation in the pews of the Rev. John Dexter's church. In the front and middle portion of the church were the dwellers on the Hill, the whose lines fell in pleasant places. They were the "Haves' of the town,—conspicuous and highly respectable with rustle of silks and flutter of ribbons.

And back of these sat a score of men and women from south Harvey, the "Have-nots," the dwellers in the dreary alley. There was Denny Hogan, late of the mines, but now of the smelter-with his curly hair plastered over his foreread, and with his wife, she that was Violet Mauling holding two-year-old baby with sweaty, curly red hair to her breast pleep; there was Ira Dooley, also late of the mines, but now proprietor of a little game of chance over the Hot Dog Saoon: there was Pat McCann, a pit boss and proud of it, with Mrs. McCann-looking her eyes out at Mrs. Nesbit's There was John Jones, in his Sunday best, and Evan Hughes and Tom Williams, the wiry little Welsh miners who had faced death with Grant Adams five years before. They were with him that night at the church with all the pride in him that they could have if he were one of the real pubility, instead of a labor agitator with a little more than local reputation. And there were Dick and his boy Mugs and the silent Mrs. Bowman and Bennie her youngest and Mary the next to the youngest. And Mrs. Bowman in the South Harvey colony was a person of consequence, for she nodded to the Nesbits and the Mortons and to Laura and 10 Mrs. Calvin and to all the old settlers of Harvey-rather conspicuously. She had the gratification of noting that South Harvey saw the nobility nod back. With the South Harvey people came Amos Adams in his rough gray clothes and rough gray beard. Jasper Adams in the highest possible collar, and in the gavest possible shell-pink necktie and under the extremest clother that it might be possible for the superintendent of a Sunday School to wear, shared a hymnal, when the congregation rose to sing, with the youngest Miss Morton. There were those who thought the singing was merely a duet between young Mr. Adams and the youngest Miss Mortonmuch feeling did they put into the music. Mr. Brotherton was so impressed, that he marked young Adams for a tryout at the next funeral where there was a bass voice needed. making the mental reservation that no one needed to look at the pimples of a boy who could sing like that.

When the congregation sat down after the first hymn John Dexter formally presented Grant Adams to the congregation. The young man rose, walked to the chancel rail and stood for

a moment facing his audience without speaking. The co gregation saw a tall, strong featured, uncouth man with lat nose and a big mouth-clearly masculine and not in chiselled. In these features there was something alm coarse and earthy; but in the man's eyes and forehead, the lurked the haunting, fleeting shadow of the eternal femin in his soul. His eyes were deep and blue and tender, in repose always seemed about to smile, while his forehe high and broad, topped by a shock of red hair, gave him kind of intellectual charity that made his whole counters shine with kindness. Yet his clothes belied the promise his brow. They were ill-fitting, with an air of Sunday-b ness that gave him an incongruous scarecrow effect. It easy to see why Market Street was beginning to call him t "Mad Adams." As he lifted his glance from the floor. eyes met Laura Van Dorn's, then flitted away quickly, the smile she should have had for her own, he gave to audience. He began speaking with his arms behind to hide the crippled arm which was tipped with a glo iron claw. His voice was low and gentle, yet his head felt its strength in reserve.

"I suppose," he began slowly, "every man has his in the world, and I presume my job seems rather an un essary one to some of my friends, and I can hardly bl them. For the assumption of superiority that it may s to require upon the whole must be distasteful to them. as a professional apostle of discontent, urging men to c the worship of things as they are, I am taking on myst grave burden-that of leading those who come with me. something better. In the end perhaps, you will not be pl of me. For my vision may be a delusion. Time may me naked to the cold truth of life, and I may awaken ! my dreaming to reality. That is possible. But now ! my course; now I feel the deep call of a duty I cannot sist." He was speaking softly and in hardly more th conversational tone, with his hand at his side and his gl claw behind him. He lifted his hand and spoke in a de

tone.

"I have come to you-to those of you who lead shell lives of comfort, amid work and scenes you love, to tell

of your neighbors; to call to you in their name, and in the mane of our common God for help. I have come from the poor—to tell you of their sorrows, to beg of you to come over into Macedonia and help us; for without you we are helpless. True—God knows how true—the poor outnumber you by ten to one. True, they have the power within them to rise, but their strength is as water in their hands. They need you. They need your neighborly love."

As he spoke something within him, some power of his voice or of his presence played across the congregation like a wind. The wind which at first touched a few who bent forward to hear him, was moving every one. Faces gradually

at in attention. He went on:

"How wonderful is this spirit of life that has come rollin through the eons, rolling in from some vast illimitable and of life that we call God. For ages and ages on this planet life could only give to new life the power to feed and propagate, could only pass on to new life the heritage dinstinct; then another impulse of the outer sea washed in and there came a day when life could imitate, could learn a little could pass on to new life some slight power of growth. And then came welling in from the unknown bourne another ware, and lo! life could reason, and God heard men whisper. Putter, and deep called unto deep. Since then through the enturies, through the gray ages, life slowly has been ming, slowly coming in from the hidden sea that laves the weld. Millions and millions of men are doomed to know behing of this life that gives us joy; millions are held hand in a social inheritance that keeps them struggling for lod, over outworn paths, mere creatures of primal instinct, whose Godhood is taken from them at birth; by you—by you the ret what you do not earn from those who earn what they b not get."

He turned to the group near the rear of the room, looked

at them and continued:

"The poor need your neighborly sacrifice, and in that sighborly love and sacrifice you will grow in stature more than they. What you give you will keep; what you lose you will gain. The brotherhood you build up will bless and confort you.

"The poor," he exclaimed passionately, "need you bu how, before God you need them! For only a loving under standing of your neighbors' lives will soften your callouse hearts. Long benumbing hours of grimy work, sorti homes amid daily and hourly scenes of filth and shame! He leaned forward and cried: "Listen to me, Alis Wright," and he thrust forward his iron claw toward to merchant while the congregation gasped, "what if you ha to strip naked and bathe in a one-roomed but before you family every night when you came home, dirty and com stained from your day's work! the beggar and the harlot an the thief nearby." He moved his accusing claw and the startled eyes of the crowd followed it as it pointed to Dani Sands and Grant exclaimed: "Listen, Uncle Dan Sand how would you like to have your daughter see the things th children see who live in your tenements next to the Burne District, which is your property also! Poisoned food, chear poisoned air, cheap, poisoned thoughts-all food and air an ideas, the cast-off refuse of your daily lives who live in the sheltered homes. You have a splendid sewer system up here but it flows into South Harvey and the Valley towns, a great open ravine, because you people sitting here who own the property down there won't tax yourselves to enclose the sewers that poison us!" A faint-rather dazed smile ra over the congregation like a wraith of smoke. He felt the the smoke proved that he had struck fire. He went on "Love, great aspiring love of fathers and mothers and sister and brothers, love stifled by fell circumstance, by ero events, and love that winces in agony at seeing children an father and brother go down in the muck all around themthat is the heritage of poverty.

"Hear me, Kyle Perry and John Kollander. I know you think poverty is the social punishment of the unfit. But tell you poverty is not the punishment of the weak. Powerty is a social condition to which millions are doomed arrow which only hundreds escape when the doom of birt is sealed. What has Ahab Wright given to Harvey more than James McPherson, who discovered coal here? What has Daniel Sands done for Harvey more than Tom Williams, who has spent his life at hard work mining coal?

al as valuable as Uncle Daniel's interest? Friends of these things!"

aith of smoke that had appeared when Grant first saking personally to the men of Harvey, in a mingrown to a surer evidence of fire. The smiling Angry looks began flashing over the faces before ke darts of flame. And after these looks came a ck cloud of wrath that was as perceptible as a gust He felt that soon the fire would burst forth. rried on with his message: "Poverty is not the soshment of the weak, I repeat it. Poverty is a social ce of the many, a condition which holds men hard -a condition that you may change, you who have so all this coal and oil and mineral have profited you oh, men of Harvey. You are rich, Daniel Sands. prosperous, Ahab Wright. You have every comnd you and yours, John Kollander, and you, Joseph re rearing your children in luxury compared with man's children. Hasn't he worked as hard as you! Ira Dooley and Denny Hogan. They started as th you up here and have worked as hard and have rage lives. Yet if their share is a fair share of ngs of this community, you have an unfair share. you get it?" He leaned out over the chancel rail, bony, accusing finger at the congregation and the eyes before him angrily. Quickly he recovered out brought his steel claw down on the pulpit beside a sharp clash as he cried again, "How did you get

was that the flame of indignation burst forth. It in a hiss and another and a third—then a crackling sees greeted his last sentence. When the hissing is voice rose slightly. He went on:

I the middle classes—we have risen above the great wus: we are permitted to learn—a little—to imitate ad somewhat. But above us, thank God, is another the social organization. Here at the top stand the privileged few who are the world's prophets and and seers—they know God; they drink deep of the e of everlasting life that is booming in, flooding the

world with mercy and love and brotherhood; and what they see in one century—and die for disclosing—we all see in the next century and fight to hold it fast!" He stood looking at the floor, then opened wide his glaring eyes, a fanatical mania blazing in them, lifted his arms and cried with a great voice like a trumpet: "You—you—you who have known God's mercy and his goodness and his love—why, in the dead Christ's name do you sit here and let the flood of like the dammed away from your brothers, stealing the waters of life like thieves from your brethren by your cruel laws and

customs and the chains of social circumstance!"

They tried to hiss again but he hurried on as one possess of a demon: "A little love, a little sacrifice, a little practical brotherly care from each of you each day would be We don't want your alms, we want justice. Thousands of babies-loved just as yours are loved-are slaughtered ever month through poisoned food that comes from commercia greed. Thousands of fathers and brothers over this land at killed every year because it is cheaper to kill them than ! protect them by machinery guarded and watched. The blood is upon you-for by your laws, by your middle cla courts you could stop its flowing. Thousands of mothers of every week from poor housing-you could stop that if y would. They are stopping it by laws in other lands. lions of girls the world over are led like sheep to shame lives because of industrial conditions that your vote at voice could change; and yet," his voice lost its accusing to and he spoke gently, even tenderly, "as babies they cuddle in their mothers' arms and roused all the hope and spired all the love that a soft little body may bring. Millio and millions of mothers who clasp their children to them hope, must see those children go into life to be broken a crushed by the weight from above."

As Grant was speaking he noticed that Morty Sands a nodding his head off in gorgeous approval. Then with thinking how his words might cut, he cried, "And look our good friend Morty Sands who enjoys every luxury a is arrayed as the lilies of the field! What does Morty g to society that he can promise the girl who marries him, or fort and ease and all the happiness that physical afflue

may bring? And then there sits Mugs Bowman. What can Mugs offer his girl except a life of hard, grinding work, a houseful of children and a death perhaps of slow disease? Yet Mugs must have his houseful of children for they must all work to support Morty. Where is the justice in a society

organized like this?

"For Christ's living sake," cried the man as his face glowed in his emotion, "let life wash in from its holy source to these our brothers. Shame on you—you greedy ones, you dollar worshipers—you dam the stream, you muddy the waters, you poison the well of life—shame—shame!" he cried and then paused, gloated perhaps in his pause, for the atorm he saw gathering in the crowd, to break. His face was transfigured by the passion in his heart and seemed illumined with wrath.

"The flag—the flag!" bawled deaf John Kollander, rising,

"He is desecrating Old Glory!"

Then fire met fire and the conflagration was past control. It raged over the church noisily.

"Look-a here, young man," called Joseph Calvin, stand-

ing in his seat.

"The flag—will no one defend the flag!" bellowed John Kollander, while Rhoda, his wife, looked on with amiable approval.

"P-put him out," stuttered Kyle Perry, and his clerks

and understrappers joined the clamor.

"Well, say, men," cried George Brotherton in the confusion of hissing and groaning, "can't you let the man talk? Is free speech dead in this town?" His great voice silenced the crowd, and John Dexter was in the pulpit holding out his hands. As he spoke the congregation grew silent, and

they heard him say:

"This is a free pulpit; this man shall not be disturbed." But Joseph Calvin stamped noisily out of the church. John Kollander and his wife marched out behind him with military tread and Kyle Perry and Ahab Wright with their families followed, amid a shuffling of feet and a clamor of voices. The men from South Harvey kept their places. There was a whispering among them and Grant, fearing that they would start trouble, called to them sternly:

"My friends must respect this house. Let properly is -poverty can wait. It has waited a long time and is use to it."

When Market Street was gone, the speaker drew a dependent and said in a low, quiet voice charged with pendermotion: "Now that we are alone, friends,—now that the are gone whose hearts needed this message, let me say this: God has given you who live beautiful lives the keeping of his treasure. Let us ask ourselves this: Shall we be it to share it with our brethren in love, or shall we guard against our brethren in hate?"

He walked back to the rear of the room and sat, with head bowed down, beside his friends, spent and weary whi

the services closed.

At the church door Laura Van Dorn saw the despair the was somewhat a physical reaction from weariness. So s cut her way through the group and went to him, taking arm and drawing him aside into the home-bound walk quickly as she could. He remained grim and spoke only answer to challenge or question from Laura. It was pli to her that he felt that his speech was a failure; that he h not made himself understood; that he had overstated case. She was not sure herself that he had not lost m ground than he had gained in the town. But she wrapp him about in a garment of kindness-an almost mater tenderness that was balm to his heart. She did not pro his speech but she let him know that she was proud of h that her heart was in all that he had said, even if be ! definitely that there were places in his adventure where head was not ready to go. She held no cheek upon words that came to her lips, for she felt, even deeper ! surer than she felt her own remoteness from the love wh her girlhood had known, that in him it was forever dead. touch of his hand; no look of his eye, no quality of his vo had come to her since her childhood, in which she could f trace or suggestion that sex was alive in him. The an that burned so wildly upon his face, the fire in his eyes ! glowed when he spoke of his work and his problems, see to have charred within him all flower and beauty of mance. But they left with him a hunger for sympathy.

desire to be mothered and a longing for a deep and sweet understanding which made Laura more and more necessary to him as he went into his life's pilgrimage. As they reached a corner, he left her with her family while he turned away for a night walk.

As he walked, he was continually coming upon lovers passing or meeting him in the night; and Grant seeing them felt his sense of isolation from life renewed, but was not stirred to change his course. For hours he wandered through the town and out of it into the prairies, with his heart heavy and wroth at the iniquities of men which make the inequities of life. For his demon kept him from sleep. If another demon, and perhaps a gentler, tried to whisper to him that night of another life and a sweeter, tried to turn him from his course into the normal walks of man, tried to break his purpose and tempt him to dwell in the comely tents of Kedar—if some gentler angels that would have saved him from a harsher fate had beckoned to him and called him that night, through passing lovers' arms and the murmur of loving voices, his eyes were blind and his ears were deaf and his heart was hot with another passion.

Amos Adams was in bed when Grant came into the house. On the table was a litter of writing paper. Grant sat down for a minute under the lamp. His father in the next room stirred, and asked:

"What kept you?" And then, "I had a terrific time with Mr. Left to-night." The father appeared in the doorway. "But just look there what I got after a long session."

On the page were these words written in a little round, old-fashioned hand, some one's interminably repeated prayer. "Angels guide him—angels strengthen him; angels pray for him." These words were penned clear across the page and on the next line and the next and the next to the very bottom of the page, in a weary monotony, save that at the bottom of the sheet the pen had literally run into the paper, wheavily was the hand of the writer bearing down! Inder that, written in the fine hand used by Mr. Left was this:

"Huxley:—On earth I wrote that I saw one angelate strong, calm angel playing for love.' Now I see the firms of good leading the world forward, compelling progress.

IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

are personal—just as the Great All Encompassing For personal, just as human consciousness is personal. The personal is forces of life are angels—not exact—but the best figure is forces of life are angels—not exact—but the best figure is true that was written, 'there is more joy in Hermand 'the angels sang for joy.' This also is only a figure but the best I can get through to you. Angels guide angels strengthen us, angels pray for us.''

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CHAPTER XXXI

N WHICH JUDGE VAN DORN MAKES HIS BRAGS AND DR. NESBIT SEES A VISION

TT was the last day of the last year of the Nineteenth Century—and a fair, beautiful day it was. The sun shone over Harvey in spite of the clouds from the smelter South Harvey, and in spite of the clouds that were blown by the soft, south wind up the Wahoo Valley from other melters and other coal mines, and a score of great smoke tacks in Foley and Magnus and Plain Valley, where the becovery of coal and oil and gas, within the decade that passing, had turned the Valley into a straggling town throst twenty miles long. So high and busy were the chimbeys that when the south wind blew toward the capital of his industrial community, often the sun was dimmed in Harvey by a haze. But on this fair winter's day the air and cold and even in Harvey shadows were black and Hear, and the sun's warmth had set the redbirds to singing in the brush and put so much joy into the world that Judge Thomas Van Dorn had ventured out with his new automohile-a chugging, clattering wonder that set all the horses orecley County on their hind feet, making him a person of listinction in the town far beyond his renown as a judge and m orator and a person of more than state-wide reputation. but the Judge's automobile was frail and prone to err-being est altogether unlike its owner in that regard. Thus many time when it chugged out of his barn so proudly, it came mping back behind a span of mules. And so it happened m that bright, beautiful, December day that the Judge was fitting upon a box in Captain Morton's shop, while the Captain at his little forge was welding some bits of metal brether and discoursing upon the virtues of his Household

Horse, which he was assembling in small quantitiesarranged with a firm in South Chicago to east the t

pieces that were needed.

"Now, for instance, on a clothes wringer." the was saying: "It's a perfect wonder on a clothes w I have the agency of a clothes wringer that is making rich all over the country. But women don't like wringers; why? Because they require such hard won right-hitch on my Household Horse, and the power r is reduced three-fifths and a day's wash may be put line as easy as a girl could play The Maiden's Pr. a piano-eh? Or, say, put it on a churn-same one's all that's needed to a house. Or make it an ic freezer or a cradle or a sewing machine, or anyth earth that runs by a crank-and 'y gory, man, yo housework a joy. I sold Laura one-traded her one sons for Ruth, and she says wash-day at the Doctor Sunday now-what say? Lila's so crazy about it the keep her out of the basement while the woman works to dabble in the water you know like all children. her doll clothes, what say ?"

But the Judge said nothing. The Captain tinker the metal, and dipped it slowly in and out of a tub water to temper it, and as he tried it in the groove belonged upon the automobile backed up to the s found that it was not exactly true, and went to spring it back into line. The Judge looked around t -a barny, little place filled with all sorts of whe pulleys and levers and half-finished inventions that w work, and that, even if they would work, would be consequence. There was an attempt to make a for buggy wheels, a half-finished contrivance that posed to keep cordwood stacked in neat rows; an at contraption to prevent coffeepots from burning; a cor that would all but work; a molasses faucet with an burner which was supposed to make the sirup flow but which instead sometimes blew up and burne grocery stores, and there were steamers and chu household contrivances which the Captain had int into the homes of Harvey in past years, not of his in ure, but contrivances that had inspired his eloquence, ere mute witnesses to his prowess—trophies of the Above the forge were rows of his patent sprockets, tly wrapped in brown paper, and under this row of ndise was a clipping from the *Times* describing the 1's invention, and predicting—at five cents a line—would revolutionize the theory of mechanics and soon a household need all over the world.

ne Judge looked idly at the Captain's treasures while ptain tinkered with the steel, he took off his hat, and ptain, peering through his glasses, remarked:

ting kind of thin on top, Tom—eh? Doc, he's leanttle hard on his cane. Joe Calvin, he's getting rheuand you're getting thin-haired. The Lord giveth e Lord taketh away."

you believe the Lord runs things here in Harvey, do up?" asked the Judge, who was playing with a bit of

Il—I suppose if you come right down to it," anthe Captain, "a man's got to have the consolation of in some shape or other or he's going to get mighty aged—what say?"

look at my wife—I mean Margaret—she changes reas often as she changes dogs. Since we've been mare's had three religions. And what good does it do

Captain, sighting down the edge of the metal, shook his and the Judge went on: "What good does any redo? I've broken the ten commandments, every one a—and I get on. No one bothers me, because I keep the general statutes. I've beat God at his own game. ou, Cap, you can do what you please just so you obey te and federal laws and pay your debts. This Godmuses me."

ain Morton did not care to argue with the Judge. So, by way of making conversation for a customer, and or and guest:

ear, well, to be exact, George Brotherton was telling the girls the other night that the Company is secretly

dropping out the members of the unions that Grant Ad

has been organizing down in South Harvey."

"Yes-that Adams is another one of your canting. and-morality fellows. Always watch that kind. I tell Captain," barked the Judge, "about the only thing wife and I have agreed on for a year is that this Ad fellow is a sneaking, pharisaical hound. Lord, how hates him! Sometimes I think women hate hard end to compete with your God, who according to the preach is always slipping around getting even with fellows their sins. God and women are very much alike, anywa sneered the Judge. In the silence that followed, both were attracted by a noise behind them—the rustling of str They looked around and saw the figure of a little gir yellow-haired, blue-eyed, shy, little girl, trying to slip of the place. She had evidently been in the loft gather eggs, for her apron was full, and she had her foot on the ladder.

"Why, Lila, child," exclaimed the Captain, "I clean got you being up there—did you find any eggs? Why die

you come down long ago?"

"Come here, Lila," called the Judge. The child stood the ladder hesitatingly, holding her little apron contightly in her teeth basketing the eggs—too embarrassed that she was down the ladder, to use her hands.

"Lila," coaxed the Judge, reaching his hand into pocket, "won't you let Papa give you a dollar for eand, something. Come on, daughter." He put out his hands, shook her head. She had to pass him to get to the d"You aren't afraid of your Papa are you, Lila—com

here's a dollar for you-that's a good girl."

Her mouth quivered. Big tears were dropping down cheeks. The Captain's quick eye saw that something hurt her. He went over to her, put his arm about her, the eggs from her apron, fondled her gently without sping. The Judge drew nearer "Lila—come—that's a girl—here, take the money. Oh Lila, Lila," he cried, "wyou take it for Papa—won't you, my little girl?"

The child looked up at him with shy frightened eyes, suddenly she put down her head and ran past him. He t her—to put the silver into her hand, but she shrank and dropped the coin before him.

y child, Judge—very shy. Emma let her gather the his morning, she loves to hunt eggs," chuckled the Capand she went to the loft just before you came in. I forgot she hadn't come down."

Captain went on with his work.

uppose, Cap," said Van Dorn quietly, "she heard more of what I said." The Captain nodded.

w much did she understand?" the Judge asked.

captain Morton after a pause, "I know the little skite top, Judge—and there's one thing about her: She's a little body. She'll never tell; you needn't be worrying that."

Judge sighed and added sadly: "It wasn't that, Cap vas—" But the Judge left his sentence in the air. pending was done. The Judge paid the old man and im a dollar more than he asked, and went chugging off loud of smoke, while the Captain, thinking over what idge had said, sighed, shook his head, and bending over rk, cackled in an undertone, snatches of a tune that told and that is fairer than day. He had put together three rets and was working on the fourth when he looked up w his daughter Emma sitting on the box that the Judge acated. The Captain put his hand to his back and up, looking at his eldest daughter with loving pride. mma," he said at length, "Judge Tom says women ke God." He stood near her and smoothed her hair, atted her cheek as he pressed her head against his side. he's right—eh? Lila was in the loft getting eggs he overheard a lot of his fool talk." The daughter no reply. The Captain worked on and finally said: ind of hit Tom hard to have Lila hear him; took the rat of him, eh?"

ma still waited. "My dear, the more I know of women tter I think of God, and the surer I am of God, the I think of women—what say?" He sat on the box her and took her hand in his hard, cracked, grimy "Y gory, girl, I tell you, give me a line on a man's idea

of God and I can tell you to a tee what he thinks of a -ch?" The Captain dropped the hand for a moment

looked out of the door into the alley.

"Well, Father, I agree with you in general about vibut in particular I don't care about Mrs. Herdicke I wish Martha had another job, though I suppose it's than teaching school." The daughter sighed. "He father, sometimes when I've been on my feet all day the children have been mean, and the janitor sticks his in and grins, so I'll know the superintendent is it building and get the work off the board that the don't allow me to put on, or one of the other girls a note up to watch for my spelling for he's cran spelling to-day, I just think, 'Lordee, if I had a job it one's kitchen, I'd be too happy to breathe." But the

"Yes—yes, child—I know it's hard work now—but 'y
Emmy, when I get this sprocket introduced and goin
buy you six superintendents in a brass cage and let yo
'em biled eggs to make 'em sing—ch?' He smiled and
his daughter's hair and rose to go back to work,
girl plucked at his coat and said: "Now sit down, i
I want to talk to you," she hesitated. "It's about
Brotherton. You know he's been coming out here for
and I thought he was coming to see me, and now i
thinks he comes to see her, and Martha always stays
and so does Ruth, and if he is coming to see me—
stopped. Her father looked at her in astonishment.
father," she went on,—"why not? I'm twenty-five
Martha's twenty-two and even Ruth is seventeen—he
even be coming to see Ruth," she added bitterly.

"Yes, or Epaminondas—the cat—ch?" cut in the old Then he added, indignantly, "Well, how about this saper Adams—who's he coming to see? Or Ams comes around here sometimes Saturday night after G. meeting, with me—what say? Would you want us clear out and leave you the front room with him?" dem

the perturbed Captain.

Then the father put his arm about his child ten "Twenty-five years old—twenty-five years—why, girl, time a girl was an old maid laid on the shelf at twentyhere you are," he mused, "just thinking of your first n and here I am needing your mother worse than I ever in my life. Law-see' girl-how do I know what to doat say?" But he did know enough to draw her to him I kiss her and sigh. "Well-maybe I can do something navbe-we'll see." And then she left him and he went his work. And as he worked the thought struck him sudnly that if he could put one of his sprockets in the Judge's tomobile where he had seen a chain, that it would save wer and stop much of the noise. So as he worked he camed that his sprocket was adopted by the makers of the machines, and that he was rich—exceedingly rich and at he took the girls to visit the Ohio kin, and that Emma d her trip to the Grand Canyon, that Martha went to Eune and that Ruthie "took vocal" of a teacher in France hose name he could not pronounce.

As he hammered away at his bench he heard a shuffling at a door and looking up saw Dr. Nesbit in the threshold. "Come in, Doctor; sit down and talk," shrilled the Doctor fore the Captain could speak, and when the Doctor had ated himself upon the box by the workbench, the Captain anaged to say: "Surely—come right in, I'm kind of lone-

me anyhow."

"And I'm mad," cried the Doctor. "Just let me sit here

ad blow off a little to my old army friend."

"Well—well, Doctor, it's queer to see you hot under the allar—eh?" The Doctor began digging out his pipe and ling it, without speaking. The Captain asked: "What's

me wrong? Politics ain't biling? what say?"

"Well," returned the Doctor, "you know Laura works at kindergarten down there in South Harvey, and she got to pass that hours-of-service law for the smelter men at extra session last summer. Good law! Those men workthere in the fumes shouldn't work over six hours a day—will kill them. I managed by trading off my hide and my ances of Heaven to get a law through, cutting them down eight hours in smelter work. Denny Hogan, who works on a slag dump, is going to die if he has to do it another years a ten-hour shift. He's been up and down for two years the Hogans live neighbors to Laura's school and it another two years.

been watching him. Well," and here the Doctor thus on the floor with his cane, "this Judge—this vain, strate peacock of a Judge, this cat-chasing Judge that was my son-in-law, has gone and knocked the law galley we far as it affects the slag dump. I've just been reading decision, and I'm hot—good and hot."

The Captain interrupted:

"I saw Violet Hogan and the children—dressed like cesses, walking out to-day—past the Judge's house—sho it to them—what say? My, how old she looks, Doctor!"

"Well-the damned villain-the infernal scoundre piped the Doctor. "I just been reading that decision. men showed in their lawsuit that the month before the took effect the company, knowing the law had been no went out and sold their switch and sold the slag dump. fake railroad company that bought a switch engine and or three cars, and incorporated as a railroad, and then same people owning the smelter and the railroad, the all the men in the smelter that they could working u slag dump, so the men were working for the railroad not for the smelter company and didn't come within the hour law. And now the Judge stands by that fare says that the men working there under the very chimp the smelter on the slag dump where the fumes are wors not subject to the law because the law says that men we for the smelters shall not work more than eight hours these men are working for a cheating, swindling subte of a railroad. That's judge-made law. That's the kin law that makes anarchists. Law!" snorted the D "Law!-made by judges who have graduated out of th ploy of corporations-law !- is just what the Judge of bench dares to read into the statute. I tell you, Cap. doctors and engineers and preachers were as subservice greed and big money as the lawyers are, we would soon our standing. But when a lawyer commits some fla malpractice like that of Tom Van Dorn's-the lawye mind us that the courts are sacred institutions."

The Doctor's pipe was out and in filling it again, he j viciously at the bowl with his knife, and in the meanting

Captain was saying:

I suppose he found the body of the decisions leanay, Doc—you know Judges are bound by the body

xdy of the law—yes, damn 'em, I've bought 'em to

ody of the law myself."

ctor sputtered along with his pipe and cried out in reble—"I never had any more trouble buying a a Senator. And lawyers have no shame about nselves to crooks and notorious lawbreakers. And ers hire themselves body and soul to great corporalife and we all know that those corporations are ding the laws and not obeying them; and lawyers ery top of the profession—brazenly hire out for life nd of business. What if the top of the medical was composed of men who devoted themselves to be public welfare for life! We have that kind of out we call them quacks. We don't allow 'em in al societies. We punish them by ostracism. But

lawyers who devote themselves to skinning the ey are at the head of the bar. They are made hey are promoted to supreme courts. A damn y-do we're coming to when the quacks run a whole

And Tom Van Dorn is a quack—a hair-splitting, venal quack—who doles out the bread pills of ind the strychnine stimulants of injustice and the laudanum of injustice, and falls back on the body isions to uphold him in his quackery. Justice deat he take that fake corporation, made solely to law, and shake its guts out and tell the men who is job, that he'll put them all in jail for contempt f they try any such shenanigan in his jurisdiction hat would be justice. This—this decision—is humvery one knows it. What's more—it may be murmen can't work on that slag dump ten hours a ut losing their lives."

tain tapped away at his sprocket. He had his own it the sanctity of the courts. They were not to be n so easily. The Doctor snorted: "Burn their d blear their minds, and then wail about our vicious

ses—I'm getting to be an anarchist."

He prodded his cane among the débris on the floor then he began to twitch the loose skin of his lower face smiled. "Thank you, Cap," he chirped. "How good beautiful a thing it is to blow off steam in a barn to old army friend."

The Captain looked around and smiled and the I asked: "What was that you were saying about

Hogan ?"

"I said I saw her to-day and she looked faded and

she's not so much older than my Emma-ch !"

"Still," said the Doctor, "Violet's had a tough tir mighty tough time; three children in six years. The one took most of her teeth; young horse doctor gay some dope that about killed her; she's done all the cor washing, scrubbing and made garden for the family it time-up every morning at five, seven days in the we get breakfast for Dennis-Emma would look broken if had that." The Doctor paused. "Like her mother--vain-puts all of Denny's wages on the children's ba Laura says Violet spends more on frills for those kids we spend for groceries-and Violet goes around herself ing like the Devil before breakfast." The Doctor reste chin on his cane. "Remember her mother-Mrs. Manl funny how it breeds that way. The human critter, is a curious beast-but he does breed true-mostly. Doctor loafed, whistling, around the work shop, prodd things with his cane, and wound up leaning against on of the bench.

"Last day of the century," he piped, "makes a pause and study. I've seen fifty-three years of the old tury—seen the electric light, the telephone, the phones the fast printing press, the transcontinental railrows steam thresher, the gasoline engine—and all its wo clear down to Judge Tom's devil wagon. That's a good for one short life. I've seen industry revolutionizeding the homes of the people, and herding into the greatories. I've seen steam revolutionize the daily habits of and distort their thoughts; one man can't run a steagine; it takes more than one man to own one. So have capital rise in the world until it is greater than kings, a

an courts, greater than governments—greater than God meelf as matters stand, Cap—I'm terribly afraid that's se."

The Doctor was serious. His high voice was calm, and smoked a while in peace. "But," he added reflectively—Cap, I want to tell you something more wonderful than all; re seen seven absolutely honest men elected this year to the ste Senate—I've sounded them, felt them out, had all sds of reports from all kinds of people on those seven men. I have a seven when there are seven."

The Doctor leaned over to the Captain and said confidenlly, "Cap—we meet next week. Listen here. I was seted without a dollar of the old spider's money. He sight me for that smelter law on the quiet. Now look here; watch my smoke. I'm going to organize those seven, and ske eight and you're going to see some fighting."

"You ain't going to fight the party, are you, Doc!" asked to amazed Captain, as though he feared that the Doctor wild fall dead if he answered yes. But the Doctor grinned

pd said: "Maybe—if it fights me."

"Well, Doc-" cried the Captain, "don't you think-"

"You bet I think—that's what's the matter. The smelter muit's made me think. They want to control government they can have a license to murder. That's what it means. In the 'em blight Denny Hogan's lungs down on the dump; then 'em burn 'em up and crush 'em in the mines—by ding the mining laws; watch 'em slaughter 'em on the ilroads; murder is cheap in this country—if you control ternment and get a slaughter license.'

The Doctor laughed. "That's the old century—and say, p—I'm with the new. You know old Browning—he says:

"It makes me mad To think what men will do an' I am dead."

The Doctor waved his cane furiously, and grinned as he rew back his head, laughed silently, kicked out one leg. d stood with one eye cocked, looking at the speechless ptain. "Well, Cap—speak up—what are you going to do not it?"

"Y gory, Doc, you certainly do talk like a Populist—ch?"

s all the Captain could reply. The Doctor toddled to the

door, and standing there sang back: "Well, Cap-do you think the Lord Almighty Iaid off all the angels and quit wan on the world when he invented Tom Van Dorn's automobilethat it is the last new thing that will ever be tried!"

And with that, the Doctor went out into the alley and through his alley gate into his house. But the Captain mind was set going by the Doctor's parting words. He was considering what might follow the invention of Tom Vs Dorn's automobile. There was that chain, and there was li sprocket. It would work-he knew it would work and at much power and much noise. But the sprocket must longer, and stronger. Then, he thought, if the wire spots and the ball-bearing and rubber tires of the bicycle had mad the automobile possible, and now that they were getting gasoline engine of the automobile perfected so that it would generate such vast power in such a small space-what if the could conserve and apply that power through his inventionwhat if the gasoline engine might not through his Houselin Horse some day generate and use a power that would lift man off the earth? What then? As he tapped the be and turned the screws and put his little device together, dreamed big dreams of the future when men should fly, at the boundaries of nations would disappear and tariffs won be impossible. This shocked him, and he tried to figure of how to prevent smuggling by flying machines; but as could not, he dreamed on about the time when war would abolished among civilized men, because of his invention

So while he was dreaming in matter—forming the is vague nebulæ of coming events, the infinite intelligence was ing around us all, floating this earth, and holding the stars their courses, sent a long, thin fleck of a wave into the mi of this man who stood working and dreaming in the twilig while the old century was passing. And while he saw vision, other minds in other parts of the earth saw the visions. Some of these myriad visions formed part of 1 and his formed part of theirs, and all were part of the great vision that was brooding upon the bourne of time a space. And other visions, parts of the great vision of Creator, were moving with quickening life in other min and hearts. The disturbed vision of justice that flash

agh the Doctor's mind was a part of the vast cycle of as that were hovering about this earth. It was not his a millions held part of it; millions aspired, they knew why, and staked their lives upon their faith that there power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness. as the waves of infinite, resistless, all-encompassing love the world that New Year's night that cast the new any upon the strange shores of time, let us hope that the ms of strong men stirred them deeply that they might a wisely upon that mysterious tide that is drawing huity to its unknown goal.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEREIN VIOLET HOGAN TAKES UP AN OLD TRADE AND MARGARET VAN DORN SEERS A HIGHER PLANE

HE new Century brought to Harvey such plenital that all night and all day the smelter fires painted the sky up and down the Wahoo Valley; all night los and all day long the miners worked in the mines, and through the night and the long day the great cement for tory and the glass factories belched forth their lurid fund The trolley cars went creaking and moaning around the curves through the mean, dirty, squalid, little streets of the mining and manufacturing towns. They whined inco tiently as they sailed across the prairie grass under the fogged sunshine between the settlements, but always be brought up with their loads at Harvey. So Harvey grew ! be a prosperous inland city, and the Palace Hotel with onyx and marble office, once the town's pride, found itse with all its striving but a third-class hostelry, while to three-story building of the Traders' Bank looked low as squatty beside its six and seven storied neighbors. The to cornices of Market Street were wiped away, and yellow box and terra cotta and marble took the place of the old one ments of which the young town had been so proud. The thread of wires and pipes that made the web of the spile behind the brass sign, multiplied and the pipes and the rail and the cables that carried his power grew taut and street New people by thousands had come into the town and grall ally the big house, the Temple of Love on Hill Crest, the had been deserted during the first years of its occupant filled up. Judge Thomas Van Dorn and his handsome si were seen in the great hotels of New York and Boston, at in Europe more or less, though the acquaintances they may in Europe and in the East were no longer needed to fill the home. But the old settlers of Harvey maintained the re. It was at a Twelfth Night festivity when young peofrom all over the Valley and from all over the West were isqueing in the great house, that Judge Van Dorn, to please pretty girl from Baltimore whom the Van Dorns had met Italy, shaved his mustache and appeared before the guests th a naked lip. The pursed, shrunken, sensuous lips of the wel mouth showed him so mercilessly that Mrs. Van Dorn uld not keep back a little scream of horror the first time stood before her with his shaved lip. But she changed recream to a baby giggle, and he did not know how he was realed. So he went about ever after, preening himself It his smooth face gave him youth, and strutting inordilely because some of the women he knew told him he looked a boy of twenty-five—instead of a man in his fortics. was always suave, always creakingly debonaire, always, a in his meannesses, punctilious and airy.

In the old settlers sometimes were fooled by his attitude rard Margaret, his wife. He bore toward her in public t shallow polish of attention, which puzzled those who we that they were never together by themselves when he ld help it, that he spent his evenings at the City Club, I that often at the theater they sat almost back to back consciously during the whole performance. But after the tain was down, the polite husband was the soul of atdance upon the beautiful wife—her coat, her opera glasses, trappings of various sorts flew in and out of his eager ids as though he were a conjurer playing with them for an lience. For he was a proud man, and she was a vain nan, and they were striving to prove to a disapproving id that the bargain they had made was a good one

et the old settlers of Harvey felt instinctively that the re of their Judge's bargain was not so trifling a matter at first the happy couple had esteemed it. The older peosaw the big house glow with light as the town spread over hill and prosperity blackened the Valley. The older ple played their quiet games of bridge, by night, and said e. Judge Van Dorn polished the periods of his orations, thimself like a race horse, strutted like a gobbler, showed naked mouth, held himself always tightly in hand, kept eye out for a pretty face, wherever it might be found,

with black stain upon it, and upholstered in rich red leather, and red leather pillows lounged luxuriously in the corners of the seat; a black, angular table and a red, angular shade over a green angular lamp sat where the sawdust box had been. True—a green angular smoker's set also was upon the table—the only masculine appurtenance in the corner; but it was clearly a sop thrown out to offended and exiled mankind—a mere mockery of the solid comfort of the sawdust box, filled with cigar stubs and ashes that had made the corner a haven for weary man for nearly a score of years. Above the black-stained seat ran a red dado and upon that in fine old English script, where once the old sign of the Corner had been nailed, there ran this legend:

"The sweet serenity of Books' and Wallpaper, Stationery and Office Supplies."

For Mr. Brotherton's commercial spirit could not permit him to withhold the fact that he had enlarged his business by adding such household necessities as wall paper and such business necessities as stationery and office supplies. Thus the town referred ever after to Mr. Brotherton's "Sweet serenity of Books and Wallpaper," and so it was known of men in Harvey.

When Mrs. Van Dorn entered, she was surprised; for while she had heard casually of the changes in Mr. Brotherton's establishment, she was not prepared for the effulgence of refined and suppressed grandeur that greeted her.

Mr. Brotherton, in a three buttoned frock coat, a rich black secot tie and suitable gray trousers, came forward to meet

beт.

"Ah, George," she exclaimed in her baby voice, "really what a lit-ry," that also was from her (hicago friend, "what

a lit-ry atmosphere you have given us."

Mr. Brotherton's smile pleaded guilty for him. He waved her to a seat among the red cushions. "How elegant," she simpered, "I just think it's perfectly swell. Just like Marshall Field's. I must bring Mrs. Merrifield in when she comes down—Mrs. Merrifield of Chicago. You know, Mr. Brotherton," it was the wife of the Judge who spoke, "I

think we should try to cultivate those whose wide advantage make our association with them a liberal education. We is it Emerson says about Friendship—in that wonders

essay-I'm sure you'll recall it."

And Mr. Brotherton was sure he would too, and indicat as much, for as he had often said to Mr. Fenn in their litera confidences, "Emerson is one of my best moving lines And Mrs. Van Dorn continued confidentially: "Now then a book, a German book-aren't those Germans candid-y know I'm of German extraction, and I tell the Judge that where I get my candor. Well, there's a German bookcan't pronounce it, so I've written it out-there; will ; kindly order it?" Mr. Brotherton took the slip and we to the back of the store to make a memorandum of the ord He left the book counter in charge of Miss Calvin-Miss A Calvin-yes, Miss Ave Maria Calvin, if you must know l full name, which she is properly ashamed of. But it pleas her mother twenty years before and as Mr. Calvin was g to get into the house on any terms when the baby was nam it went Ave Maria Calvin, and Ave Maria Calvin stood hind the counter reading the Bookman and trying to member the names of the six best sellers so that she con order them for stock.

Mrs. Van Dorn, who kept Mrs. Calvin's one card conspicusly displayed in her silver card case in the front has aw an opportunity to make a little social hay, so she dressed Miss Calvin graciously: "Good morning, Ave—bis your dear mother? What a charming effect Mr. Broth ton has produced!" Then Mrs. Van Dorn dropped the cafully modulated voice a trifle lower: "When the book con that I just ordered, kindly slip it to one side; I wouldn't ham. Brotherton—he might misunderstand. But you cread it if you wish—take it home over night. It's vebroadening."

When Mr. Brotherton returned the baby voice prattled him. The voice was saying, "I was just telling Ave h dead swell it is here. I just can't get over it—in Harvey dear old Harvey; do you remember when I was a little sch teacher down in the Prospect schoolhouse and you used order Chautauqua books—such an innocent little school a -don't you remember? We wouldn't say how long ago that was, would we, Mr. Brotherton? Oh, dear, no. Isn't it nice to talk over old times? Did you know the Jared Thurstons have left Colorado and have moved to Iowa where Jared has started another paper? Lizzie and I used to be such chums—she and Violet and I—where is Violet now, Mr. Brotherton? Oh, yes, I remember Mrs. Herdicker said she lives next door to the kindergarten—down in South Harvey. Isn't it terrible the way Anne Sands did—just broke her father's heart. And Nate Perry quarrelling with ten million dollars. Isn't this a strange world, Mr. Brotherton?"

Mr. Brotherton confessed for the world and Mrs. Van Dorn thook her over-curled head sadly. She made some other talk with Mr. Brotherton which he paraphrased later for Henry Fenn and when Mrs. Van Dorn went out, Mr. Brotherton left the door open to rid the room of the scent of attar of

roses and said to Miss Calvin:

**Well, s-," but checked himself and went on in his new character of custodian of "The Sweet Serenity of Books and Wall Paper," but he added as a compromise:

" 'And for bonnie Annie Laurie' I certainly would make a

quick get-away!"

After which reflection, Mr. Brotherton walked down the long store room to his dark stained desk, turned on the electrie under the square copper shade, and began to figure up his accounts. But a little social problem kept revolving in his head. It was suggested by Mrs. Van Dorn and by something she had said. Beside Mrs. Van Dorn in her tailored gown and seal-skin, with her spanking new midwinter hat to match her coat, dragging the useless dog after her, he saw the picture of another woman who had come in the day before—a woman no older than Margaret Van Dorn—yet a broken woman, with rounded shoulders who rarely smiled, wishing to hide her broken teeth, who wheeled one baby and led another, and shooed a third and slipped into the corner near the magazine counter and thumbed over the children's fashions in the Delineator eagerly and looked wistfully at the beautiful things in the store. Her red hands and brown skin showed that she had lived a rough, hard life, and that it had spent her and wasted her and taken everything she prizedand given her nothing—nothing but three over-dressed children and a husband whose industrial status had put its heavy

mark on her.

Mr. Brotherton's memory went back ten years, and recalled the two girls together—Violet and Margaret. Both were light-headed and vain; so far as their relations with Van Dorn were concerned, one was as blamable as the other. Yet one had prospered and the other had not—and the one who had apparently suffered most had upon the whole lived the cleaner, more normal life—and Mr. Brotherton drummed his penholder upon the black desk before him and questioned the

justice of life.

But, indeed, if we must judge life's awards and benefits from the material side there is no justice in life. If there was any difference between the two women whom Tom Van Dorn had wronged-difference in rewards or punishments, if must have been in their hearts. It is possible that in her life of motherhood and wifehood, in the sacrifices that broke her body and scarred her face, Violet Mauling may have been compensated by the love she bore the children upon when she lavished her life. For she had that love, and she did squander-in blind vain folly-the strength of her body afterwards the price of her soul-upon her children. for Margaret Van Dorn-Mr. Brotherton was no philosopher. He could not pity her. Yet she too had given all. She had given her mind-and it was gone. She had given her heart -and it was gone also, and she had given that elusive blend ing of the heart and mind we call her soul-and that we gone, too. Mr. Brotherton could see that they were goneall gone. But he could not see that her loss was greater than Violet's.

That night when Dennis Hogan came in for his weekly Fireside Companion as he said, "for the good woman," Mr. Brotherton, for old sake's sake, put in something in paper backs by Marie Corelli, and a novel by Ouida; and then, that he might give until it hurt, he tied up a brand new Ladies Home Journal, and said, as he locked up the store and stepped into the chill night air with Mr. Hogan: "Dennis—tell Vislet—I sent 'em in return for the good turns she used to do me

when I was mayor and she was in Van Dorn's office and drew up the city ordinances—she'll remember.''

"Indeed she will, George Brotherton—that she will.

Many's the night she's talked me to sleep of them golden days

of her splendor-indeed she will."

They walked on together and Hogan said: "Well—I turn at the next crossin'. I'm goin' home and I'm glad of it. Up in the mornin' at five; off on the six-ten train, climbin' the slag dump at seven, workin' till six, home on the six-fifteen train, into the house at seven; to bed at ten, up at five, eat and work and sleep—sleep and eat and work, fightin' the dump by day and fightin' the fumes in me chist by night—all for a dollar and sixty a day; and if we jine a union, we get canned, and if we would seek dissipation, we're invited to go down to the Company hall and listen to Tommy Van Dorn norate upon what he calls the 'de-hig-nity of luh-ay-bor.' Damn sight of dignity labor has, lopin' three laps ahead of the garnishee from one year's end to the other."

He laughed a good-natured, creaking laugh, and said as he waved his hand to part with Mr. Brotherton—"Well, annyhow, the good woman will thank you for the extra readin'; not that she has time to read it, God knows, but it gives the place a tone when Laura Nesbit drops in for a bit of a word of help about the makin' of the little white things she's doin' for the Polish family on 'D' Street these days." In another minute Brotherton heard the car moaning at the curve, and saw Hogan get in. It was nearly midnight when Hogan got to sleep; for the papers that Brotherton sent brought back "the grandeur that was Greece." and he had to hear how Mr. Van Dorn had made Mr. Brotherton mayor and how they had both made Dr. Nesbit Senator, and how ungrateful the Doctor was to turn against the hand that fed him, and many other incidents and tales that pointed to the renown of the unimpeachable Judge, who for seven years had reigned in the humble house of Hogan as a first-rate god.

That night Hogan tossed as the fumes in his lungs burned the tissues and at five he got up, made the fire, helped to dress the oldest child while his wife prepared the breakfast. He missed the six-ten car, and being late at work stopped in to take a drink at the Hot Dog, near the dump on the company ground, thinking it would put some ginger into him for the day's work. For two hours or so the whiskey livened him up, but as the forenoon grew old, he began to yawn and was tired.

"Hogan," called the dump-boss, "go down to the powder

house and bring up a box of persuaders."

The slag was hard and needed blasting. Hogan looked up. said "What?" and before the dump boss could speak again Hogan had started down and around the dump to the powder house, near the saloon. He went into the powder house, and then came out, carrying a heavy box. At the sidewalk edge, Hogan, who was yawning, stumbled-they saw him stumble, two men standing in the door of the Hot Dog saloon a block away, and they told the people at the inquest that that was the last they saw. A great explosion followed. The men about the dump huddled for a long minute under freight cars, then crawled out, and the dump boss called the roll; Hogan was missing. In an hour they came and took Mrs. Hogan to the undertaker's room near the smelter-where so many women had stood beside death in its most awful forms. She had her baby in her arms, with another plucking at her skirts and she stood mutely beside the coffin that they would not open. For she knew what other women knew about the smelter, knew that when they will not open the coffin, it must not be opened. So the little procession rode to the Hogan home, where Laura Van Dorn was waiting. Perhaps it was because she could not see the face of the dead that it seemed unreal to the widow. But she did not mean nor ery-after the first scream that came when she knew the worst. Stolidly she went through her tasks until after the funeral.

Then she called Laura into the kitchen and said, as she pressed out her black satin and tried to hide the threadbare seams that had been showing for years: "Mrs. Van Dorn, I'm going to do something you won't like." To Laura's questioning eyes Violet answered: "I know your ma, or some one else has told you all about me—but," she shut her mouth tightly and said slowly:

"But no matter what they say-I'm going to the Judge:

e's got to make the railroad company pay and pay well. t's all I've got on earth—for the children. We have three ollars in my pocketbook and will have to wait until the fteenth before I get his last month's wages, and I know hey'll dock him up to the very minute of the day—that ay! I wouldn't do it for anything else on earth, Mrs. Van horn—wild horses couldn't drag me there—but I'm going the Judge—for the children. He can help."

So, putting on her bedraggled black picture hat with the ed ripped off, Violet Hogan mounted the courthouse steps and went to the office of the Judge. A sorry, broken, hagard figure she cut there in the Judge's office. She would we told him her story—but he interrupted: "Yes, Violet -I read it in the Times. But what can I do-you know I'm not allowed to take a case and, besides, he was working for he railroad, and you know, Violet, he assumed the risk.

What do they offer you?"

"Judge—for God's sake don't talk that way to me. That's the way you used to talk to those miners' wives-1gh!" she cried. "I remember it all—that assumed risk. Only this he was working ten hours a day on a job that wouldn't let him sleep, and he oughtn't to be working but right hours, if they hadn't sneaked under the law. They've offered me five hundred, Judge—five hundred—for a man, five hundred for our three children-and me. You can make them do better—oh, I know you can. Oh, please for the sake-oh!"

She looked at him with her battered face, and as her mouth quivered, she tried to hide her broken teeth. He saw she was about to give way to tears. He dreaded a scene. He looked at her impatiently and finally gripping himself after

a decision, he said:

"Now, Violet, take a brace. Five hundred is what they always give in these cases." He smiled suavely at her and the noticed for the first time that his lip was bare and

started at the cruel mouth that leered at her.

"But," he added expansively, "for old sake's sake—I'm going to do something for you." He rose and stood over her. "Now, Violet," he said, strutting the diagonal of his room, and smiling blandly at her, "we both know why I shouldn't give you my personal check—nor why you shouldn't have any eash that you cannot account for. But the superintendent of the smelter, who is also the general manager of the railroad, is under some obligations to me, and I'll give you this note to him." He sat down and wrote:

"For good reasons I desire one hundred dollars added to your sheet to the widow of Dennis Hogan who presents this, and to have the same charged to my personal account on your books."

He signed his name with a flourish, and after reading the note handed it to the woman.

She looked at him and her mouth opened, showing her

broken, ragged teeth. Then she rose.

"My God, Tom Van Dorn—haven't you any heart at all! Six hundred dollars with three little children—and my man butchered by a law you made—oh," she cried as she shook her head and stood dry-eyed and agonized before him—"I thought you were a man—that you were my friend way down deep in your heart—I thought you were a man."

She picked up the paper, and at the door turned and said:
"And you could get me thousands from the company for my
hundreds by the scratch of your pen—and I thought you
were a man." She opened the door, looked at him besechingly, and repeating her complaint, turned away and left

him.

She heard the click of the door-latch behind her and she knew that the man behind the door in whom she had put her faith was laughing at her. Had she not seen him laugh a score of times in other years at the misery of other women? Had they not sat behind this door, he and she, and made sport of foolish women who came asking the disagreeable, which he ridiculed as the impossible? Had she not sat with him and laughed at his first wife, when she had gone away after some protest? The thought of his mocking face put hate into her heart and she went home hardened toward all the world. Laura Van Dorn was with the Hogan children, and when Violet entered the house, she gathered them to her heart with a mad passion and wept—a woman without hope—a woman spurned and mocked in the only holy place she had in her heart.

en, madly caressing them, foolishly chattering over and when Violet made it clear that she wished to be Laura left. But if she could have heard Violet babon during the evening, of the clothes she would buy for rungsters, about the good times they would have with oney, about the ways they were going to spend the little that was theirs, Laura Van Dorn—thrifty, frugal, d Laura, might have helped the thoughtless woman it was too late. But even if Laura had interfered, it have been but for a few months or a few years at most, end was inevitable—whether it had been five hundred hundred or five thousand or six thousand. For Violet prodigal bred and born. At first she tried to get some But when she found she had to leave the children in the house or in care of a neighbor or on the streets.

in the house or in care of a neighbor or on the streets, we up her job. For when she came home, she found olish frills and starched tucks in which she kept them, and torn, and some way she felt that they were losing caste by the low estate of their clothes, so she bought silks and fine linens while her money lasted, and when a gone in the spring—then they were hungry, and

; and she could not leave them by day.

he poor were always wise, and the rich were always a, if hardship taught us sense, and indulgence made dy, what a fine world it would be. How virtue would rarded. How vice would be rebuked. But wisdom does in with social rank, nor with commercial rating. Some who are poor are exceedingly foolish, and some of those re rich have a world of judgment. And Violet Hogan, r and mad with a mother love that was as insane as an I's when she saw her children hungry and needy, knew she knew anything else that she must live with them So she went out at night-went out into the streets of South Harvey-but over into the streets of Foley, to Magnus and Plain Valley-out into the dark places. Violet by night took up the oldest trade in the world, ame home by day a mad, half crazed mothering animal overs her young in dread and fear. en Laura knew the truth-knew it surely in spite of Violet's studied deceptions, and her outright falsehoods the silver in the woman's laugh was muffled for a long time. She tried to help the mad mother; but the mother would not admit the truth, would not confess that she needed help Violet maintained the fiction that she was working in the night shift at the glass factory in Magnus, and by day stratched and ironed and pressed and washed for the over dressed children and as she said, "tried to keep them some body." Moreover, she would not let them play with the dirty children of the neighborhood, but such is the fear of social taint among women, that soon the other mothers called their children home when the Hogan children appeared.

When Violet discovered that her trade was branding be children—she moved to Magnus and became part of the drat tide of life that flows by us daily with its heartbreak unheeded, its sorrows unknown, its anguish pent up and an

comforted.

Now much meditation on the fate of Violet Hogan as upon the luck of Margaret Van Dorn had made Georg Brotherton question the moral government of the universand, being disturbed in his mind, he naturally was move to language. So one raw spring day when no one was it the Amen Corner but Mr. Fenn, in a moment of inadverter sobriety, Mr. Brotherton opened up his heart and spok thus:

"Say, Henry—what's a yogi?" Mr. Fenn refused be commit himself. Mr. Brotherton continued: "The Ex was in here the other day and she says that she thinks she going to become a yogi. I asked her to spell it, and I to her I'd be for her against all comers. Then she explains that a yogi was some kind of an adept who could transcenspace and time, and—well say, I said 'sure,' and she we on to ask me if I was certain we were not thinking matter instead of realizing it, and I says:

" 'I bite; what's the sell ?'

"And the Ex says—'Now, seriously, Mr. Brotherton, some thing tells me that you have in your mind, if you would only search it out, vague intimations, left-over impressions of the day you were an ox afield." *And, well say, Henry, I says, 'No, madam, it is an ass that ince in me betimes.'

"And the Ex says, 'George Brotherton, you just never

am talk sense.'

"So while I was wrapping up 'Sappho' and ordering her book with a title that sounded like a college yell, she told no she was getting on a higher plane, and I bowed her out. Bay, Hen—now wouldn't that jar you!—the Ex getting on a higher plane."

Mr. Fenn grinned—a sodden grin with a four days' beard in it, and dirty teeth, and heavy eyes, then looked stupidly

at the floor and sighed and said,

"George, did you know I've quit?" To Mr. Brotherton's

kindly smile the other man replied:

"Yes, sir, sawed 'er right off short—St. Patrick's Day. I thought I'd ought to quit last Fourth of July—when I tried to eat a live pinwheel. I thought I had gone far enough." He lifted up his burned-out eyes in the faded smile that once shone like an arc light, and said:

"Man's a fool to get tangled up with liquor. George, when I get my board bill paid—I'm going to quit the auctioning line, and go back to law. But my landlady's needing

that money, and I'm a little behind-"

Mr. Brotherton made a motion for his pocket. "No, I don't want a cent of your money, George," Fenn expostulated. "I was just telling you how things are. I knew

you'd like to know."

Mr. Brotherton came from behind the counter where he had been arranging his stock for the night, and grasped Henry Fenn's hand. "Say, Henry—you're all right. You're a man—I've always said so. I tell you, Hen, I've been to lots of funerals in this town first and last as pall-bearer or choir singer—pretty nearly every one worth while, but say, I'm right here to tell you that I have never went to one I was sorrier over than yours, Henry—and I'm mighty thad to see you're coming to again."

Henry Fenn smiled weakly and said: "That's right,

George—that's right."

And Mr. Brotherton went on, "I claim the lady give you

the final push-not that she needed to push hard of conbut a little pulling might have held you."

Mr. Fenn rose to leave and sighed again as he stood i moment in the doorway—"Yes, George, perhaps so—

Maggie-poor Maggie."

Mr. Brotherton looked at the man a moment—saw round hat with neither back nor front and only the wree a band around it, his tousled clothes, his shoes with the curling at the sides and the frowsy face, from which the peered out a second and then slunk back again, and Brotherton took to his book shelf, scratched his head indicated by his manner that life was too deep a profor him.

CHAPTER XXXIII

M WHICH THE ANGELS SHAKE A FOOT FOR HENRY FEWN

THE business of life largely resolves itself into a preparation for the next generation. The torch of life moves steadily forward. For children primarily life organized itself to satisfy decently and in order, the inestiate primal hungers that motive mankind. It was with a wisdom deeper than he understood that George Brotherton moke one day, as he stood in his doorway and saw Judge Van Dorn hurrying across the street to speak to Lila. "There," roared Mr. Brotherton to Nathan Perry, "well, say -there's the substance all right, man." And then as the Judge turned wearily away with slinking shoulders to avoid meeting the eyes of his wife, plump, palpable, and always personable, who came around the corner, Mr. Brotherton, with a haw-haw of appreciation of his obvious irony, eried. "And there's the shadow—I don't think." But it was the substance and the shadow nevertheless, and possibly the Judge knew them as the considerations of his bargain with the devil. For always he was trying to regain the substance; to take Lila to his heart, where curiously there seemed some need of love, even in a heart which was conseerated in the very temple of love. Without realizing that he was modifying his habits of life, he began to drop in canally to see the children's Christmas exercises, and Thanksgiving programs, and Easter services at John Dexter's church. From the back seat where he always sat alone, he semetimes saw the wealth of affection that her mother levished on Lila, patting her ribbons, smoothing her hair, straightening her dress, fondling her, correcting her, and watching the child with eyes so full of love that they did not refrain sometimes from smiling in kindly appreciation into the eager, burning, tired eyes of the Judge. The mother understood why he came to the exercises, and often she Lila to her father for a word. The town knew these thi and the Judge knew that the town knew, and even the could not keep away. He had to carry the torch of whether he would or not, even though sometimes it must be scorched his proud, white hands. It was the only thing

burned with real fire in his heart.

With Laura Van Dorn the fact of her motherhood colher whole life. Never a baby was born among her neighbors in the valley that she did not thrill with a delight at its coming, and welcome it with some small terial token of her joy. In the baby she lived over a her own first days of maternity. But it was no play mot hood that restored her soul and refilled her receptacle of i day by day. The bodily, huggable presence of her daug continually unfolding some new beauty kept her eager the day's work to close in the Valley that she might go he to drop the vicarious happiness that she brought in her dergarten for the real happiness of a home.

Often Grant Adams, hurrying by on his lonely way, pa to tell Laura of a needy family, or to bring a dirty, mothe child to her haven, or to ask her to go to some wayward newly caught in the darker corners of the spider's web

Doggedly day by day, little by little, he was bringing workmen of the Valley to see his view of the truth owners were paying spies to spy upon him and he kne and the high places of his satisfaction came when, know a spy and marking him for a victim, Grant converted to the union cause. With the booming of the big gun prosperity in Harvey, he was a sort of undertone, a mon nous drum, throbbing through the valley a menace ben it all. Once-indeed, twice, as he worked, he organize demand for higher wages in two or three of the mines. keeping himself in the background, yet cautiously mana the tactics of the demand, he won. He held Sunday n ings in such halls as the men could afford to hire and t he talked-talked the religion of democracy. As labor me about in the world, and as the labor press of the country gan to know of Grant, he acquired a certain fame as a spe among labor leaders. And the curious situation he was c

IE ANGELS SHAKE A FOOT

ome reputation in other circles. He was good al story in a Kansas City or Chicago Sunday star reporter, sent to do the feature story, indomitable figure who was the idol of the of the Wahoo Valley; of his Sunday meetborate system of organization; of his peaceful gher wages and better shop conditions; of his pies sent to hinder him, of his never-ceasing orted by outside labor leaders, unvisited by of the labor world, yet always respecting it, onism as a faith rather than as a material erial advancement.

e reporters devoted a paragraph to the quesnner of man is this?—and intimating more or it he was a man of one idea, or perhaps broadestion into a query whether or not a man who r years, scorning fame, scorning regular empromotion, neglecting opportunities to rise er in his own world, was not just a little mad. that without seeking fame, fame came to him. issouri Valley, men knew that Grant Adams, g, red-polled, lusty-lunged man with one arm id the story of the burning fixed the man ublic heart—with a curious creed and a freak nding it, was doing unusual things with the in the Harvey district. And then one day a from Omaha who uncovered this bit of news feature story:

Wahoo district was paralyzed by the announcement y, the new superintendent of the Independent mines age scale, and had acceded to every change in workat the local labor organizations under Adams had he has unionized his mine and will recognize only ommittees in dealing with the men. The effect of ment in a district where the avowed purpose of the to run their own business as they please, may easily

vil engineer from Boston Tech., a rich man's son, h man's daughter, and then cut loose from his father because of a political disagreement over the famous Judge Thomas Van Dorn for a judicial v years ago. Perry belongs to a new type in in-

dustry-rather newer than Adams's type. Perry is a kee boyish-looking young man who has no illusions about Adam

mocracy of labor.

"I am working out an engineering problem with me Perry to a reporter to-day. 'What I want is coal in the figure that more wages will put more corn meal in a man more muscle on his back, more hustle in his legs, and more his brain. And primarily I'm buying muscle and hustle and If I can make the muscle and hustle and brains I buy, yiel dividends than the stuff my competitors buy, I'll hold my job.

I'll lose it. I am certainly working for my joh.'

"Of course the town doesn't believe for a moment what Per The town is divided. Part of the town thinks that Perry is an convert and a fool, the other half of the town believes that t is part of a conspiracy of certain eastern financial interests control of the Wahoo Valley properties by spreading dissension ing is bitter and Adams and Perry are coming in for consabuse. D. Sands, the local industrial entrepreneur, has rai black flag on his son-in-law, and an interesting time looms ab

But often at night in Perry's home in South Harvey, Morty Sands and Grant Adams loved to congregate were hot discussions on the labor question. For 1

Perry was no convert of Grant Adams.

As the men wrangled, many an hour sat Anne Perr ing the nest song as she made little things for the bureau drawer. Sometimes in the evening, Morty sit by the kitchen stove, sadly torn in heart, between t debaters, seeing the justice of Grant's side as an question, but admiring the businesslike way in which I waved aside ethical considerations, damned Grant for man, and proclaimed the gospel of efficiency.

Often Grant walked home from these discussions wheart hot and rebellious. He saw life only in its spaspect and the logic of Nathan Perry angered him was

conclusiveness.

Often as he walked Kenyon was upon his heart a wondered if Margaret missed the boy; or if the smal that the boy was making with his music had touched he ity with a sense of loss. He wondered if she ever to help the child. The whole town knew that the were sending Kenyon to Boston to study music, and Amos Adams and Grant could contribute little to the support. Grant wondered, considering the relations be

the Van Dorns and Nesbits, whether sometimes Margaret did not feel a twinge of irritation or regret at the course of

things.

He could not know that even as he walked through the November night, Margaret. Van Dorn was sitting in her room holding in her hand a tiny watch, a watch to delight a little girl's heart. On the inside of the back of the watch was engraved:

"To Lila from her Father, for Her 10th birthday."

And opposite the inscription in the watch was pasted the photograph of the unhappy face of the donor. Margaret sat gazing at the trinket and wondering vaguely what would delight a little boy's heart as a watch would warm the heart of a little girl. It was not a sense of loss, not regret, certainly not remorse that moved her heart as she sat alone holding the trinket—discovered on her husband's dresser; it was a weak and footless longing, and a sense of personal wrong that rose against her husband. He had something which she had not. He could give jeweled watches, and she—

But if she only could have read life aright she would have pitied him that he could give only jeweled watches, only paper images of a dissatisfied face, only material things, the token of a material philosophy—all that he knew and all that he had, to the one thing in the world that he really could love. And as for Margaret, his wife, who lived his life and his philosophy, she, too, had nothing with which to satisfy the dull, empty feeling in her heart when she thought of Kenyon, save to make peace with it in hard metal and stupid stones. Thus does what we think crust over our souls and make us what we are.

Grant Adams, plodding homeward that night, turned from the thought of Margaret to the thought of Kenyon with a wave of joy, counting the days and weeks and the months until the boy should return for the summer. At home Grant sat down before the kitchen table and began a long talk that kept him until midnight. He had undertaken to organize all the unions of the place into a central labor council; the miners, the smeltermen, the teamsters, the cement factory workers, the workers in the building trades. It was an experimental plan, under the auspices of the national union officers. Only a man like Grant Adams, with something more than a local reputation as a leader, would have been intrusted with the work. And so, after his day's toil for bread, he sat at his kitchen table, elaborately working his dream into

reality.

That season the devil, if there is a devil who seeks to swerve us from what we deem our noblest purposes, came to Grant Adams disguised in an offer of a considerable sum of money to Grant for a year's work in the lecture field. letter bearing the offer explained that by going out and preaching the cause of labor to the people, Grant would be doing his cause more good than by staying in Harvey and fighting alone. The thought came to him that the wider field of work would give him greater personal fame, to be used ultimately for a wider influence. All one long day a he worked with hammer and saw at his trade, Grant turnel the matter over in his mind. He could see himself in a larger canvas, working a greater good. Perhaps some fleeting unformed idea came to him of a home and a normal life as other men live; for at noon, without consciously connecting her with his dream, he took his problem to Laura Van Dom at her kindergarten. That afternoon he decided to accept the offer, and put much of his reason for acceptance upon Kenyon and the boy's needs. That night he penned a letter of acceptance to the lecture bureau and went to bed, dis turbed and unsatisfied. Before he slept he turned and twisted, and finally threshed himself to sleep. It was a light fragmentary sleep, that moves in and out of some strang hypnoidal state where the lower consciousness and the normal consciousness wrestle for the control of reason. Then after a long period of half-waking dreams, toward morning, Grant sank into a profound sleep. In that sleep his soul, released from all that is material, rose and took command of his will.

When Grant awoke, it was still black night. For a few seconds he did not know where he was—nor even who he was, nor what. He was a mere consciousness. The first glimmer of identity that came to him came with a roaring d itself over and over, "No—no," cried il—"you are no mere word spinner; you re pledged, body and soul; you are bought 10, no."

w where he was and he knew surely and luaver of faith that he must not give up tht. When he thought of Kenyon living he Nesbits, he thought also of Dick Bowown son under the sliding earth to hold ant's face in the mine.

bent his shoulders to this familiar burden.

ng, before his father and Jasper were up,

y figure hurried with his letter of refusal

v Station and put the letter on the seven-

120.

tting on their front porch, the Dexters 's decision. "Well," said John Dexter, mild November sky, and seeing the brown e smelter there, "so Grant has sidled by s road. We have seen that women won't n that money nor fame won't stop him, tore his coat tails. I imagine from what they decided once to accept."

I his wife, "but it does seem to me, if my care as his does, and my brother had to give that particular devil my whole coat it make a bargain with him for a little

all cost."

Mother Eve," smiled the minister, "you tical—we men are the real idealists—the o stand by our dreams in this wicked,

n his chair. "There is still one more big for Grant: Power—the love of power of usefulness—power may catch Grant ped from women and money and fame. ith the preacher—Heaven help Grant in with the big, black devil of vanity." vanity has in it the seed of a saving ted humanity over many pitfalls in the

world. For vanity is only self-respect multiplied; and when that goes—when men and women lose their right to lift the faces to God, they have fallen upon bad times indeed. It was even so good a man as John Dexter himself, who tree to put self-respect into the soul of Violet Hogan, and we mocked for it.

"What do they care for me?" she cried, as he sat talking ther in her miserable home one chill November day. "Whe should I pay any attention to them? Once I chummed with

Mag Müller, before she married Henry Fenn, and I was a good as she was then—and am now for that matter. So knew what I was, and I knew what she was going to be a made no bones of it. We hunted in pairs—as women like we And I know Mag Müller. So why should I keep up is her?"

The woman laughed and showed her hollow mouth and at the wrinkles of her broken face, that the paint hid at night "And as for Tom Van Dorn—I was a decent girl before! met him, Mr. Dexter—and why in God's name should I to to keep up for him?"

She shuddered and would have sobbed but he stopped be with: "Well, Violet-wife and I have always been you

friends; we are now. The church will help you."

"Oh, the church—the church," she laughed. "It can' help me. Fancy me in church—with all the wives looking sideways at all the husbands to see that they didn't look to long at me. The church is for those who haven't been caught! God knows if there is a place for any one who haven caught—and I've been caught and caught and caught. She cried. "Only the children don't know—not yet, theur little Tom—he's the oldest, he came to me and asked my yesterday why the other children yelled when I went ou' Oh, hell—" she moaned, "what's the use—what's the use what's the use!" and fell to sobbing with her head upon be arms resting upon the bare, dirty table.

It was rather a difficult question for John Dexter. Onle one other minister in the world ever answered it successfully and He brought public opinion down on Him. The Re John Dexter rose, and stood looking at the shattered thin that once had been a graceful, beautiful human body of

g an aspiring soul. He saw what society had done to and twist the body; what society had neglected to do youth of the soul—to guide and environ it right—he that poverty had done and what South Harvey had to cheat her of her womanhood even when she had tried e and sin no more: he remembered how the court-made ad cheated her of her rightful patrimony and cast her he streets to spread the social cancer of her trade; and d no answer. If he could have put vanity into her -the vanity which he feared for Grant Adams, he I have been glad. But her vanity was the vanity of erhood; for herself she had spent it all. So he left her ut answering her question. Money was all he could her and money seemed to him a kind of curse. Yet he it and gave all he had.

en she saw that he was gone, Violet fell upon the ed, unmade bed and cried with all the vehemence of her trained, shallow nature. For she was sick and weary lungry. She had given her last dollar to a policeman ight before to keep from arrest. The oldest boy had to school without breakfast. The little children were ng in the street—they had begged food at the neighbors' he had no heart to stop them. At noon when little Tom in he found his mother sitting before a number of paper upon the table waiting for him. Then the family ate f the sacks the cold meal she had bought at the grocery

with John Dexter's money.

at night Violet shivered out into the cold over her usual She was walking through the railroad yards in ms when suddenly she came upon a man who dropped hily out of a dead engine. He carried something shinnd tried to slip it under his coat when he saw her. he was stealing brass, but she did not care; she called y passed through the light from an arc lamp:

lello, sweetheart-where you going!"

e man looked up ashamed, and she turned a brazen, ed face at him and tried to smile without opening her

eir eyes met, and the man caught her by the arm and

"God, Violet—is this you—have you—" She cut him with:

"Henry Fenn-why-Henry-"

The brass fell at his feet. He did not pick it up. The stood between the box cars in speechless astonishment, was the man who found voice.

"Violet-Violet," he cried. "This is hell. I'm a th

and you-"

"Say it—say it—don't spare me," she cried. "The what I am, Henry. It's all right about me, but how ab you, how about you, Henry? This is no place for you, you, "she exclaimed—"why, you are—"

"I'm a drunken thief stealing brass couplings to get

other drink, Violet."

He picked up the brass and threw it up into the eng still clutching her arm so that she could not run away.

"But, girl-" he cried, "you've got to quit this-thi

no way for you to live."

She looked at him to see what was in his mind, broke away, and scrambled into the engine cab and put brass where it could not fall out.

"You don't want that brass falling out, and them trae you down here and jugging you—you fool," she panted

she climbed to the ground.

"Lookee here, Henry Fenn," she cried, "you're too g a man for this. You've had a dirty deal. I knew it w she married you—the snake; I know it—I've always kne it."

The woman's voice was shrill with emotion. Fenn that she was verging on the hysterical, and took her arm led her down the dark alley between the cars. The mi heart was touched—partly by the wreck he saw, and pa by her words. They brought back the days when he and had seen their visions. The liquor had left his head, and was a tremble. He felt her cold, hard hand, and took i his own dirty, shaken hand to warm it.

"How are you living?" he asked.

"This way," she replied. "I got my children—the got to live someway. I can't leave them day times and 'em run wild on the streets—the little girls need me."

looked up into his face as they hurried past an arc and she saw tears there.

, you got a dirty deal, Henry—how could she do it?" ne woman.

lid not answer and they walked up a dingy street.

ame howling by.

car fare," he asked. She nodded.

Il, I haven't," he said, "but I'm going with you."

boarded the car. They were the only passengers at down, and he said, under the roar of the wheels: let—it's a shame—a damn shame, and I'm not going d for it. This a Market Street car!" he asked the tor who passed down the aisle for their fares. The paid. When the conductor was gone, Henry con-

ree kids and a mother robbed by a Judge who knew -just to stand in with the kept attorneys of the bar tion. He could have knocked the shenanigan, that Iogan, galley west, if he'd wanted to, and no Supreme would have dared to set it aside. But no—the kept at the Capital, and all the Capitals have a mutual tion society, and Tom has always belonged. So he ou and all like you on the street, and Violet, before n going to try to help you."

ooked at the slick, greasy, torn stiff hat, and the dirty, lothes that years ago had been his Sunday best, and ggy face and the sallow, unwashed skin; and she rered the man who was.

car passed into South Harvey. She started to rise. he said, stopping her, "you come on with me."

ere are we going?" she asked. He did not answer. down. Finally the car turned into Market Street. ot off at the bank corner. The man took hold of man's arm, and led her to the alley. She drew

aid: "Are you afraid of me—now, Violet?" They down the alley and seeing a light in the back room re, Fenn stopped and went up to peer in.
ne on." he said. "He's in."

tapped on the barred window and whistled three

notes. A voice inside cried, "All right, Henry-soon's I ge

this column added up."

The woman shrank back, but Fenn held her arm. The the door opened, and the moon face of Mr. Brotherton appeared in a flood of light. He saw the woman, without reconizing her, and laughed:

"Are we going to have a party? Come right in, Mariana

-here's the moated Grange, all right, all right."

As they entered, he tried to see her face, but she droppe her head. Fenn asked, "Why, George—don't you kno her? It's Violet—Violet Mauling—who married Denn Hogan who was killed last winter."

George Brotherton looked at the painted face, saw the bal attempt at coquetry in her dress, and as she lifted her glass

dead eyes, he knew her story instantly.

For she wore the old, old mask of her old, old trade.

"You poor, poor girl," he said gently. Then continued
"Lord—but this is tough."

He saw the miserable creature beside him and would have

smiled, but he could not. Fenn began,

"George, I just got tired of coming around here ever night after closing for my quarter or half dollar; so for two or three weeks I've been stealing. She caught me at it caught me stripping a dead engine down in the yards by the round house."

"Yes," she cried, lifting a poor painted face, "Me Brotherton—but you know how I happened to be down there. He caught me as much as I caught him! And I'm the worst—Oh, God, when they get like me—that's the

end !"

The three stood silently together. Finally Brotherto spoke: "Well," he drew a long breath, "well, they donneed any hell for you two—do they?" Then he adder "You poor, poor sheep that have gone astray. I don't know to help you."

"Well, George—that's just it," replied Fenn. "No example of the state of the state

George?" he asked anxiously. "I can help her."

The weak, trembling face of the man moved George Broti

erton almost to tears. Violet's instinct saw that Brotherton

could not speak and she cried:

"George—I tell Henry he's had a dirty deal, too—Oh, such a dirty deal. I know he's a man—he never cast off a girl—like I was cast off—you know how. Henry's a man, George—a real man, and oh, if I could help him—if I could help him get up again. He's had such a dirty deal."

Brotherton saw her mouth in all its ugliness, and saw as he looked how tears were streaking the bedaubed face. She was repulsive beyond words, yet as she tried to hold back her

tears. George Brotherton thought she was beautiful.

Fenn found his voice. "Now, here, George—it's like this: I don't want any woman; I've washed most of that monkey business out of me with whisky—it's not in me any more. And I know she's had enough of men. And I've brought her here—we've come here to tell you that part is straight—decent—square. I wanted you to know that—and Violet would, too—wouldn't you, Violet?" She nodded.

"Now, then, George—I'm her man! Do you understand—her man. I'm going to see that she doesn't have to go on the streets. Why, when she was a girl I used to beau her around, and if she isn't ashamed of a drunken thief—

then in Christ's name, I'm going to help her."

He smiled out of his leaden eyes the ghost of his glittering, old, self-deprecatory smile. The woman remembered it, and bent over and kissed his dirty hand. She rose, and put her fingers gently upon his head, and sobbed:

"Oh, God, forgive me and make me worthy of this!"

There was an awkward pause. When the woman had controlled herself Fenn said: "What I want is to keep right on sleeping in the basement here—until I can get ahead enough to pay for my room. I'm not going to make any scandal for Violet, here. But we both feel better to talk it out with you."

They started for the back door. The front of the store was dark. Brotherton saw the man hesitate, and look down

the alley to see if any one was in sight.

"Henry," said Brotherton, "here's a dollar. You might just as well begin fighting it out to-night. You go to the basement. I'll take Violet home."

The woman would have protested, but the big man gently: "No, Violet—you were Denny Hogan's wife, was my friend. You are Henry's ward—he is my fr

Let's go out the front way, Violet."

When they were gone, and the lights were out in the of the bookstore, Henry Fenn slipped through the alley, to the nearest saloon, walked in, stood looking at the whisparkling brown and devilishly in the thick-bottomed glasses, saw the beer foaming upon the mahogany beathed it all in deeply, felt of the hard silver dollar is pocket, shook as one in a palsy, set his teeth and while tears came into his eyes stood and silently counted one dred and another hundred; grinning foolishly when loafers joked with him, and finally shuffled weakly out the night, and ran to his cellar. And if Mr. Left's the of angels is correct, then all the angels in heaven had harps in their hands waving them for Henry, and chefor joy!

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SHORT CHAPTER, YET IN IT WE EXAMINE ONE CANVAS

HE idea of hell," wrote the Peach Blow Philosopher in the Harvey Tribune, "is the logical sequence of the belief that material punishments must belief punishments in this naughty world. And so the dea of Heaven is a logical sequence of the idea that only piritual rewards come to men for spiritual services. Not hast Heaven is needed to balance the accounts of good men after death—not at all. Good men get all that is coming to hem here—whether it is a crucifixion or a crown—that makes so difference; crowns and crosses are mere material counters. They do not win or lose the game—nor even justly mark its loss or winning.

"The reason why Heaven is needed in the scheme of a neighborly man," said the Peach Blow Philosopher as he stood at his gate and reviewed the procession of pilgrims through the wilderness, "is this: The man who leads a decent life, is building a great soul. Obviously, this world is not the natural final habitat of great souls; for they occur here sporadically—though perhaps more and more frequently every trip around the sun. But Heaven is needed in any scheme of general decency for decency's sake, so that the decent soul for whose primary development the earth was lang in the sky, may have a place to find further usefulness, and a far more exceeding glory than may be enjoyed in this material dwelling place. So as we grow better and kinder in this world, hell sloughs off and Heaven is more real."

There is more of this dissertation—if the reader cares to pursue it, and it may be found in the files of the Harvey Tribune. It also appears as a footnote to an article by an eminent authority on Abnormal Psychology in a report on

Mr. Left, Vol. XXXII, p. 2126, of the Report of the Poul logical Association. The remarks of the Peach Blow Philapher credited in the Report of the Proceedings above and to Mr. Left, appeared in the Harvey Tribune Jan. 14, 1991. They may have been called forth by an editorial in the Harvey Times of January 9 of that same year. So as that cotorial has a proper place in this narrative, it may be st down here at the outset of this chapter. The article from the Times is headed: "A Successful Career" and it is lows:

"To-day Judge Thomas Van Dorn retires from ten years of faithful service as district judge of this district. He was appointed by the Governor and has been twice elected w this position by the people, and feeling that the honor should go to some other county in the district, the Judge was no a candidate for a third nomination or election. During the ten years of his service he has grown steadily in legal an intellectual attainments. He has been president of the sta bar association, delegate from that body to the National Br Association, member of several important committees i that organization, and now is at the head of that branch the National Bar Association organized to secure a more stric interpretation of the Federal Constitution, as a bulwark commercial liberty. Judge Van Dorn also has been selects as a member of a subcommittee to draft a new state constitu tion to be submitted to the legislature by the state bar ass ciation. So much for the recognition of his legal ability.

"As an orator he has won similar and enviable fam-His speech at the dedication of the state monument at Vich burg will be a classic in American oratory for years. At the Marquette Club Banquet in Chicago last month his oration was reprinted in New York and Boston with flattering comment. Recently he has been engaged—though his term of service has just ended—in every important criminal action now pending west of the Mississippi. As a jury lawyer has

has no equal in all the West.

"But while this practice is highly interesting, and in sense remunerative, the Judge feels that the criminal pratice makes too much of a drain upon his mind and body, as while he will defend certain great lumber operators and w

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appear for the defense in the famous Yarborrough murder case, and is considering accepting an almost unbelievably large retainer in the Skelton divorce case with its ramifications leading into at least three criminal prosecutions, and four suits to change or perfect certain land titles, yet this kind of practice is distasteful to the Judge, and he will probably confine himself after this year to what is known as corporation practice. He has been retained as general counsel for all the industrial interests in the Wahoo Valley. mine operators, the smelter owners, the cement manufacturers, the glass factories have seen in Judge Van Dorn a man in whom they all may safely trust their interests amicably settling all differences between themselves in his office, and presenting for the Wahoo Valley an unbroken front in all future disputes-industrial or otherwise. This arrangement has been perfected by our giant of finance, Hon. Daniel Sands of the Traders' State Bank, who is, as every one knows, heavily interested in every concern in the Valley -excepting the Independent Coal Company, which by the

that flag may be.

"This new career of Judge Van Dorn will be highly gratifying to his friends—and who is there who is not his friend?

"Courteous, knightly, impetuous, gallant Tom Van Dorn?

What a career he has builded for himself in Harvey and the

way has preferred to remain outside of the united commercial union, and do business under its own flag—however dark

West.

"Scorning his enemies with the quiet contempt of the intellectual gladiator that he is, Tom Van Dorn has risen in this community as no other man young or old since its founding. His spacious home is the temple of hospitality; his magnificent talent is given freely, often to the poor and needy to whom his money flows in a generous stream whenever the call comes. His shrewd investment of his savings in the Valley have made him rich; his beautiful wife and his widening circle of friends have made him happy—his fine, active brain has made him great.

"The Times extends to the Judge upon his retirement from the bench the congratulations of an admiring com-

munity, and best wishes for future success."

IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

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Now perhaps it was not this article that inspired the Peach Blow Philosopher. It may have been another item in the same paper hidden away in the want column.

"Wanted—All the sewing and mending, quilt patching sheet making, or other plain sewing that the good women of Harvey have to give out. I know certain worthy women with families, who need this work. Also woodsawing order promptly filled by competent men out of work. I will bring work and the workers together. H. Fenn, care Brotherton Book & Stationery Co., 1127 Market Street."

Or if it was not that item, perhaps it was this one from the South Harvey Derrick of January 7, that called forth

the Peach Blow Philosopher's remarks on Heaven:

"Mrs. Violet Hogan and family have rented the room adjoining Mrs. Van Dorn's kindergarten. Mrs. Hogan has made arrangements to provide ladies of South Harvey and the Valley in general with plain sewing by the piece. A day nursery for children has been fitted up by our genial George Brotherton former mayor of Harvey, where mathematical properties and the control of the control of

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photographed upon the register of a New York Hotel when he attended that meeting, whereas every one knew that Mrs. Van Dorn was in Europe that summer, and the photograph of the Judge's beautifully flourishing signature aforesaid was one of the things that persuaded the Judge to enter the active practice and leave the shades and solitudes of the bench for more strenuous affairs. To allude to the Judge's wife, and to mention the National Bar Association in the same article, struck the editor of the Times as so inauspicious that it required considerable persuasion on the part of the diplomatic Mr. Calvin, to arrange the matter.

So the Judge's Heaven bellied on its canvas, full of vain east wind, and fooled no one—not even the Judge, least of all his beautiful wife, who, knowing of the Bar Association incident, laughed a ribald laugh. Moreover, having abandoned mental healing for the Episcopalian faith and having killed her mental healing dog with caramels and finding surcease in a white poodle, she gave herself over to a riot of earth thoughts—together with language thereunto appertaining of so plain a texture that the Judge all but limped in his

strut for several hours.

But when the strut did come back, and the mocking echoes of the strident tones of "his beautiful wife" were stilled by several rounds of Scotch whisky at the Club, the Judge went forth into the town, waving his hands right and left, bowing punctiliously to women, and spending an hour in police court getting out of trouble some of his gambler friends who had supported him in politics.

He told every one that it was good to be off the bench and to be "plain Tom Van Dorn" again, and he shook hands up and down Market Street. And as "plain Tom Van Dorn" he sat down in the shop of the Paris Millinery Company, Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., and talked to the amiable Prop. for half an hour—casting sly glances at the handsome Miss Morton, who got behind him and made faces over his back for Mrs.

Herdicker's edification.

But as Mrs. Herdicker, Prop., made it a point—and kept it—never to talk against the cash drawer, "plain Tom Van Dorn" didn't learn the truth from her. So he pranced up and down before his scenic representation of Heaven in

the Times, and did not know that the whole town knew that his stage Heaven was the masque for as hot and easy a little hell as any respectable gentleman of middle years could endure.

However clear he made it to the public, that he and Mrs. Van Dorn were passionately fond of each other; however evident he intended it to be that he was more than satisfied with the bargain that he had made when he took her, and put away his first wife; however strongly he played the card of the gallant husband and "dearied" her, and however she smirked at him and "dawlinged" him in public when the town was looking, every one knew the truth.

"We may," says the Peach Blow Philosopher in one of his dissertations on the Illusion of Time, "counterfeit everything in this world—but sincerity." So Judge Thomas Van Dorn—"plain Tom Van Dorn," went along Market Street, and through the world, handing out his leader gratuities. But people felt how greasy they were, how street with her paint on. When she got home she threw herself upon the bed and wept like a child in anguish. But the next night she did not even touch the rouge pot, and avoided it as though it were a poison. Her idea was the sewing room. She wrote it all out, in her stylish, angular hand to Mr. Brotherton, told him what it would cost, and how she believed she could make expenses for herself and help a number of other women who, like her, were tempted to go the wrong road. She even sent him five spoons—the last relic of the old Mauling decency, five silver spoons dented with the tooth marks of the Mauling children, five spoons done up in pink tissue that she had always told little Ouida Hogan should come to her some day—she sent those spoons to Mr. Brotherton to sell to make the start toward the sewing room.

But Mr. Brotherton took the spoons to Mr. Ira Dooley's home of the fine arts and crafts, and then and there, mounting a lookout stand, addressed the crowd through the smoke in simple but effective language, showing the spoons, telling the boys at the gaming tables that they all knew Denny Hogan's wife and how about her; that she wanted to get in right: that the spoons were sent to him to sell to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand. He also said that chips would count at the market price, and lo! he got a hat full of rattly red and white and blue chips and jingly silver dollars and a wad of whispering five-dollar bills big enough to cork a cannon. He went back to Harvey, spoons and all, considering deeply certain statements that Grant Adams had made about the presence of the holy ghost in every human heart.

As for the bright particular Heaven of Mr. Fenn, as hereinbefore possibly hinted at by the Peach Blow Philosopher, these are its specifications:

Item One. Job as storekeeper at the railroad roundhouse. from which by specific order of the master mechanic two hours a day are granted to Mr. Fenn, to take his hat in his hand and go marching over the town, knocking at doors and soliciting sewing for women, and wood-sawing or yard or furnace work for men; but

Item Two. Being a generous man, Mr. Fenn is up before

eight for an hour of his work, and stays at it until seven, and thereby gets in two or three extra hours on the job, and feels

Item Three. That he is doing something worth while;
Item Four. Upon the first of the month he has nothing;
Item Five. Balancing his books at the last of the month
he has nothing.

Item Six. And having no debt he is happy. But speak-

ing of debt, there is

Item Seven. In Mr. Fenn's room a collection of receipts:

(a) One from the Midland Railroad Company for brus

as per statement rendered.

(b) One from the Harvey Transfer Co. for one box of

cutlery marked Wright & Perry, and

(c) One—the hardest receipt of all to get—from Martha Morton for six chickens as per account rendered. These receipts hang on a spindle in the little room. Under the

spindle is

Item Eight. A bottle of whisky—full but uncorked. He is in his room but little. Sometimes he comes in late at night, and does not light the lamp to avoid seeing the bottle but plunges into bed, and covers up his head in fear and trembling. On the day when the Peach Blow Philosopher printed his view on Heaven, Mr. Fenn, by way of personal adornment, had purchased of Wright & Perry

Item Nine. One new coat. He hoped and so indicated to the firm, to be able to afford a vest in the spring and perhaps trousers by summer, and because of the cutlery tran-

saction above mentioned, the firm indicated

Item Ten. That Mr. Fenn's credit was good for the whole suit. But Mr. Fenn waved a proud hand and said be had Item Eleven. No desire to become involved in the devices

ways of high finance, and took only the coat.

But, nevertheless, no small part of his Heaven lies in the serene knowledge that the whole suit is waiting for him carefully put aside by the head of the house until Mr. Fenn cares to call for it. That is perhaps a material Heaven but it is a part of Mr. Fenn's Heaven, and as he goes about from door to door soliciting for sewing, the knowledge that if he should cease or falter four women might be on the

eet the next night, keeps him happy, and not even when was county attorney or in the real estate business nor iting insurance, nor disporting himself as an auctioneer a Mr. Fenn ever in his own mind a person of so much and consequence. So his Heaven needs no east wind belly it out. Mr. Fenn's Heaven is full and fat and osperous—even on two meals a day and in a three-dollar-nonth room.

And now that we may balance up the Heaven account in see books, we should come to some conclusion as to what eaven is. Let us call it, for the sake of our hypothesis, the set work one can do for the least self-interest, and let it go that and get on with the story. For this story has to do the large and real affairs. It must not dally here with a should affairs of a lady who certainly was no better than a should be and of a gentleman who was as the hereinfore mentioned receipts will show, much worse than he ight have been.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE OLD SPIDER BEGINS TO DIVIDE HIS FLIES WITH OTHERS AND GEORGE BROTHERTON IS PUZZLED TWICE IN ONE NIGHT

OW it was in the year of these minor conquests when Henry Fenn and Violet Hogan were enjoying their little Heavens that great things began to stir in Harvey and the Wahoo Valley. In May a young gentleman in a high hat and a suit of exquisite gray twill cut with a long frock coat, appeared at the Hotel Sands—and took the bridal suite on the second floor. He brought letters to the

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Park, the land of the free and the home of the brave in Harvey was somewhat abridged.

Daniel Sands felt the abridgement more than any one else. For a generation he had been a spider, weaving his own web for his own nest. All his webs and filaments and wires and pipes and cables went out and brought back things for him to dispose of. He was the center of the universe for himself and for Harvey. He was the beginning and the end. His bank was the first and the last word in business and in politics in that great valley. What he spun was his; what he drew into the web was his. When he invited the fly into his parlor, it was for the delectation of the spider, not to be passed on to some other larger web and fatter spider. that day as he sat, a withered, yellow-skinned, red-eyed, rattle-toothed, old man with a palsied head that never stopped wagging, as he sat under his skull cap, blinking out at a fat, little world that always had been his prey, Daniel Sands felt that he had ceased to be an end, and had become a means.

His bank, his mines, his smelters, even his municipal utilities, all were slipping from under his control. He could feel the pull of the rope from the outside around his own foot. He could feel that he was not a generator of power. He was merely a pumping station, gathering up all the fat of the little land that once was his, and passing it out in pipes that ran he knew not where, to go to some one else—he knew not whom. True, his commissions came back, and his dividends came back, and they were rich and sweet, and worth while. But—he was shocked when he found courage to ask it—if they did not come back, what could he do? He was part of a great web—a little filament in one obscure corner, and he was spinning a fabric whose faintest plan he could not conceive.

This angered him, and the spider spat in vain rage. The power he loved was gone; he was the mere shell of a spider; he was dead. Some man might come into the bank to-morrow and take even the semblance of his power from him. They might, indeed, shut up every mill, close every mine, lock every factory, douse the fire in every smelter in the Wahoo Valley, and the man who believed he had opened the mills, dug the mines, builded the factories and lighted the smelter

fires with all but his own hands, could only rage and

or be polite and pretend it was his desire.

The town that he believed that he had made out shine and prairie grass, for all he could do, mi condemned as a bat roost, and the wires and cables, t from his desk all over the Wahoo Valley, might grow and jangle in the prairie winds, while the pipes rotted the sunflowers and he could only make a wry face, must have some instinctive constructive imagination their marvelous webs; surely this old spider had an intion that in Elizabeth's day would have made him mo a minor poet. Yet in the beginning of the Twentie tury he felt himself a bound prisoner in his decayin So he showed his blue mouth, and red cyclids in further was silent lest even his shadow should find how impthing he was.

But he knew that one man knew. "How about you ties down here!" asked the affable young man in ergray twill, when he closed the gas-works deal. And Sands said that until recently he and Dr. Nesbit he eronies, but that some way the Doctor had been getting notions, and hadn't been around the bank lately. The man in the exquisite gray twill asked a few question

logued the Doctor, and then said:

"This man Van Dorn, it appears, is local attorney the mines and smelters—he hasn't the reform bug, he

The old spider grinned and shook his head.

"All right," said the polite young man in the er gray twill, as he picked up his gray, high hat, and fl speek of dust from his exquisite gray frock coat, "I matters of politics up with him."

So the spider knew that the servant had been put o master, and again he opened his mouth in malice, bu

no word.

And thus it was that Judge Thomas Van Dorn fo strong New York connection that stood him in stead i years. For the web that the old spider of Market had been weaving all these years, was at its stronges rope of sand compared with the steel links of the cha was wrapped about the town, with one end in the

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ut with the chain reaching out into some distant, rus hawser that moved it with a power of which even ge knew little or nothing.

was profoundly impressed, and accordingly proud, led half an inch to the high-knee action of his strut. himself a part of the world of affairs—and he was a part. He was one of a thousand men who, whether we it or not, had been bought, body and soul—though was thrown in for good measure in the Judge's case we the great, greedy spider of organized capital at r cost of public welfare or of private faith. He was man of affairs—was Thomas Van Dorn—a part of a iness and political cabal, that knew no party and no t dividends and still more dividends, impersonal, ausoulless—the materialization of the spirit of com-

trangely enough, just as Tom Van Dorn worshiped or that bought him, so the old spider, peering through en, rotting meshes of what was once his web, felt the which it was fastened, felt the power that moved a mere pawn in a game whose direction he did not; and Dan'l Sands, in spite of his silent rage, worshe power like a groveling idolater.

ne worm never lacks for a bud; that also is a part of lan. Thus, while the forces of egoism, the powers al, were concentrating in a vast organization of so-individualism, the other forces and powers of society ere pointing toward a socialized altruism, were form—There was the man in the exquisite gray twill

There was the man in the exquisite gray twill, ng Judge Van Dorn and Market Street to his will; re was Grant Adams in faded overalls, harnessing other wheels that were grinding another grist. but persistently had Grant Adams been forming lgamation of the Unions of the valley. Slowly and lly his unwieldy machinery was creaking its way In spite of handicaps of opposing interests among of different unions, his Wahoo Valley Labor Counshaping itself into an effective machine. If the f stock in the mills and the mines and the smeltran their dividends through one great hopper, so

the units of labor in the Valley were connected with a common source of direction. God does not plant the organizing spirit in the world for one group; it is the common heritage of the time. So the sinister power of organized capital loomed before Market Street with its terrible threat of extinction for the town if the town displeased organized capital; so also rose in the town a dread feeling of uneasiness that labor also had power. The personification of that power was Grant Adams. And when the young man in exquisite gray twill had become only a memory, Tom Van Dom squarely faced Grant Adams. Market Street was behind the Judge. The Valley was back of Grant. For a time there was a truce, but it was not peace. The truce was a time of

waiting; waiting and arming for battle.

During the year of the truce, Nathan Perry was busy. Nathan Perry saw the power that was organizing about him and the Independent mine among the employers in the district, and intuitively he felt the resistlessness of the power. But he did not shrink. He advised his owners to join the combination as a business proposition. But his advice was a dead fly fed to the old spider's senile vanity. For Daniel Sands had been able to dictate as a part of his acceptance of the proposition, this one concession: That the Independent mine be kept out of the agreement. Nathan Perry suspected this. But most of his owners were game men, and they decided not even to apply for admission to the organization. They found that the young man's management of the miss was paying well; that the labor problem was working satisfactorily; that the safety devices, while expensive, produced a feeling of good-will among the men that was worth more even in dividends than the interest on the money.

But after he had warned his employers of the wrath to come, Nathan Perry did not spend much time in unavailing regret at their decision. He was, upon the whole, glad they had made it. And having a serious problem in philology to work out—namely, to discover whether Esperanto, Chinese or Dutch is the natural language of man, through study of the conversational tendencies of Daniel Kyle Perry, the young superintendent of the Independent mine gave serious thought

to that problem.

Then, of course, there was that other problem that bothered Nathan Perry, and being an engineer with a degree of B. S., it annoyed him to discover that the problem wouldn't mme out straight. Briefly and popularly stated, it is this: If you have a boiler capacity of 200 pounds per square inch and love a girl 200 pounds to the square inch, and then the Doctor in his black bag brings one fat, sweaty, wrinkled baby, and you see the girl in a new and sweeter light than ever before, see her in a thousand ways rising above her former stature to a wonderful womanhood beyond even your dreams-how are you going to get more capacity out of that boiler without breaking it, when the load calls for four hundred pounds? Now these problems puzzled the young man, living at that time in his eight-room house with a bath, and he sat up nights to work them. And some times there were two heads at work on the sums, and once in a while three heads, but the third head talked a various language, whose mild and healing sympathy stole the puzzle from the problem and began chewing on it before they were aware. So Nathan put the troubles of the mine on the hook whereon he hung his coat at night, and if he felt uneasy at the trend of the day's events, his uneasiness did not come to him at He had heard it whispered about—once by the men and once in a directors' meeting—that the clash with Grant Adams was about to come. If Nathan had any serious wish in relation to the future, it was the ardent hope that the clash would come and come soon.

For the toll of death in the Wahoo Valley was cruel and inexorable. The mines, the factories, the railroads, the smelters, all were death traps, and the maimed, blind and helpless were cast out of the great industrial hopper like thaff. Every little neighborhood had its cripple. From the mines came the blind—whose sight was taken from them by the the powder; from the railroad yards came the maimed—the handless, armless, legless men who, in their daily tasks had been crushed by inferior car couplings; the smelters sent out their sick, whom the fumes had poisoned, and sometimes there would come out a charred trunk that had gone into the great molten vats a man. The factories took hands and forcarms, and sometimes when an accident of

unusual horror occurred in the Valley, it would seem like a place of mourning. The burden of all this bloodshed and death was upon the laborers. And more than that,—the burden of the widows and orphans also was upon labor. Capital charged off the broken machinery, the damaged buildings, the worn-out equipment to profit and loss with an easy conscience, while the broken men all over the Valley, the damaged laborers, the worn-out workers, who were thrown to the scrap heap in maturity, were charged to labor. And labor paid this bill, chiefly because capital was too greedy to provide safe machinery, or sanitary shops, or adequate took

Nathan Perry, first miner, then pit-boss and finally superintendent, and always member of Local Miners' Union Na 10, knew what the men were vaguely beginning to see and think. When some man who had been to court to collect damages for a killed or crippled friend, some man who had heard the Judge talk of the assumed risk of labor, some man who had heard lawyers split hairs to cheat working men of what common sense and common justice said was theirs, when some such man cried out in hatred and agong against society, Nathan Perry tried to counsel patience, tried to curb the malice. But in his heart Nathan Perry knew that if he had suffered the wrongs that such a man suffered, he too would be full of wrath and class hatred.

Sometimes, of course, men rose from the pit. Foreman became managers, managers became superintendents, superintendents became owners, owners became rich, and somety replied—"Look, it is easy for a man to rise." Once at lunch time, sitting in the shaft house, Nathan Perry with his hands in his dinner bucket said something of the kind, when Tom Williams, the little Welsh miner, who was a disciple and

friend of Grant Adams, cried:

"Yes—that's true. It is easy for a man to rise. It we easy for a slave to escape from the South—comparatively easy. But is it easy for the class to rise! Was it easy for the slaves to be free! That is the problem—the problem of lifting a whole class—as your class has been lifted, your fellow, in the last century. Why, over in Wales a century ago, a mere tradesman's son like you—was—was nobody.

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middle classes had nothing—that is, nothing much. have risen. They rule the world now. This century see the rise of the laboring class; not here and there as in who gets out of our class and then sneers at us, and inds he was with us by accident—but we must rise as a boy—don't you see?"

id so, working in the mine, with the men, Nathan Perry sleted his education. He learned—had it ground into by the hard master of daily toil—that while bread and it is an individual problem that no laborer may neglect at his peril, the larger problems of the conditions unwhich men labor—their hours of service, their factory rundings, their shop rights to work, their relation to lents and to the common diseases peculiar to any trade—are not individual problems. They are class problems must be solved—in so far as labor can solve them alone, by individual struggle but by class struggle. So Nathan y came up out of the mines a believer in the union, and closed shop. He felt that those who would make the problem an individual problem, were only retarding

lay of settlement, only hindering progress.

amor said that the truce in the Wahoo Valley was near nd. Nathan Perry did not shrink from it. But Market et was uneasy. It seemed to be watching an approacheyclone. When men knew that the owners were ready op the organization of unions, the cloud of unrest seemed over over them. But the clouds dissolved in rumor. a they gathered again, and it was said that Grant Adams to be gagged, his Sunday meetings abolished or that he to be banished from the Valley. Again the clouds dis-Nothing happened. But the cloud was forever on horizon, and Market Street was afraid. For Market et—as a street—was chiefly interested in selling goods. ad, of course, vague yearnings for social justice-yearnabout as distinct as the desire to know if the moon was But as a street, Market Street was with Mrs. dicker—it never talked against the cash drawer. Mar-Street, the world over, is interested in things as they are. statuo quo is God and laissez faire is its profit! So Market Street murmured, and buzzed—and then Market Street also organized to worship the god of things as they are.

But Mr. Brotherton of the Brotherton Book & Stationery Company held aloof from the Merchants' Protective Association. Mr. Brotherton at odd times, at first by way of diversion, and then as a matter of education for his growing business, had been glancing at the contents of his wares. Particularly had he been interested in the magazines. Moreover, he was talking. And because it helped him to sell goods to talk about them, he kept on talking.

About this time he affected flowing negligee bow ties, and let his thin, light hair go fluffy and he wrapped rather casually it seemed, about his elephantine bulk, a variety of loose, baggy garb, which looked like a circus tent. But he was a born salesman—was Mr. Brotherton. He plastered litera-

ture over Harvey in carload lots.

One day while Mr. Brotherton was wrapping up "Little Women" and a "Little Colonel" book and "Children of the Abbey" that Dr. Nesbit was buying for Lila Van Doro, the Doctor piped, "Well, George, they say you're getting to be a regular anarchist—the way you're talking about con-

ditions in the Valley?"

"Not for a minute," answered Mr. Brotherton. "Why, man, all I said was that if the old spider kept making the men use that cheap powder that blows their eyes out and their hands off, and their legs off, they ought to unionize and strike. And if it was my job to handle that powder I'd tie the old devil on a blast and blow him into hamburger." Mr. Brotherton's rising emotions reddened his forehead under his thin hair, and pulled at his wind. He shook a weary head and leaned on a show case. "But I say, stand by the boys. Maybe it will make a year of bad times or maybe two; but what of that? It'll make better times in the end."

"All right, George—go in. I glory in your spunk!" chirped the Doctor as he put Lila's package under his arm. "Let me tell you something," he added, "I've got a bill I'm going to push in the next legislature that will knock a hole in that doctrine of the assumed risk of labor, you can drive a horse through. It makes the owners pay for the accidents

of a trade, instead of hiding behind that theory, that a man ussumes those risks when he takes a job."

The Doctor put his head to one side, cocked one eye and

ried: "How would that go?"

"Now you're shoutin', Doc. Bust a machine, and the company pays for it. Bust a man, the man pays for it or his wife and children or his friends or the county. That's not fair. A man's as much of a part of the cost of production as a machine!"

The Doctor toddled out, clicking his cane and whistling a merry tune and left Mr. Brotherton enjoying his maiden meditations upon the injustices of this world. In the midst of his meditations he found that he had been listening for five minutes to Captain Morton. The Captain was expounding some passing dream about his Household Horse. Apparently the motor car, which was multiplying rapidly in Harvey, had impressed him. He was telling Mr. Brotherton that his Household Horse, if harnessed to the motor car, would save much of the power wasted by the chains. He was dreaming of the distant day when motor cars would be used in sufficient numbers to make it profitable for the Captain to equip them with his power saving device.

But Mr. Brotherton cut into the Captain's musings with: "You tell the girls to wash the cat for I'm coming out to-

night."

"Girls!—huh—girls!" replied the Captain as he looked over his spectacles at Mr. Brotherton. "Y gory, man, what's the matter with me—eh! I'm staying out there on Elm Street yet—what say!" And he went out smiling.

When the Captain entered the house, he found Emma getting supper, Martha setting the table and Ruth, with a candy box before her at the piano, going over her everlasting "Ahah-ah-ah-ahs" from "C to C" as Emma called it.

Emma took her father's hat, put it away and said: "Well,

father-what's the news?"

"Well," replied the Captain, with some show of deliberation, "a friend of mine down town told me to tell you girls to wash the cat for he'll be along here about eight o'clock."

"Mr. Brotherton," scoffed Ruth. "It's up to you two," she cried gayly in the midst of her eternal journey from

"C" to "C." "He never wears his Odd Fellows' pin less he's been singing at an Odd Fellows' funeral, so

lets me out to-night."

"Well," sighed Emma, "I don't know that I want even if he has on his Shriner's pin. I just believe I'll a bed. The way I feel to-night I'm so sick of children I be I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Oh, well, of course, Emma," suggested the hands Miss Morton, "if you feel that way about it why, I-"

"Now Martha—" cried the elder sister, "can't you le alone and get out of here? I tell you, the superinten and the principal and the janitor and the dratted Calvin all broke loose to-day and I'm liable to run out doors begin to jump and down in the street and scream if start on me."

But after supper the three Misses Morton went upst and did what they could to wipe away the cares of a long weary day. They put on their second best dresses—all Emma, who put on her best, saying she had nothing else wasn't full of chalk and worry. At seven forty-five, had the parlor illuminated. As for the pictures and be brac—to-wit, a hammered brass flower pot near the g and sitting on an onyx stand a picture of Richard Har Davis, the contribution of the eldest Miss Morton's contribution of the youngest Miss Morton from her first a money—as for the pictures and bric-a-brac, they were do until they glistened, and the trap was all set, waiting the prey.

They heard the gate click and the youngest Miss Me said quickly: "Well, if he's an Odd Fellow, I guess take him. But," she sighed, "I'll bet a cooky he's an

and Martha gets him."

The Captain went to the door and brought in the vi to as sweet and demure a trio of surprised young we and as patient a cat, as ever sat beside a rat hole. Afte had greeted the girls—it was Ruth who took his coat, Martha his hat, but Emma who held his hand a second longest, after she spied the Shriner's pin—Mr. Brothe picked up the cat. "Well, Epaminondas," he puffed as he stroked the animal and put it to his cheek, "did they take his dear little kitties away from him—the horrid things."

This was Mr. Brotherton's standard joke. Ruth said she never felt the meeting was really opened until he had teased

them about Epaminondas' pretended kittens.

For the first hour the talk ranged with obvious punctility over a variety of subjects—but never once did Mr. Brotherton approach the subject of politics, which would hold the Captain for a night session. Instead, Mr. Brotherton spun literary tales from the shop. Then the Captain broke in and enlivened the company with a description of Tom Van Dorn's new automobile, and went into such details as to cams and cogs and levers and other mechanical fittings that every one yawned and the cat stretched himself, and the Captain incidentally told the company that he had got Van Dorn's permission to try the Household Horse on the old machine before it went in on the trade.

Then Ruth rose. "Why, Ruth, dear," said Emma sweetly, "where are you going?"

"Just to get a drink, dear," replied Ruth.

But it took her all night to finish drinking and she did not return. Martha rose, began straightening up the littered music on the piano, and being near the door, slipped out. By this time the Captain was doing most of the talking. Chiefly, he was telling what he thought the sprocket needed to make it work upon an automobile. At the hall door of the dining room two heads appeared, and though the door creaked about the time the clock struck the half hour, Mr. Brotherton did not see the heads. They were behind him, and four arms began making signs at the Captain. He looked at them, puzzled and anxious for a minute or two. They were peremptorily beckoning him out. Finally, it came to him, and he said to the girls: -all right." This broke at the wrong time into something Mr. Brotherton was saying. He looked up astonished and the Captain, abashed, smiled and after shuffling his feet, backed up to the base burner and hummed the tune about the land that was fairer than day. Emma and Mr. Brotherton began talking. Presently, the Captain picked up the spitting eat by the scruff of the neck and held him a mement under his chin. "Well, Emmy," he cut in, interrupting her story of how Miss Carhart had told the principal if "he ever told of her engagement before school was out in June, she'd just die," with:

"I suppose there'll be plenty of potatoes for the hash!"

And not waiting for answer, he marched to the kitches
with the cat, and in due time, they heard the "Sweet Bye
and Bye" going up the back stairs, and then the thump,
thump of the Captain's shoes on the floor above them.

The eldest Miss Morton, in her best silk dress, with her mother's cameo brooch at her throat, and with the full maidenly ripeness of twenty-nine years upon her brow, with her hair demurely parted on said brow, where there was the faintest hint of a wrinkle coming—which Miss Morton attributed to a person she called "the dratted Calvin kid,"—the eldest Miss Morton, nair, cameo, silk dress, wrinkle, the dratted Calvin kid and all, did or did not look like a siren, according to the point of view of the spectator. If he was seeking the voluptuous curves of the early spring of youth-no: but if he was seeking those quieter and more restful lines that follow a maiden with a true and tender heart, who is a good cook and who sweeps under the sofa, yes.

Mr. Brotherton did not know exactly what he desired. He had been coming to the Morton home on various errands since the girls were little tots. He had seen Emma in her first millinery store hat. He had bought Martha her first sled; he had got Ruth her last doll. But he shook his head He liked them all. And then, as though to puzzle him more. he had noticed that for two or three years, he had never got more than two consecutive evenings with any of themwith all of them. The mystery of their conduct baffled him He sometimes wondered indignantly why they worked his in shifts? Sometimes he had Ruth twice; sometimes Emma and Martha in succession-sometimes Martha twice. He like them all. But he could not understand what system they followed in disposing of him. So as he sat and tovel with his Shriner's pin and listened to the tales of a tepid schoolmistress' romance that Emma told, he wondered

r all—for a man of his tastes, she wasn't really the er of the flock.

You know, George," she was old enough for that, and are times when they were alone she called him George. m working up a kind of sorrow for Judge Van Dornpity or something. When I taught little Lila he was ala sending her candy and little trinkets. Now Lila is in grade above me, and do you know the Judge has taken ralking by the schoolhouse at recess, just to see her, and king along at noon and at night to get a word with her. has put up a swing and a teeter-totter board on the s' playgrounds. This morning I saw him standing, gazafter her, and he was as sad a figure as I ever saw. He zht me looking at him and smiled and said:

'Fine girl, Emma,' and walked away."

Lord. Emma." said Mr. Brotherton, as he brought his baseball hands down on his fat knees. "I don't blame Don't you just think children are about the nicest igs in this world?"

mma was silent. She had expressed other sentiments recently. Still she smiled. And he went on:

Oh, wow!-they're mighty fine to have around."

out Mr. Brotherton was restless after that, and when the k was striking ten he was in the hall. He left as he had e for a dozen years. And the young woman stood watchhim through the glass of the door, a big, strong, hande man—who strode down the walk with clicking heels of le, and she turned away sadly and hurried upstairs.

Martha," she asked, as she took down her hair, "was it ained in the beginning of the world that all school teachwould have to take widowers?"

.nd without hearing the answer, she put out the light.

lr. Brotherton, stalking—not altogether unconsciously n the walk, turned into the street and as he went down hill, he was aware that a boy was overtaking him. He he boy catch up with him. "Oh, Mr. Brotherton," cried boy, "I've been looking for you!" Well, here I am; what's the trouble?"

Grant sent me," returned the boy, "to ask you if he

could see you at eight o'clock to-morrow morning at the store?"

Brotherton looked the boy over and exclaimed:

"Grant?" and then, "Oh—why, Kenyon, I didn't know you. You are certainly that human bean-stalk, son. Let's take a look at you. Well, say—"Mr. Brotherton stopped and backed up and paused for dramatic effect. Then be exploded: "Say, boy, if I had you in an olive wood frame, I could get \$2.75 or \$3.00 for you as Nareissus or a boy Adonis! You surely are the angel child!"

The boy's great black eyes shone up at the man will something wistful and dream-like in them that only be large, sensitive mouth seemed to comprehend. For the rest of the child's face was boy—boy in early adolescence.

boy answered simply:

"Grant said to tell you that he expects the break to

morrow and is anxious to see you."

Mr. Brotherton looked at the boy again—the eyes haunted the man—he could not place them, yet they were familiar is

CHAPTER XXXVI

A LONG CHAPTER BUT A BUSY ONE, IN WHICH KENYON ADAMS AND HIS MOTHER HAVE A STRANGE MEETING, AND LILA VAN DORN TAKES A NIGHT RIDE

HE next morning at eight o'clock, Grant Adams came hurrying into Brotherton's store. As he strode down the long store room, Brotherton thought that Brant in his street clothes looked less of a person than Brant in his overalls. But the big man rose like a frisky mountain in earthquake and called:

"Hello there, Danton—going to shake down the furnace

Bres of revolution this morning, I understand."

Grant stared at Brotherton. Solemnly he said, as he stood as awkward moment before sitting. "Well, Mr. Brotherton, the time has come, when I must fight. To-day is the day!"

"Yes," replied Brotherton, "I heard a few minutes ago that they were going to run you out of the district to-day.

The meeting in the Commercial Club rooms is being called ""

"Yes," said Grant, "and I've been asked to appear before

Tim."

"I guess they are going to try and bluff you out, Grant,"

"I got wind of it last night," said Grant, "when they mailed up the last hall in the Valley against me. One after mether of the public halls has been closed to me during the put year. But to-day is to be our first public rally of the delegates of the Wahoo Valley Trades Council. We have pasted office rooms in the second floor of the Vanderbilt same in South Harvey, and are coming out openly as an stablished labor organization, ready for business in the Valley, and we are going to have a big meeting—somewhere—I don't know where now, but somewhere—'' his face traned grim and a fanatic flame lighted his eyes as he spoke.

"Somewhere the delegates of the Council will meet to sight, and I shall talk to them—or—"

"Soh, boss—soh, boss—don't get excited," counseled ".
Brotherton. "They'll blow off a little steam in the metag
this morning, and then you go on about your business."

"But you don't know what I know, George Brothertan," protested Grant as he leaned forward. "I have converted enough spies—oh, no—not counting the spies who were converted merely to scare me—but enough real spies to know that they mean business!" He stopped, and sitting lack in his chair again, he said grimly, "And so do I—I shall had

to the men to-night, or-"

"All right, son; you'll talk or 'the boy, oh, where was hell I'll tell you what," cried Mr. Brotherton; "you'll for around with the buzz saw till you'll get killed. Now, look here, Grant-I'm for your revolution, and six buckets blood. But you can't afford to lose 'em! You're don't right about the chains of slavery and all that sort of thing but don't get too excited about it. You live down the alone with your father and he is talking to spooks, and your talking to yourself; and you've got a kind of ingrown its of this thing. Give the Lord a little time, and he'll work of this pizen in our social system. I'll help you, and maybe before long Doc'll see the light and help you; but now you need a regulator. You ought to have a wife and about a children to hook you up to the ordinary course of nature And see here, Grant," Mr. Brotherton dropped a weight hand on Grant's shoulder, "if you don't be careful you furnish the ingredients of a public funeral, and where a your revolution be then-and the boys in the Valley at your father and Kenyon?"

While Brotherton was speaking, Grant sat with an in passive face. But when Kenyon's name was uttered

looked up quickly and answered:

"That is why I am here this morning; it's about Kenyo George Brotherton, that boy is more than life to me." It fanatic light was gone from Grant's eyes, and the soft giin them revealed a man that George Brotherton had not in years. "Mr. Brotherton," continued Grant, "father getting too old to do much for Kenyon. The Nesbits is

actically all the expense of educating him. But the on't always be here." Again he hesitated. Then ahead as if he had decided for the last time. Brotherton, if I should be snuffed out, I want you after Kenyon—if ever he needs it. You have no -" Grant leaned forward and grasped Brotherton's ids and cried, "George Brotherton, if you knew the hat boy's heart, and what he can do with a violin, his soul is unfolding under the spell of his music. umb and tongue-tied and unformed now; and yet-" -say!" It came out of Mr. Brotherton with a e a falling tree, "Grant—well, say! Through sickhealth, for better or for worse, till death do us that will satisfy you." He put his big paw over bed Grant's steel hook and jerked him to his feet. sure sold Kenyon into bondage. When I saw him t-honest to God, man-I thought I'd run into a oaming around out of stock without a frame! Him ogether can do Ariel and Prospero without a scratch ·up." Grant beamed, but when Brotherton exs an afterthought, "Say, man, what about that boy's Grant's features mantled and the old grim look his face, as Brotherton went on: "Why, them eyes ake a madonna's look like fried eggs! Where did m—they're not Sands and they're not Adams. e back to some Peri that blew into Massachusetta enchanted isle." Brotherton saw that he was antrant in some way. Often he realized that his lanas not producing the desired effect; so he veered d said gently, "You're not in any danger, Grant: ng as I'm wearing clothes that button up the front worry about Kenyon, I'll look after him." ninutes later. Grant was standing in the front door erton's store, gazing into Market Street. He saw ands and Kyle Perry and Tom Van Dorn walking e store and into the next. He saw John Kollander blue soldier uniform stalking through the street. the merchants gathering in small, volatile groups t forming and re-forming, and he knew that Mr. on's classic language was approximately correct

when he said there was a hen on. Grant eyed the crowd was hurrying past him to the meeting like a hungry h watching a drove of chickens. Finally, when Grant sav the last straggler was in the hall, he turned and st heavily to the Commercial Club rooms, yet he moved the self-consciousness of one urged by a great purpose. head was bent in reflection. His hand held his claw b him, and his shoulders stooped. He knew his goal, bu way was hard and uncertain, and he realized the per a strategic misstep at the outset. Heavily be mounted steps to the hall, entered, and took a seat in the rear sat with his head bowed and his gaze on the floor. Hi aware that Judge Van Dorn was speaking; but what Judge was saying did not interest Grant. His mind a aloof from the proceedings. Suddenly what he had pared to say slipped out of his consciousness complete he heard the Judge declare, "We deem this, sir, a lif death struggle for our individual liberties; a life and struggle for our social order; a life and death strugg our continuance to exist as individuals." There was a repetition of the terms "life and death." They appear some tin-pan rhythmic sense in the Judge's oratorical But the phrase struck fire in Grant Adams's heart. Lift death, life and death, rang through his soul like a clan bells. "We have given our all," bellowed the Judg make this Valley an industrial hive, where labor may employment-all of our savings, all of our heritage of Saxon organizing skill, and we view this life and death gle for its perpetuity-" But all Grant Adams hea that sentence was "life and death," as the great bell soul clanged its alarm. "We are a happy, industrial ily," intoned the Judge, the suave Judge, who was thing more than owner; who was Authority without sponsibility, who was the voice of the absentee master voice, it seemed to Grant, of an enchanted peacock square in the garden of a dream; the voice that cried: "a him who would overthrow all this contentment, all the mirable adjustment of industrial equilibrium we off life and death alternative that is given to him who violate a peaceful home."

But all that Grant Adams sensed of his doom in the adge's pronouncement was the combat of death with life. ife and death were meeting for their eternal struggle, and the words resounded again and again in the Judge's ortary, there rushed into Grant Adams's mind the phrase, I am the resurrection and the life," and he knew that in the life and death struggle for progress, for justice, for a three abundant life on this planet, it would be finally life and not death that would win.

As he sat blindly glaring at the floor, there may have when into his being some ember from the strange flame wrning about our earth, whose touch makes men mad with madness that men have, who come from the wildernesses life, from the lowly walks and waste places—the madness those who feed on locusts and wild honey; who, like St. iraneis and Savonarola, go forth on hopeless quests for the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who said the courts, and for one glorious day shine forth with their burning the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who said the courts, and for one glorious day shine forth with their burning the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who burn in the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable ideal, or like John Brown, who summer is the mattainable i

Grant never remembered what he said by way of introducin as he stood staring at the crowd. It was a different towd from audiences he knew. To Grant it was the market hee; merchants, professional men; clerks, bankers,—wellmed men, with pale, upturned faces stretched before him the rear of the hall. It was all black and white, and as soul cried "life and death" back of his conscious speech, image came to him that all these pale, black-clad figures in their shrouds, and that he was talking to the visible by of death—laid out stiffly before him.

What answer he made to Van Dorn does not matter.
Int Adams could not recall it when he had finished. But
as he spoke through his being throbbed the electrical
that of the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."
the was exultant in the consciousness that in the struggle
"life and death," life would surely win. So he stood and
the with a tongue of flame.

If you have given all—and you have, we also have given But our all is more vitally our all—than yours; for

it is our bodies, our food and clothing; our comfo homes; our children's education, our wives' strength babies' heritage; many of us have indeed given sons' integrity and our daughters' virtue. All the have put into the bargain with you. We have put into the common hopper of this industrial life, and you taken the grain and we the chaff. It is indeed and death struggle. And this happy family, this we anced industrial adjustment, this hell of labor run th your mills like grist, this is death; death is the for all your wicked system, that shrinks and cringes God's ancient justice. 'I am the resurrection and the was not spoken across the veil that rises from the It was spoken for men here in the flesh who shall soon into a more abundant life. Life and death, life and are struggling here this very hour, and you-you," he forward shaking his steel claw in their faces, "you and greedy system of capital are the doomed; you are d embodiment."

Then came the outburst. All over the house rose Men jumped from their chairs and waved their arms. Judge Van Dorn quieted them. He knew that to Grant Adams physically at that meeting would inflan man's followers in the Valley. So he pounded the gav quiet. To Adams he thundered, "Sit down, you vill Still the crowd hissed and jeered. A great six-footer i blue overalls, whom Grant knew as one of the recent one of the sluggers sent to the Valley, came crowdi the front of the room. But Judge Van Dorn nodde back. When the Judge had stilled the tumult, he said sternest judicial manner, "Now, Adams-we have enough of you. Leave this district. Get out of this You have threatened us; we shall not protect you in limb. You are given two hours to leave the Valley, and that you stay here at your own peril. If you try to your labor council, don't ask us, whom you have score surround you with the protection of the society you overthrow in bloodshed. Now, go-get out of here cried, with all the fire and fury that an outrag spectability could muster. But Grant, turning, twist

udge's coat, held him at arm's length, and leanne crowd, with the Judge all but dangling from , cried: "I shall speak in South Harvey tois indeed a life and death struggle, and I shall ospel of life. Life," he cried with a trumpet the life of society, and its eternal resurrection ces of life that flow from the everlasting divine

erowd had left the hall, Grant hurried toward ading to South Harvey. As he turned the lan whom Grant had seen in the hall met him, m Grant recognized as a puddler in one of the came up, touched Grant on the shoulder and

Grant nodded.
going down to South Harvey?''
ied, "Yes, I'm going to hold a meeting there

you try," said the man, pushing his face close 'you'll get your head knocked off—that's all. e your kind—understand?" Grant looked at his measure physically and returned:

there'll be some one around to pick it up—

ralked away, but turned to say:
r—you show up in South Harvey, and we'll fix

urned to board a South Harvey car, Judge Van his arm, and said:

inute, the next car will do."

's wife was with him, and Grant was shocked to ike her face had become, how the lines of charen smoothed out, the eyelids stained, the eyed, the lips colored, until she had a bisque look m shudder. He had seen faces like hers, and he knew their story.

ike to speak with you just a minute. Come up Margaret, dearie," said Van Dorn, "you wait otherton's." In the office, Van Dorn squared

e Grant and said:

"It's no use, sir. You can't hold a meeting there tonight-the thing's set against you. I can't stop them, bet I know the rough element there will kill you if you try. You've done your best-why risk your head, man-for m purpose? You can't make it-and it's dangerous for you to try."

Grant looked at Van Dorn. Then he asked:

"You represent the Harvey Fuel Company, Judge!" "Yes," replied the Judge with much pride of authority

"and we-"

Grant stopped him. "Judge," he said, "if you blow you horn—I'll ring my bell and— If I don't hold my meeting to-night, your mines won't open to-morrow morning." The Judge rose and led the way to the door.

"Oh, well," he sneered, "if you won't take advice, there no need of wasting time on you."

"No," answered Grant, "only remember what I've said." When Grant alighted from the car in South Harvey, h found his puddler friend waiting for him. The two wen hurt his meeting. The barring proved to the workers the righteousness of their demands. So Grant sallied forth to locate a vacant lot; he shot out of his room full of the force of his enthusiasm, but his force met another force as strong as his, and ruthless. God's free out of doors, known and beloved of Grant from his boyhood, was preëmpted: What he found in his quest for a meeting place was a large red sign, "No trespassing," upon the nearest vacant lot, and a special policeman parading back and forth in front of the lot on the sidewalk. He found a score of lots similarly placarded and patrolled. He sent men to Magnus and Foley scurrying like ants through the Valley, but no lot was available.

Up town in Harvey, the ants also were busy. The company was sending men over Market Street, picking out the few individuals who owned vacant lots, leasing them for the month and preparing to justify the placarding and patrolling that already had been done. One of the ants that went hurrying out of the Sands hill on this errand, was John Kollander, and after he had seen Wright & Perry and the few other merchants who owned South Harvey real estate, he encountered Captain Ezra Morton, who happened to have a vacant lot, given to the Captain in the first flush of the South Harvey boom, in return for some service to Daniel Sands. John Kollander explained his errand to the Captain, who nodded wisely, and stroked his goatee meditatively.

"I got to think it over," he bawled, and walked away, leaving John Kollander puzzled and dismayed. But Captain Morton spent no time in academic debate. In half an hour he was in South Harvey, climbing the stairs of the Vanderbilt House, and knocking at Grant Adams's door. Throwing open the door Grant found Captain Morton, standing to attention with a shotgun in his hands. The Captain marched in, turned a square corner to a chair, but slumped into it

with a relieved sigh.

"Well, Grant—I heard your speech this morning to the Merchants' Association. You're crazy as a bed bug—eh? That's what I told 'em all. And then they said to let you go to it—you couldn't get a hall, and the company could keep you off the lots all over the Valley, and if you tried to speak

on the streets they'd run you in-what say !" His old eyes snapped with some virility, and he lifted up his voice and cried:

"But 'y gory—is that the way to do a man, I says! No—why, that ain't free speech! I remember when they done Garrison and Lovejoy and those old boys that way before the war. I fit, bled and died for that, Grant—eh! And I says to the girls this noon: 'Girls—your pa's got a lot in South Harvey, over there next to the Red Dog saloon, that he got way back when they were cheap, and now that the company's got all their buildings up and don't want to buy any lots—why, they're cheaper still—what say?'

"And 'y gory, I says to the girls—'If your ma was living I know what she'd say. She'd say, "You just go over there and tell that Adams boy that lot's hisn, and if any one tries to molest him, you blow 'em to hell'—that's what your ma'd say'—only words to that effect—eh? And so by

the jumping John Rogers, Grant-here I am!"

He looked at the shotgun. "One load's bird shot—real fine and soft, with a small charge of powder." He put his hand to his mouth sheepishly and added apologetically, "I suppose I won't need it,—but I just put the blamedest load of buck shot and powder in that right barrel you ever saw what say?"

Grant said: "Well, Captain—this isn't your fight. You don't believe in what I'm talking about—you've proved your patriotism in a great war. Don't get into this, Captain."

"Grant Adams," barked the Captain as if he were drilling his company, "I believe if you're not a Socialist, you're just as bad. But 'y gory, I fought for the right of free speech, and free meetings, and Socialist or no Socialist, that's your right. I'm going to defend you on my own lot." He rose again, straightened up in rheumatic pain, marched to the door, saluted, and said:

"I brought my supper along with me. It's in my cost pocket. I'm going over to the lot and sit there till you come I know this class of people down here. They ain't worth hell room, Grant," admonished the Captain earnestly. "But if I'm not there, the company will crowd their men in on that lot as sure as guns, when they know you are to meet there.

'm going there to guard it till you come. Good day-

I with that he thumped limpingly down the narrow across the little landing, out of the door and into the

nt stood at the top of the stairs and watched him out ht. Then Grant pulled himself together, and went out the gathering members of the Labor Council in the office and the men of Local No. 10 to announce the of meeting. Later in the afternoon he met Nathan . When he told Nathan of the meeting, the young man in his rasping Yankee voice:

nod—you're no piker. They said they had scared the out of you at the meeting this morning, and they've

ed they were going to beat you up this afternoon and ou to-night. You look pretty husky—but watch out.

really are greatly excited."

ell," replied Grant grimly, "I'll be there to-night." evertheless," returned Nathan, snapping off his words ugh he was cutting them with steel scissors, "Anne and ed to-day, that I must come to Mrs. Williams's and take the meeting. They may get ugly after dark."

f an hour later on the street, Grant was passing his Anne, wheeling Daniel Kyle Perry out to take the He checked his hurried step when he caught her smile id, "Well, Anne, Nate told me that you wish to send ter to the meeting to-night, as my body guard. I don't body guard, and you keep Nate at home." He smiled on his cousin and for a moment all of the emotional in his face was melted by the gentleness of that smile. E." he said—"what a brick you are!"

laughed and gave him the full voltage of her joyous

nd answered:

ant, I'd rather be the widow of a man who would by you and what you are doing, than to be the wife of who shrank from it." She lowered her voice, "And here's a curious thing: this second Mrs. Van Dorn me up on the phone a little bit ago, and said she knew id I were cousins and that you and Nate were such s, but would I tell Nate to keep you away from any meeting to-night? She said she couldn't tell me, but she had just learned some perfectly awful things they were going to do, and she didn't want to see any trouble. Wasn't that queer?"

Grant shook his head. "Well, what did you say!" he

asked

"Oh, I said that while they were doing such perfectly awful things to you, your friends wouldn't be making last doilies! And she rang off. What do you think of it!" she asked.

"Just throwing a scare into me-under orders," responded

the man and hurried on.

When Grant returned to the hotel at supper time, he found Mr. Brotherton sitting in a ramshackle rocking chair in the upstairs bedroom, waiting.

"I thought I'd come over and bring a couple of friends," explained Mr. Brotherton, pointing to the corner, where two

shotguns leaned against the wall.

"Why, man," exclaimed Grant, "that's good of you, but in all the time I've been in the work of organization, I've never carried a gun, nor had one around. I don't want a

gun, Mr. Brotherton."

"I do," returned the elder man, "and I'm here to say that moral force is a grand thing, but in these latitudes when you poke Betsy Jane under the nose of an erring comrade, he sees the truth with much more clearness than otherwise. I stick to the gun—and you can go in hard for moral sussen.

"Also," he added, "I've just taken a survey of thespremises, and told the missus to bring the supper up here. There may be an early curtain raiser on this entertainment and if they are going to chase you out of town to-night, I want a good seat at the performance." He grinned. "Nate Perry will join us in a little quiet social manslaughter. I called him up an hour ago, and he said he'd be here at six thirty. I think he's coming now." In another minute the slim Yankee figure of Nathan was in the room. It was scarcely dusk outside. Mrs. Williams came up with a tray of food. As she set it down she said:

"There's a crowd around at the Hot Dog, you can

them through the window."

Nate and Grant looked. Mr. Brotherton went into the supper. "Crowd all right," assented Nate. There was no mistaking the crowd and its intention. There were new men from the day shift at the smelter, imported by the company to oppose the unions. A thousand such men had been brought into the district within a few months.

"There's another saloon across the road here." said Mr. Brotherton, looking up from his food. "My understanding is that they're going to make headquarters across the street in Dick's Place. You know I got a pipe-line in on the enemy through the Calvin girl. She gets it at home, and her father gets it at the office. Our estimable natty little friend Joe will be down here—he says to keep the peace. That's what he tells at home. I know what he's coming for. Tom Van Dorn will sit in the back room of that saloon and no one will know he's there, and Joseph will issue Tom's orders. Lord," cried Mr. Brotherton, waving a triangle of pie in his hand, "don't I know 'em like a book."

While he was talking the crowd slowly was swelling in front of the Hot Dog saloon. It was a drinking and noisy crowd. Men who appeared to be leaders were taking other men in to the bar, treating them, then bringing them out again, and talking excitedly to them. The crowd grew rapidly, and the noise multiplied. Another crowd was gathering-just a knot of men down the street by the Company's store, in the opposite direction from the Hot Dog crowd. Grant and Nate noticed the second crowd at the same time. It was Local No. 10. Grant left the window and lighted the lamp. He wrote on a piece of paper, a few lines, handed it to Nathan, saying:

"Here, sign it with me." It read:
"Boys—whatever you do, don't start anything—of any kind—no matter what happens to us. We can take care of ourselves."

Nathan Perry signed it, slipped down the stairs into the hall, and beckoned to his men at the Company's store. The crowd at the Hot Dog saw him and velled, but Evan Evans came running for the note and took it back. Little Tom Williams came up the stairs with Nathan, saving:

"Well—they're getting ready for business. I brought a

gun up to No. 3 this afternoon. I'm with Grant in this."

The little landlord went into No. 3, appeared with a rife,

and came bobbing into the room.

Grant at the window could see the crowd marching from the Hot Dog to Dick's Place, yelling and cursing as it went The group in the bedroom over the street opened the street windows to see better and hear better. An incandescent over the door of the saloon lighted the narrow street. In front of the saloon and under the light the mob halted. The men in the room with Grant were at the windows watching Suddenly—as by some prearranged order, four men with revolvers in their hands ran across the street towards the hotel. Brotherton, Williams and Perry ran to the head of the stairs, guns in hand. Grant followed them. There they stood when the door below was thrown open, and the four men below rushed across the small landing to the bottom of the stairs. It was dark in the upper hall, but a light from the street flooded the lower hall. The men below did not look up; they were on the stairs.

d a terrifying alarm in the darkened hallway. The two men were on the first steps of the stairs—they up and saw three gun barrels pointing down at them, eard Brotherton call "one—two—three," but before ld say "fire" the men fell back panic stricken and ran the place.

crowd left the sidewalk and moved into the saloon, is street was deserted for a time. Local No. 10 held t down by the Company Store. It seemed like an age men at the head of the stairs. Yet Mr. Brotherton's unning fire of ribaldry never stopped. He was exind language came from his throat without restraint. In Grant's quick ear caught a sound that made him er. It was far away, a shrill high note; in a few s the note was repeated, and with it the animal cry ver mistakes who hears it—the cry of an angry mobe could hear it roaring over the bridge upon the Wahoo ey knew it was the mob from Magnus, Plain Valley oley coming. On it came, with its high-keyed horror ig louder and louder. It turned into the street and oaring and whining down to the meeting place at the

It filled the street. Then appeared Mr. Calvin fola saloon porter, who was rolling a whiskey barrel he saloon. The porter knocked in the head, and threw is to the crowd.

nat do you think of that for a praying Christian?" I Mr. Brotherton. No one answered Mr. Brotherton, e whiskey soon began to make the crowd noisy. e leaders waited for the whiskey to make the crowd

The next moment, Van Dorn's automobile—the old of the new one—came chugging up. Grant, at the v, looked out and turned deathly sick. For he saw ddler who had bullied him during the day get out of; and in the puddler's grasp was Kenyon—with white ut not whimpering.

men made way for the puddler, who hurried the boy se saloon. Grant did not speak, but stood unnerved orror-stricken staring at the saloon door which had wed up the boy.

ell, for God-" cried Brotherton.

"A screen-they're going to use the boy as a shield-

damn cowards!" rasped Nathan Perry.

The little Welshman moaned. And the three men staring at Grant whose eyes did not shift from the sideor. He was rigid and his face, which trembled for a

ment, set like molten bronze.

"If I surrender now, if they beat me here with any less than my death, the whole work of years is gone long struggle of these men for their rights." He spok to his companions, but through them to himself. "I give up—not even for Kenyon," he cried. "Tom—T Grant turned to the little Welshman. "You stood by heard Dick Bowman order Mugs to hold the shovel ove face! Did he shrink? Well, this cause is the life and a struggle of all the Dicks in the Valley—not for just week, but for always."

Below the crowd was hushed. Joe Calvin had appeared was giving orders in a low tone. The hulking figure the puddler could be seen picking out his men; he had set off in a squad. The men in the room could see the beads of sweat stand out on Grant's forehead. "Kenyon," he cried in agony. Then George Brotherto out his bellow, "Grant—look here—do you think I'm

to fire on-"

But the next minute the group at the window saw thing that made even George Brotherton's bull voice Into the drab street below flashed something all red was the Van Dorn motor car, the new one. But the rethe car was subdued beside the scarlet of the woman is back seat—a woman without hat or coat, holding sometin her arms. The men at the window could not see those saw in the street; but they could see Joe Calvin back; could see the consternation on his face, could see waving his hands to the crowd to clear the way. And those at the window above saw Margaret Van Dorn rise is car and they heard her call, "Joe Calvin! Joe Calvin she screamed, "bring my husband out from behind that room door—quick—quick," she shricked, "quick, I say.

The mob parted for her. The men at the hotel will could not see what she had in her arms. She made

driver wheel, drive to the opposite side of the street directly under the hotel window—directly in front of the besieged door. In another instant Van Dorn, ghastly with rage, came bareheaded out of the saloon. He ran across the street crying:

"You she devil, what do you-"

But he stopped without finishing his sentence. The men above looked down at what he was looking at and saw a child—Tom Van Dorn's child, Lila, in the car.

"My God, Margaret—what does this mean?" he almost

whispered in terror.

"It means," returned the strident voice of the woman, "that when you sent for your car and the driver told me he was going to Adamses—I knew why—from what you said, and now, by God," she screamed, "give me that boy—or this girl goes to the union men as their shield."

Van Dorn did not speak. His mouth seemed about to be-

gin, but she stopped him, crying:

"And if you touch her I'll kill you both. And the child

The woman had lost control of her voice. She swung a

pistol toward the child.

"Give me that boy!" she shrieked, and Van Dorn, dumb and amazed, stood staring at her. "Tell them to bring that boy before I count five: One, two," she shouted, "three—"

"Oh, Joe," called Van Dorn as his whole body began to tremble, "bring the Adams boy quick—here!" His voice broke into a shriek with nervous agitation and the word "here" was uttered with a piercing yell, that made the trowd wince.

Calvin brought Kenyon out and sent him across the street.

Grant opened a window and called out: "Get into the car

with Lila, Kenyon—please."

The woman in the car cried: "Grant, Grant, is that you up there? They were going to murder the boy, Grant. Do

you want his child up there!"

She looked up and the arc light before the hotel revealed her tragic, shattered face—a wreck of a face, crumpled and all out of line and focus as the tlickering glare of the arclight fell upon it. "Shall I send you his child?" she babbled

hysterically, keeping the revolver pointed at Lila-"His

child that he's silly about?"

Van Dorn started for her car, but Brotherton at the wisdow bellowed across a gun sight: "Move an inch and I'll shoot."

Grant called down: "Margaret, take Lila and Kenyon

home, please."

Then, with Mr. Brotherton's gun covering the father in the street below, the driver of the car turned it carefully through the parting crowd, and was gone as mysteriously

and as quickly as he came.

"Now," cried Mr. Brotherton, still sighting down the guabarrel pointed at Van Dorn, standing alone in the middle of the street, "you make tracks, and don't you go to that saloon either—you go home to the bosom of your family. Stop," roared Mr. Brotherton, as the man tried to break into a run. Van Dorn stopped. "Go down to the Company store where the union men are," commanded Mr. Brotherton. "They will take you home.

"Hey-you Local No. 10," howled the great bull voice of Brotherton. "You fellows take this man home to his own

vine and fig tree."

Van Dorn, looking ever behind him for help that did not come, edged down the street and into the arms of Local Na 10, and was swallowed up in that crowd. A rock from acres the street crashed through the window where the gun barrels were protruding, but there was no fire in return. Another

rock and another came. But there was no firing.

Grant, who knew something of mobs, felt instinctively that the trouble was over. Nathan and Brotherton agreed. They stood for a time—a long time it seemed to them—guarding the stairs. Then some one struck a match and looked at his watch. It was half past eight. It was too late for Grant to hold his meeting. But he felt strongly that the exit of Van Dorn had left the crowd without a leader and that the fight of the night was won.

"Well," said Grant, drawing a deep breath. "They not run me out of town to-night. I could go to the lot nos and hold the meeting; but it's late and it will be better to

wait until to-morrow night. They should sleep this off— I'm going to talk to them."

He stepped to an iron balcony outside the window and putting his hands to his mouth uttered a long horn-like blast. The men saw him across the street. "Come over here, all of you—" he called. "I want to talk to you—just a minute."

The crowd moved, first one or two, then three or four, then by tens. Soon the crowd stood below looking up half curiously—half angrily.

"You see, men," he smiled as he shoved his hand in his

pocket, and put his head humorously on one side:

"We are more hospitable when you all come than when you send your delegations. It's more democratic this way—just to kind of meet out here like a big family and talk it ever. Some way," he laughed, "your delegates were in a hurry to go back and report. Well, now, that was right. That is true representative government. You sent 'cm, they came; were satisfied and went back and told you all about it." The crowd laughed. He knew when they laughed that he could talk on. "But you see, I believe in democratic government. I want you all to come and talk this matter over—not just a few."

He paused; then began again: "Now, men, it's late. I've got so much to say I don't want to begin now. I don't like to have Tom Van Dorn and Joe Calvin divide time with me. I want the whole evening to myself. And," he leaned over clicking his iron claw on the baleony railing while his jaw showed the play of muscles in the light from below, "what's more I'm going to have it, if it takes all summer. Now then," he cried: "The Labor Council of the Wahoo Valley will hold its meeting to-morrow night at seven-thirty sharp on Captain Morton's vacant lot just the other side of the Hot Dog saloon. I'll talk to that meeting. I want you to come to that meeting and hear what we have to say about what we are trying to do."

A few men clapped their hands. Grant Adams turned back into the room and in due course the crowd slowly displyed. At ten o'clock he was standing in the door of the

Vanderbilt House looking at his watch, ready to turn for the night. Suddenly he remembered the Captain, hurried around to the Hot Dog, and there peering into darkness of the vacant lot saw the Captain with his on his shoulder pacing back and forth, a silent, faithful

try, unrelieved from duty.

When Grant had relieved him and told him that trouble was over, the little old man looked up with snappy eyes and his dried, weazened smile and said: gory, man-I'm glad you come. I was just a-thinking I them girls of mine haven't cooked any potatoes to go the meat to make hash for breakfast-eh? and I'm str for hash."

CHAPTER XXXVII

M WHICH WE WITNESS A CEREMONY IN THE TEMPLE OF LOVE

BORGE BROTHERTON took the Captain to the street ear that night. They rode face to face and all that the Captain had seen and more, outside the Vanderbilt House, and all that George Brotherton had seen within its portals, a street car load of Harvey people heard with much "'Y gorying" and "Well—saying," as the car rattled through the fields and into Market Street. Amiable atisfaction with the night's work beamed in the moonface of Mr. Brotherton and the Captain was drunk with martial spirit. He shouldered his gun and marched down the full length of the car and off, dragging Brotherton at his chariot wheels like a spoil of battle.

"Come on, George," called the Captain as the audience in the car smiled. "Young man, I need you to tell the girls that their pa ain't gone stark, staring mad—eh? And I want to show 'em a hero!—What say? A genuine hee-ro!"

It was half an hour after the Captain bursting upon his hearthstone like a martial sky rocket, had exploded the last of his blue and green candles. The three girls, sitting around the cold base burner, beside and above which Mr. Brotherton stood in statuesque repose, heard the Captain's tale and the protests of Mr. Brotherton much as Desdemona heard of Othello's perils. And when the story was finished and retold and refinished and the Captain was rising with what the girls called the hash-look in his snappy little eyes, Martha saw Ruth swallow a vast yawn and Martha turned to Emma an appreciative smile at Ruth's discomfiture.

But Emma's eyes were fixed upon Mr. Brotherton and be face turned toward him with an aspect of tender adoration. Mr. Brotherton, who was not without appreciation of own heroic caste, saw the yawn and the smile and then

w the face of Emma Morton.

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It came over him in a flash of surprise that Ruth and Martha were young things, not of his world; and that Emma was of his world and very much for him in his world. It got to him through the busy guard of his outer consciousness with a great rush of tenderness that Emma really cared for the dangers he had faced and was proud of the part he had played. And Mr. Brotherton knew that, with Ruth and Martha, it was a tale that was told.

As he saw her standing among her sisters, his heart hid from him the little school teacher with crow's feet at her eyes, but revealed instead the glowing heart of an exalted woman, who did not realize that she was uncovering her love, a woman who in the story she had heard was living for a moment in high romance. Her beloved, imperiled, was restored to her; the lost was found and the journey which ends so happily in lovers' meetings was closing.

His eyes filled and his voice needed a cough to prime it. The fire, glowing in Emma Morton's eyes, steamed up George Brotherton's will—the will which had sent him crashing forStreet. Then, Cap, you tell Mrs. Herdicker. This sig news." As he spoke he was gathering the amazed and Martha under his wing and kissing them, crying, that one for luck—and that to grow on." Then he his laugh. But in vain did Emma Morton try to from his grasp; in vain she tried to quiet his clatter. girls, cluster around Brother George's knee—or knees let's plan the wedding."

u are going to have a wedding, aren't you, Emma?"

n Ruth, and George cut in:

Edding—why, this is to be the big show—the laughing all the wonders of the world and marvels of the deep one canvas. Why, girls—"

ell, Emma, you've just got to wear a veil," laughed

a hysterically.

il nothing—shame on you, Martha Morton. Why, hasn't asked—"

w ain't it the truth!'' roared Brotherton. "Why veil! he exclaimed. "She's going to wear seven veils and flower girls—forty—count 'em—forty! And Morty best man—''

ep still, George," interrupted Ruth. "Now, Emma, -when, I say, are you going to resign your school?"

Brotherton gave the youngest and most practical Miss a look of quick intelligence. "Don't you fret; I'm hog tied by the silken skein of love. She's goresign her school to-morrow,"

deed I am not, George Brotherton—and if you people nush—"

Mr. Brotherton interrupted the bride-to-be, incidenissing her by way of punctuation, and boomed on in ster tone, "Morty Sands best man with his gym class bouth Harvey doing ground and lofty tumbling up and the aisles in pink tights. Doc Jim in linen pants ng the Wedding March to Kenyon Adams's violin o, with the General hitting the bones at the organ! eatest show on earth and the baby elephant in evening prancing down the aisle like the behemoth of holy Well, say—say, I tell you!"

Captain touched the big man on the shoulder apolo-

getically. "George, of course, if you could wait a year the Household Horse gets going good, I could stake you a trip to the Grand Canyon myself, but just now, 'y g man!"

"Grand Canyon!" laughed Brotherton. "Why, C we're going to go seven times around the world and to to the moon before we turn up in Harvey. Grand C yon—"

"Well, at least, father," cried Martha, "we'll get that tan traveling dress and hat she's always wanted."

"But I tell you girls to keep still," protested the br to-be, still in the prospective groom's arms and proud Punch of her position. "Why, George hasn't even as me and—"

"Neither have you asked me, Emma, 'eathen idol mad mud what she called the Great God Buhd.'" He sto over tenderly and when his face rose, he said softly," a plucky lot she cared for tan traveling dresses who kissed her where she stud!" And then and there before Morton family assembled, he kissed his sweetheart again

middle-aged man unashamed in his joy.

It was a tremendous event in the Morton family and Captain felt his responsibility heavily. The excited a half-shocked and half-amused and wholly delighted, tri lead the Captain away and leave the lovers alone George had hugged them all around and kissed them a for luck. But the Captain refused to be led. He had a things to say. He had to impress upon Mr. Brothe now that he was about to enter the family, the great fact the Mortons were about to come into riches. Hence a sertation on the Household Horse and its growing popul among makers of automobiles; Nate Perry's plans in print for the new factory were brought in, and a wilde of detail spread before an ardent lover, keen for his hour alone with the woman who had touched his bac heart. A hundred speeches came to his lips and diss -first formal and ardent love vows-while the Captain tled on recounting familiar details of his dream.

Then Ruth and Martha rose in their might and litdragged their father from the room and upstairs. He The later the two lovers in the doorway heard a stir in e house behind them. They heard the Captain cry:

"The hash—George, she's the best girl—'Y gory, the best in the world. But she will forget to chop the hash over

As George Brotherton, bumping his head upon the eternal tra, turned into the street, he saw the great black hulk of e Van Dorn house among the trees. He smiled as he wonred how the ceremonies were proceeding in the Temple of we that night.

It was not a ceremony fit for smiles, but rather for the urs of gods and men, that the priest and priestess had perrmed. Margaret Van Dorn had taken Kenyon home, then opped Lila at the Nesbit door as she returned from South ervey. When she found that her husband had not reached me, she ran to her room to fortify herself for the meeting th him. And she found her fortifications in the farthest rner of the bottom drawer of her dresser. From its hidg place she brought forth a little black box and from the x a brown pellet. This fortification had been her refuge r over a year when the stress of life in the Temple of Love s about to overcome her. It gave her courage, quickened r wits and loosened her tongue. Always she retired to her rtress when the combat in the Temple threatened to strain r nerves. So she had worn a beaten path of habit to her fure.

Then she made herself presentable; took care of her hair, moothed her face at the mirror and behind the shield of e drug she waited. She heard the old car rattling up the reet, and braced herself for the struggle. She knew—she id learned by bitter experience that the first blow in a meh and tumble was half the battle. As he came raging rough the door, slamming it behind him, she faced him,

id before he could speak, she sneered:

"Ah, you coward-you sneaking, cur coward-who would urder a child to win-Ach!" she cried. "You are loathme get away from me!"

The furious man rushed toward her with his hands nehed. She stood with her arms akimbo and said alowly: "You try that—just try that."

He stopped. She came over and rubbed her body aga his, purring, with a pause after each word:

"You are a coward—aren't you!"

She put her fingers under his jaw, and sneered, "If you lay hands on me—just one finger on me, Tom Dorn—" She did not finish her sentence.

The man uttered a shrill, insane cry of fury and whi and would have run, but she caught him, and with a physical power, that he knew and dreaded, she swung by force into a chair.

"Now," she panted, "sit down like a man and tel what you are going to do about it? Look up—dawli

she cried, as Van Dorn slumped in the chair.

The man gave her a look of hate. His eyes, that she his soul, burned with rage and from his face, so mobile expressive, a devil of malice gaped impotently at his with he sat, a heap of weak vanity, before her. He pulled his up and exclaimed:

"Well, there's one thing damn sure, I'll not live with any more—no man would respect me if I did after to-ni

"And no man," she smiled and said in her mocking "will respect you if you leave me. How Laura's fr will laugh when you go, and say that Tom Van Dorn si can't live with any one. How the Neshit crowd will when you leave me, and say Tom Van Dorn got just he had coming! Why—go on—leave me—if you You know you don't dare to. It's for better or worse, until death do us part—dawling!"

She laughed and winked indecently at him.

"I will leave you, I tell you, I will leave you," he forth, half rising. "All the devils of hell can't kee

here."

"Except just this one," she mocked. "Oh, you bleave me and go with your present mistress! By the who is our latest conquest—dawling? I'm sure that wor fine. Wouldn't they cackle—the dear old hens whose scratch your heart so every day?" She leaned over, a loose from me, you'll pretty nearly have to marry the

wouldn't that be nice? 'Through sickness and, for good or for ill,'—isn't it nice?'' she scoffed. she turned on him savagely, "So you will try to hide a child, and use him for a shield—Oh, you cur—you able dog," she scorned. Then she drew herself up and in a passion that all but hissed at him. "I tell you, an Dorn, if you ever, in this row that's coming, harm of that boy's head—you'll carry the scar of that hair r grave. I mean it."

Dorn sprang up. He cried: "What business is it of You she devil, what's the boy to you? Can't I run n business? Why do you care so much for the Adams Answer me, I tell you—answer me," he cried, his

filling his voice.

, nothing, dawling," she made a wicked, obscene eye at nd simpered: "Oh, nothing, Tom—only you see I be his mother!"

played with the vulgar diamonds that hid her fingers oked down coyly as she smiled into his gray face. eat God," he whispered, "were you born a—" he

d, ashamed of the word in his mouth.

woman kept twinkling her indecent eyes at him and r head on one side as she replied: "Whatever I am, e wife of Judge Van Dorn; so I'm quite respectable whatever I was once. Isn't that lawvly, dawling!" gan talking in her baby manner.

husband was staring at her with doubt and fear and footless wrath playing like scurrying clouds across

oud, shamed face.

, Margaret, tell me the truth," he moaned, as the fear truth baffled him—a thousand little incidents that had ed his notice and passed to be stirred up by a puzzled usness came rushing into his memory—and the doubt read overcame even his hate for a moment and he. But she laughed, and scouted the idea and then out in anguish:

ny—why have you a child to love—to love and live for you cannot be with her—why can I have none?" voice had broken and she felt she was losing her grip

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on hermif, and she know that her time was limited, the fortifications were about to crumble. She sat down! her husband.

"Tom," she said coldly, "no matter why I'm fo Kenyon Adams—that's my business; Lila is your bu and I don't interfere, do I? Well," she said, lookin man in the eyes with a hard, mean, significant stare, let the boy alone—do you understand? Do what you with Grant or Jasper or the old man; but Kenyon off!"

She rose, slipped quickly to the stairway, and as a up she called, "Good night, dawling." Before he was feet he heard the lock click in her door, and with a he doubt, an impotent rage, and a mantling shame stiffing he went upstairs and from her distant room she hear bolt click in the door of his room. And behind the doors stood two ghosts—the ghosts of rejected children ing across the years, while the smudge of the exting torch of life choked two angry hearts.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

GRANT ADAMS VISITS THE SONS OF ESAU

Y dear," quoth the Doctor to his daughter as he sat poking his feet with his cane in her little office at the Kindergarten, after they had distance Lila's adventure of the night before, "I saw Tom up was this morning and he didn't seem to be exactly happy. says, 'Tom, I hear you beat God at his own game last ight!' and," the Doctor chuckled, "Laura, do you know, he coldn't speak to me!" As he laughed, the daughter interspeed:

"Why, father—that was mean—"

"Of course it was mean. Why—considering everything, d lick a man if he'd talk that mean to me. But my Eenany devil kind of got control of my forbearing Christian pirit and I cut loose."

The daughter smiled, then she sighed, and asked: Father—tell me, why did that woman object to Tom's use of

enyon in the riot last night?"

Doctor Nesbit opened his mouth as if to answer her. Then e smiled and said, "Don't ask me, child. She's a bad

"Lila says," continued the daughter, "that Margaret apears at every public place where Kenyon plays. She seems ager to talk to him about his accomplishments, and has a art of fascinated interest in whatever he does, as nearly as can understand it? Why, father? What do you suppose is? I asked Grant, who was here this morning with a roatian baby whose mother is in the glass works, and Grant ally shook his head." The father looked at his daughter wer his glasses and asked:

"Croatians, eh? That's what the new colony is down in lagnus. Well, we've got Letts and Lithuanians and why

not Croatians? What a mix we have here in the Valley! wouldn't wash 'em for 'em!''

"Well, father, I would. And when you get the dirt they're mostly just folks—just Indiany, as you call They all take my flower seeds. And they all love bricolors in their windows. And they are spreading the sloop of blooms across the district, just as well as the Germans at the French and the Belgians and the Irish. And they here for exactly the same thing which we are here for, fath

We're all in the same game."

He looked at her blankly, and ventured, "Money?" "No-you stupid. You know better, It's children They're here for their children-to lift their children out poverty. It's the children who carry the banner of civil tion, the hope of progress, the real sunrise. These per are all confused and more or less dumb and loggy ab everything else in life but this one thing; they all b greatly for their children. For their children they joyfu endure the hardships of poverty; the injustice of it; to here in these conditions that seem to us awful, and to w terrible hours that their children may rise out of the wo condition that they left in Europe. And they have Europe, father, spiritually as well as physically. Here t are reborn into America. The first generation may a foreign, may hold foreign ways-on the outside. But the American born boys and girls, they are American-as m as we are, with all their foreign names. They are of spirit. When America calls they will hear and following Whatever blood they will shed will be real American blood because as children, born under the same aspiring gen for freedom under which we were born, as children ther came Americans. Oh, father, it's for the children that the people here in Harvey-these exploited people everywh in this country,-plant the flowers and brighten up to homes. It's for their children that they are going with Gr to organize for better things. The fire of life runs about us in hope for our children, and if we haven't children the love of them in our hearts-why, father, that's wi eating Tom's heart out, and blasting this miserable wom life! Grant said to-day: 'This baby here symbolizes

ut I stand for, all that I hope to do, all that the race reams!"

The Doctor had lighted his pipe, and was puffing meditively. He liked to hear his daughter talk. He took little ek in what she said. But when she asked him for helpgave it to her unstinted, but often with a large, tolerant belief in the wisdom of her request. As she paused he ned to her quickly, "Laura—tell me, what do you make of Grant?

He eyed her sharply as she replied: "Father, Grant is a ely soul without chick or child, and I'm sorry for him.

'Well, now, Laura," piped the little man, "don't be too

rv. Sorrow is a dangerous emotion."

The daughter turned her face to her father frankly and 1: "I realize that, father. Don't concern yourself ut that. But I see Grant some way, eating the locusts I wild honey in the wilderness, calling out to a stiff-necked eration to repent. His eyes are focussed on to-morrow. expects an immediate millennium. But he is at least king forward, not back. And the world back of us is so l of change, that I am sure the world before us also must full of change, and maybe sometime we shall arrive at ant's goal. He's not working for himself, either in fame in power, or in any personal thing. He's just following light as it is given him to see it, here among the poor." The daughter lifted a face full of enthusiasm to her father. puffed in silence. "Well, my dear, that's a fine speech. t when I asked you about Grant I was rising to a sort of stion of personal privilege. I thought perhaps I would t around at his meeting to-night! If you think I should, t kind of stand around to give him countenance—and," chuckled and squeaked: "To bundle up a few votes!" 'Do. father—do—you must!''

'Well," squeaked the little voice, "so long as I must I'm d to know that Tom made it easy for me, by turning all Harvey and the Valley over to Grant at the riot last bt. Why, if Tom tried to stop Grant's meeting to-night rket Street itself would mob Tom-mob the very Temple Love." The Doctor chuckled and returned to his own

affairs. "Being on the winning side isn't really im But it's like carrying a potato in your pocket for tism: it gives a feller confidence. And after all, the rich and God's poor have all got votes. And votes

He grinned and revived his pipe.

He was about to speak again when Laura interrup
"Oh, father—they're not God's poor, whose ever to
Don't say that. They're Daniel Sands's poor,
Smelter Trust's poor, and the Coal Trust's poor,
Glass and Cement and Steel company's poor. I've
that down here. Why, if the employers would only tworkers as fairly as they treat the machines, keeping
and modern and bright, God would have no poor!"

The Doctor rose and stretched and smiled indulg his daughter. "Heigh-ho the green holly," be "Well, have it your way. God's poor or Dan's poor my votes, if I can get 'em. So we'll come to the me night and blow a few mouthfuls on the fires of re-

for the good of the order!"

He would have gone, but his daughter begged him and dine with her in South Harvey, before they wer meeting. So for an hour the Doctor sat in his da office by the window, sometimes giving attention to flood of humanity passing along the street as the changed for evening in the mines and smelters, a listening to the day's stragglers who came and went his daughter's office: A father for medicine for a mother for advice, a breaker boy for a book, a little g the glass works for a bright bit of sewing upon w was working, a woman from Violet Hogan's room heartbreak in her problem, a group of women fro Italy with a complaint about a disorderly neighbor tenement, a cripple from the mines to talk over hi whether it should be pencils or shoe strings, or a han or some attempt at handieraft; the head of a loc union paying some pittance to Laura, voted by the help her with her work; a shy foreign woman with spelled note from her neighbor, asking for flower s directions translated by Laura into the woman's guage telling how to plant the seeds; a belated

Other calling for the last little tot in the nursery and exaining her delay. Laura heard them all and so far as she aid, she served them all. The Doctor was vastly proud the effective way in which she dispatched her work.

It was six o'clock, but the summer sun still was high and traffic in the street was thick. For a time, while a man with a child with shriveled legs was talking to Laura but the child's education, the Doctor sat gazing into the eet. When the room was empty, he exclaimed, "It's a weary way from the sunshine and prairie grass, child! w it all has changed with the years! Ten years ago I 'em all, the men and the employers. Now they are newcomers-men and masters. Why, I don't even know ir nationalities; I don't even know what part of the earth y come from. And such sad-faced droves of them; so my little scamps, underfed, badly housed for generations. e big, strapping Irish and Germans and Scotch and the le-chested little Welshmen, and the agile French—how r of them there are compared with this slow-moving horde runts from God knows where! It's been a long time since • been down here to see a shift change. Laura. Lordrd have mercy on these people—for no one else seems to

'Amen, and Amen, father," answered the daughter. here are the people that Grant is trying to stir to con-

pusness. These are the people who—"

"Well, yes," he turned a sardonic look upon his daughter, hey're the boys who voted against me the last time because m and Dan hired a man in every precinct to spread the ry that I was a teetotaler, and that your mother gave a rty on Good Friday-and all because Tom and Dan were d at me for pushing that workingmen's compensation 1! But now I look at 'em-I don't blame 'em! What do ry know about workingmen's compensation!" The Doctor pped and chuckled; then he burst out: "I tell you, nra, when a man gets enough sense to stand by his friends be no longer needs friends. When these people get wise meh not to be fooled by Tom and old Dan, they won't ad Grant! In the meantime-just look at 'em-look at a paying twice as much for rent as they pay up town: gouged at the company stores down here for their food clothing; held up by loan sharks when they borrow mo doped with aloes in their beer, and fusil oil in their whis wrapped up in shoddy clothes and paper shoes, having pockets picked by weighing frauds at the mines, and bodies mashed in speed-up devices in the mills; stable filthy shacks without water or sewers or electricity which uptown people demand and get for the same money that pay for these hog-pens—why, hell's afire and the cows ar—Laura! by Godfrey's diamonds, if I lived down here I'me some frisky dynamite and blow the whole place kindling." He sat blinking his indignation; then beginning ways to get their votes." He waved a hand and added, "And with God be the rest!"

Towering above a group of workers from the South of rope—a delegation from the new wire mill in Plain V. Grant Adams came swinging down the street, a Gu among his Lilliputians. Although it was not even twill to the Doctor that something more that changing shifts in the mills was thickening the crowds a street. Little groups were forming at the corners, good tured groups who seemed to know that they were not molested. And the Doctor at his window watched to passing group after group, receiving its unconscious has just a look, or a waving hand, or an affectionate, half-als little cheer, or the turning of a group of heads all one

to eatch Grant's eyes as he passed.

At the Captain's vacant lot, Grant rose before a che throng that filled the lot, and overflowed the sidewals crowded far down the street. Two flickering torches at his head. An electric in front of the Hot Dog and arc-light over the door of the smelter lighted the upta faces of the multitude. When the crowd had ceased cing, Grant, looking into as many eyes of his hearers could catch, began:

"I have come to talk to Esau—the disinherited—to who has forfeited his birthright. I am here to spethose who are toiling in the world's rough work unreq—I am here, one of the poor to talk to the poor."

Is voice held back so much of his strength, his gaunt, tward figure under the uncertain torches, his wide, impasned gestures, with the carpenter's nail claw always before hearers, made him a strange kind of specter in the Yet the simplicity of his manner and the directness his appeal went to the hearts of his hearers. The first t of his message was one of peace. He told the workers t every inch they gained they lost when they tried to reome cunning with force. "The dynamiter tears the und from under labor-not from under capital; he engthens capital," said Grant. "Every time I hear of a ab exploding in a strike, or of a scab being killed I think the long, hard march back that organized labor must make retrieve its lost ground. And then," he cried passionly, and the mad fanatic glare lighted his face, "my soul olts at the iniquity of those who, by craft and cunning ile we work, teach us the false doctrine of the strength of ee, and then when we use what they have taught us, nt us out in scorn as lawbreakers. Whether they pay to the man who touched the fuse or fired the gun or ether they merely taught us to use bombs and guns by example of their own lawlessness, theirs is the sin, and the punishment. Esau still has lost his birthright**u** is disinherited."

He spoke for a time upon the aims of organization, and I forth the doctrine of class solidarity. He told labor in its ranks altruism, neighborly kindness that is the rest basis of progress, has a thousand disintegrated exmaions. "The kindness of the poor to the poor, if exmed in terms of money, would pay the National debt over ht." he said, and, letting out his voice, and releasing his ength, he begged the men and women who work and sweat their work to give that altruism some form and direction, put it into harness—to form it into ranks, drilled for fulness. Then he spoke of the day when class consciouswould not be needed, when the unions would have served ir mission, when the class wrong that makes the class ering and thus marks the class line, would disappear just they have disappeared in the classes that have risen durthe last two centuries.

"Oh, Esau," he cried in the voice that men called because of its intensity, "your birthright is not gos lies in your own heart. Quicken your heart with love no matter what you have lost, nor what you have mour despair, in so much as you love shall it all be restored.

you.

They did not cheer as he talked. But they stood is forward intently listening. Some of his hearers he pected to hear class hatred preached. Others were exp to hear the man lash his enemies and many had as that he would denounce those who had committed the takes of the night before. Instead of giving his is these things, he preached a gospel of peace and low hope. His hearers did not understand that the malean, red-faced man before them was dipping deeply their souls and that they were considering many

which they had not questioned before.

When he plunged into the practical part of his s an explanation of the allied unions of the Valley, he ! detail something of the ten years' struggle to bring a unions together under one industrial council in the Valley, and listed something of the strength of the ore tion. He declared that the time had come for the ora tion to make a public fight for recognition; that organi in secret and under cover was no longer honorable. employers are frankly and publicly allied," said "They have their meetings to talk over matters of ea interest. Why should not the unions do the same The smelter men, the teamsters, the miners, the carp the steel workers, the painters, the glass workers, the ers-all the organized men and women in this district the same common interests that their employers have, should in no wise be ashamed of our organization. meeting is held to proclaim our pride in the common s upon which organized labor stands with organized cap the Wahoo Valley."

He called the rolls of the unions in the trades come for an hour men stood and responded and reported tions among workers in their respective trades. It impressive roll call. After their organization had been juiced, a great roar of pride rose and Grant Adams threw this steel claw and leaning forward cried:

the union every man sacrifices something to the common that; mutual help means mutual sacrifice, and self-denial trotherly love. Fraternity and democracy are synony-tos. We must rise together by self-help. I know how to it is for the rich man to become poor. I know that the poor man becomes rich. But when Esau throws the yoke of Jacob, when the poor shall rise and come into the yoke of Jacob, when the yoke of Jacob, when

Grant Adams stood staring at the crowd. Then he read out his two gaunt arms and closed his eyes and ied: "Oh, Esau, Esau, you were faint and hungry in at elder day when you drank the red pottage and sold mr birthright. But did you know when you bartered it my, that in that bargain went your children's souls? here in the Valley, five babies die in infancy where dies up there on the hill. Ninety per cent, of the boys in come from the homes in the Valley and ten per cent. the homes on the hill. And the girls who go out in night, never to come home—poor girls always. Crime shame and death were in that red pottage, and its bitmess still burns our hearts. And why—why in the name lour loving Christ who knew the wicked bargain Jacob de-why is our birthright gone? Why does Esau still we his brother unrequited?" Then he opened his eyes cried stridently—"I'll tell you why. The poor are be because the rich are rich. We have been working a ende and a half in this Valley, and profits, not new capi-L have developed it. Profits that should have been divided th labor in wages have gone to buy new machines—miles / miles of new machines have come here, bought and paid with the money that labor earned, and because we have the machines which our labor has bought, we are poor--

we are working long hours amid squalor surrounded death and crime and shame. Oh, Esau, Esau, what a point was that you drank in the elder day! Oh, Jacob, I wrestle, wrestle with thy conscience; wrestle with thy ing Lord; wrestle, Jacob, wrestle, for the day is breand we will not let thee go! How long, O Lord, how will you hold us to that cruel bargain!"

He paused as one looking for an answer—hesitant, expectant. Then he drew a long breath, turned slowly

sadly and walked away.

No cheer followed him. The crowd was stirredeeply for cheers. But the seed he had sown quicker a thousand hearts even if in some hearts it fell thorns, even if in some it fell upon stony ground. sower had gone forth to sow.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ENG NO CHAPTER AT ALL BUT AN INTERMEZZO BEFORE THE LAST MOVEMENT

HE stage is dark. In the dim distance something is moving. It is a world hurrying through space. Somewhat in the foreground but enveloped in the rick sit three figures. They are tending a vast loom. Its riad threads run through illimitable space and the woof the loom is time. The three figures weaving through the rick do not know whence comes the power that moves the om eternally. They have not asked. They work in the itch of night.

From afar in the earth comes a voice—high-keyed and

atle:

A Voice, pianissimo:

"This business of governing a sovereign people is losing its bror. I must be getting some kind of spiritual necrosis. Inversely speaking, about all the real pleasure a grand llama politics finds in life, is in counting his ingrates—his governors and senators and congressmen! Why, George, it's im nearly ten years since I've cussed out a senator or a wernor, yet I read Browning with joy and the last time heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, I went stark mad. It woe is me, George! Woe is me. When the Judge and im Sands named the postmaster last month without containing me, I didn't care. I tell you, George, I must be string old!"

BROOND VOICE, fortissimo:

No, Doc—you're not getting old—why, you're not sixty mere spring chicken yet—and Dan Sands is seventyif he's a day. What's the matter with you in this here
iterist that Carlyle talks about! It's this restless little
spirit that's the matter with you. You're all broke

out and sick abed with the Zeitgeist. You've got no renecrosis than a Belgian hare's got paresis—I'm right he tell you and my diagnosis goes."

THIRD VOICE, adagio:

"James, my guides say that we're beginning a great ment from the few to the many. That is their express Cromwell thinks it means economic changes; but I talking with Jefferson the other night and he says means political changes in order to get economic. He Tilden tells him—"

THE SECOND VOICE, fortissimo:

"Who cares what Tilden says! My noodle tells me there's to be a big do in this world, and my control tin the cash register, pops into the profit account, cats up cent magazines, and gets away with five feet of lite dynamite fuse every week. I'm that old Commodore N that's telling you to get out your rubbers for the flood."

THE FIRST VOICE, andante con expression:

"It's a queer world—a mighty queer world. He Laura's kindergarten growing until it joins with Violet gan's day nursery and Laura's flower seeds splashing o out of God's sunshine in front yards clear down to P Valley. Money coming in about as they need it. Sands and Morty, Wright and Perry and the Dago sa keeper, Joe Calvin, John Dexter and the gamblers—all robbers, high and low, dividing their booty. With all prosperity we are having, with all the opening of mills factories—it's getting easier to make money and conseque harder to respect it. The more money there is, the lebuys, and that is true in public sentiment just as it is in ceries and furniture. Do you fellows realize that it's ten years since the Times has run any of those 'Pen Ports of Self-Made Men'?' A silence, then the voice continued.

"George, I honestly believe, if money keeps go crowded farther and farther into the background of liwe'll develop an honest politician. We know that to go bribe is just as bad as to take one. Think of the money bauched with money disguised as campaign expenses, or offices or with franks and passes and pull and power! To of all the bad government fostered, all the injustices is win a sordid game! The best I can do now is to ave mercy on me, a sinner! The harlot and the betters.'''

cease. The earth whirls on. The brooding loom muse in silence, for they need no voices. FATE: "The birds! The birds! I seemed to it birds twittering to bring in the dawn."

VD FATE: "The birds do not bring in the dawn.

mes.

- FATE: "But always and always before the these voices."
- D FATE: "World after world threads its time loom. We watch the pattern grow. Days and es pass. We know nothing of meanings. We We know that the pattern brightens as new and always voices in the dark tell us of the ttern of a new day."

r FATE: "But the birds—the birds! I seem light birds' voices that make the dawn."

- VD FATE: "They are not birds calling, but the ot and shell and the shrill, far cries of man in ll I say the dawn comes, the voices do not bring
- > FATE: "We do not know how the awakening dark know that the light is coming. We do not power moves the loom. We do not know who pattern. We only weave and muse and listen s of change as a world threads its events through time on our loom."

is dark. The weavers weave time into circumin the blackness the world moves on. Slowly it nousand voices rise. Then circumstance begins tly on the loom, and a million voices join in the awn. The loom goes. The weavers fade. The world pales the thread of time and the whirl of longer is seen. But instead we see only a town. times in the morning sun—half of it hides in the the sun on the street is a man.

CHAPTER XL

HERE WE HAVE THE FELLOW AND THE GIRL REGINNING S
PREPARE FOR THE LAST CHAPTER

TALL, spare, middle-aged person was Thomas Va
Dorn in the latter years of the first decade of the
twentieth century; tall and spare and tight-kinnel.
The youthful olive texture of the skin was worn off and be
been replaced by a leathery finish—rather reddish brown is
color. The slight squint of his eyes was due somewhat to the
little puffs under them, and a suspicious, crafty air has
grown into the full orbs, which once glowed with emotion
when the resugger man recented in his createrical flights.

eyes that used to glow out of a very volcano of a personty behind them. But after many hours of charging up it down the earth in his great noisy motor, red rims beto form about the watery eyes and they peered furtively d savagely at the world, like wolves from a falling temple. As he stood by the fire in Mr. Brotherton's sanctuary, ding his *Harper's Weekly* in his hand, and glancing idly in the new books carelessly arranged on the level of the upon the wide oak mantel, the Judge came to be conous of the presence of Amos Adams on a settee near by. 'How do you do, sir?'' The habit of speaking to every

'How do you do, sir?'' The habit of speaking to every a persisted, but the suave manner was affected, and the nice was mechanical. The old man looked up from his ak—one of Professor Hyslop's volumes, and answered, Thy, hello, Tom—how are you?'' and ducked back to his

wsing.

"That son of yours doesn't seem to have set the Wahoo re with his unions in the last two or three years, does he?" d Van Dorn. He could not resist taking this poke at the l man, who replied without looking up:

"Probably not."

Then fearing that he might have been curt the old man ted his eyes from his book and looking kindly over his mess continued: "The Wahoo isn't ablaze, Tom, but you sw as well as I that the wage scale has been raised twice the mines, and once in the glass factory and once in the elter in the past three years without strikes—and that's not Grant is trying to do. More than that, every concern the Valley now recognizes the union in conferring with men about work conditions. That's something—that's with all his time for three years or so, if he had done nother else."

"Well, what else has he done?" asked Van Dorn quickly. "Well, Tom, for one thing the men are getting class conbus, and in a strike that will be a strong cement to make

m stick."

Van Dorn's neck reddened, as he replied: "Yes—the an anarchists—class consciousness is what undermines riotism."

'And patriotism,' replied the old man, thumbing the

lapel of his coat that held his loyal legion button, "patricis the last resort—of plutocrats!"

He laughed good-naturedly and silently. Then be

and said as he started to go:

"Well, Tom,—we won't quarrel over a little thing our beloved country. Why, Lila—" the old man looke and saw the girl, "bless my eyes, child, how you do and how pretty you look in your new ginghams—just your mother, twenty years ago!" Amos Adams was ta to a shy young girl—blue-eyed and brown-haired, who walking out of the store after buying a bottle of ink of Calvin. Lila spoke to the old man and would have with him, but for the booming voice of Mr. Brotherton gray-clad benedict, who looked not unlike the huge, bellied gray jars which adorned "the sweet serenity of and wall paper."

Mr. Brotherton had glanced up from his ledger at .

Adams's mention of Lila's name. Coming forward, he her in her new dress, a bright gingham dress that re so nearly to her shoe tops that Mr. Brotherton eried: "look who's here—if it isn't Miss Van Dorn! And a pleasure it is to see and know you, Miss Van Dorn."

He repeated the name two or three times gently, Lila smiled in shy appreciation of Mr. Brotherton's amb joke. Her father, standing by a squash-neeked lavende in the "serenity," did not entirely grasp Mr. Brother point. But while the father was groping for it, Mr. Brother

ton went on:

"Miss Van Dorn, once I had a dear friend—such a little friend named Lila. Perhaps you may see her times? Maybe sometimes at night she comes to see y maybe she peeps in when you are alone and asks to Well, say—Lila," called Mr. Brotherton as gently as horn tooting a nocturne, "if she ever comes, if you ew her, will you give her my love? It would be highly proper for a married gentleman with asthmatic tends and too much waistband to send his love or anything it to Miss Van Dorn; it would surely cause comment. if Lila ever comes, Miss Van Dorn," frolicked the elep "give her my love and tell her that often here is

renity, I shut my eyes and see her playing out on Elm treet, a teenty, weenty girl—with blue hair and curly eyes—or maybe it was the other way around," Mr. Brotherton raved a prodigious sigh and waved a weary, fat hand—and here, my lords and gentlemen, is Miss Van Dorn with redresses down to her shoe tops!"

The girl was smiling and blushing, sheepishly and happily, hile Mr. Brotherton was mentally calculating that he would in his middle fifties before a possible little girl of his light be putting on her first long dresses. It saddened him little, and he turned, rather subdued, and called into the

cove to the Judge and said:

"Tom, this is our friend, Miss Van Dorn—I was just sending a message by her to a dear—a very dear friend I used have, named Lila, who is gone. Miss Van Dorn knows ila, and sees her sometimes. So now that you are here, im going to send this to Lila," he raised the girl's hand to is lips and awkwardly kissed it, as he said clumsily, "well, my dear—will you see that Lila gets that?"

Her father stepped toward the embarrassed girl and spoke: "Lila—Lila—can't you come here a moment, dear?"

He was standing by the smoldering fire, brushing a rolled swspaper against his leg. Something within him—peraps Mr. Brotherton's awkward kiss stirred it—was trying soften the proud, hard face that was losing the mobility rhich once had been its charm. He held out a hand, and maned toward the girl. She stepped toward him and asked, "What is it?"

An awkward pause followed, which the man broke with. Well—nothing in particular, child; only I thought maybe wid like—well, tell me how are you getting along in High

Chool, little girl."

"Oh, very well; I believe," she answered, but did not lift eyes to his. Mr. Brotherton moved back to his desk. Sain there was silence. The girl did not move away, bugh the father feared through every painful second that would. Finally he said: "I hear your mother is getter on famously down in South Harvey. Our people down ere say she is doing wonders with her cooking club for the."

Lila smiled and answered: "She'll be glad to k I'm sure." Again she paused, and waited.

"Lila," he cried, "won't you let me help you-d thing for you?-I wish so much-so much to fill a

place with you, my dear-so much."

He stepped toward her, felt for her hand, but co find it. She looked up at him, and in her eyes the the old cloud of sadness that came only once in a los It was a puzzled face that he saw looking steadily int

"I don't know what you could do," she answered Something about the pathetic loneliness of his unichild, evidenced by the sadness that flitted across h touched a remote, unsullied part of his nature, and

him to say:

"Oh, Lila—Lila—Lila—I need you—I need yo knows, dear, how I do need you. Won't you com sometimes? Won't your mother ever relent—wor If she knew, she would be kind. Oh, Lila, Lila," h as the two stood together there in the twilight with a of the coals in the fireplace upon them, "Lila, won't me take you home even—in my car? Surely your wouldn't care for that, would she?"

The girl looked into the fire and answered, "No shook her head. "No—mother would be pleased, She has always told me to be kind to you—to be re

to you, sir. I've tried to be, sir?"

Her voice rose in a question. He answered by tal arm and pleading, "Oh, come—won't you let me t home in my car, Lila—it's getting late—won't you.

But the girl turned away; he let her arm drop.

swered, shaking her head:

"I think, sir, if you don't mind—I'd rather walk. In another second she was gone. Her father against the mantel and the dying coals warmed tear hungry, furtive eyes, and his face twitched for a before he turned, and walked with some show of prid grand car. Half an hour later he was driving her looking neither to the right nor to the left, when caught the word, "Lila," in a girlish treble near hi looked up to see a young miss—a Calvin young miss.

ing and waving her hands toward a group of boys and their middle teens and late teens, trooping up the ng the sidewalk. They were neighborhood children. a seemed to be the center of the circle. He slowed is car to watch them. Near Lila was Kenyon Adams. beautiful youth, fiddle box in hand, but still a boy lough he was twenty. Other boys played about the and through it, but none was so striking as Kenyon, he, with a beautifully poised head of crinkly chestnut ho strode gayly among the youths and maidens and a not quite of them. Even the Judge could see that 1 did not exactly belong—that he was rare and ex-But as her father's car crept unnoticed past the he could see that Lila belonged. She was in no way among the Calvins and Kollanders and the Wrights. e children of the neighbors in Elm Street. Lila's merry laugh—a laugh that rang like an old bell a Tom Van Dorn's heart—rose above the adolescent the group and to the father seemed to be the dominant the hilarious cadenza of young life. It struck him ey were like fireflies, glowing and darting and dising and weaving about.

fireflies indeed they were. For in them the fires of re just beginning to sparkle. Slowly the great bat of loved up past them, then darted around the block like and creature that it was, and whirling its awkward circle swooping up again to the glowing, animated stars and him in a deadly fascination. For those twinkling, stars playing like fireflies in exquisite joy at the first indling in their hearts of the fires that flame forever torch of life, might well have held in their spell as a man than Thomas Van Dorn. For the first evanfires of youth are the most sacred fires in the world. Ell might the great, black bat of a car circle again and and even again around and come always back to the full light.

Thomas Van Dorn came back not happily but in sad It was as though the black bat carried captive on k a weary pilgrim from the Primrose Hunt, jaded and and dour, who saw in the sacred fires what he had cast away, what he had deemed worthless and of a such had seen in its true beauty and in its real value. Once ag as the fireflies played their ceaseless game with the effickering glow of youth shining through eyes and defrom their hearts, the great bat carrying its captive swo around them—and then out into the darkness of his echarred world.

But the fireflies in the gay spring twilight kept dark and criss-crossing and frolicking up the walk. One by each swiftly or lazily disappeared from the maze, and last only two. Kenyon and Lila, went weaving up the

toward the steps of the Nesbit house.

It had been one of those warm days when spring is coming into the world. All day the boy had been roan the wide prairies. The voices of the wind in the brown and in the bare trees by the creek had found their way his soul. A curious soul it was—the soul of a poet, the of one who felt infinitely more than he knew—the soul man in the body of a callow youth.

As he and Lila walked up the hill, all the dreams that swept across him out in the fields came to him. They on the south steps of the Nesbit house watching the sp that was trying to blossom in the pink and golden su The girl was beginning to look at the world through strange eyes, and out on the hills that day the boy also felt the thrill of a new heaven and a new earth.

Their talk was finite and far short of the vision of w radiant life-stuff flowing through the universe that thrilled Kenyon in the hills. Out there, looking east over the prairies checked in brown earth, and green w and old grass faded from russet to lavender, with the woods worming their way through the valleys, he had is voice and had crooned melodies that came out of the and sun, and satisfied his soul. Over and over he had peated in various cadences the words:

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh

help."

And he had seemed to be forming a great heartanthem. It was all on his tongue's tip, with the answer chorus coming from out of some vast mystery, "Beheld," Ft fair, my love-behold, thou art fair-thou hast dove's Fes." There in the sunshine upon the prairie grass it was real and vital a part of his soul's aspiration as though it and been reiterated in some glad symphony. But as he sat a the sunset trying to put into his voice the language that Firred his heart, he could only drum upon a box and look L the girl's blue eyes and her rosebud of a face and utter be copper coins of language for the golden yearning of his sul. She answered, thrilled by the radiance of his eves:

"Isn't the young spring beautiful-don't you just love it.

Tenyon! I do."

He rose and stood out in the sun on the lawn. The girl ot up. She was abashed; and strangely self-conscious withat reason, she began to pirouette down the walk and dance eck to him, with her blue eyes fastened like a mystic skyhread to his somber gaze. A thousand mute messages of buth twinkled across that thread. Their eyes smiled. The wo stood together, and the youth kicked with his toes in the oft turf.

"Lila," he asked as he looked at the greening grass of ring, "what do you suppose they mean when they say, will lift up mine eyes to the hills'? The line has been wiging around in my head all morning as I walked over the mirie, that and another that I can't make much of, about, Schold, thou art fair, my love—behold, thou art fair.' Say, da." he burst out, "do you sometimes have things just pop to your head all fuzzy with—oh, well, say feeling good and don't know why, and you are just too happy to eat?

He paused and looked into her bright, unformed face with be fleeting cloud of sadness trailing its blind way across

"And say, Lila—why, this morning when I was out there Lalone I just sang at the top of my voice, I felt so bang-up undy-and-I tell you something-honest, I kept thinking you all the time—you and the hills and a dove's eyes. It tasted good way down in me-you ever feel that way?" Again the girl danced her answer and sent the words she mld not speak through her eyes and his to his innermost mecionameat.

"But honest, Lila—don't you ever feel that way—kind of creepy with good feeling—tickledy and crawly, as thou you'd swallowed a candy caterpillar and was letting it down slow—slow, slow, to get every bit of it—say, house don't you? I do. It's just fine—out on the prairie all also with big bursting thoughts bumping you all the time—get

They were sitting on the steps when he finished and heel was denting the sod. She was entranced by what he

saw in his eyes.

"Of course, Kenyon," she answered finally. "Girls seeds, different, I guess. I dream things like that, and set times mornings when I'm wiping dishes I think 'emular drop dishes—and whoopee! But I don't know—girls more not so woozy and slazy inside them as boys. Kenyon, let tell you something: Girls pretend to be and aren't—shalf; and boys pretend they aren't and are—lots more."

She gazed up at him in an unblinking joy of adoration a shameless as the heart of a violet baring itself to the an Then she shut her eyes and the lad caught up his instrument

and cried:

"Come on, Lila,—come in the house. I've got to play a something—something I found out on the prairie today about 'mine eyes unto the hills' and 'the eyes of the data and the woozy, fuzzy, happy, creepy thoughts of you all the time."

He was inside the door with the violin in his hands. As she closed the door he put his head down to the brown violates if to hear it sing, and whispered slowly:

"Oh, Lila-listen-just hear this."

And then it came! "The Spring Sun," it is known pularly. But in the book of his collected music it appears "Allegro in B." It is the throb of joy of young life when the unanswerable question of God: what does it mean the new, fair, wonderful world full of life and birth, and just charged with mystery, enveloped in strange, unsolved godeur, like the cloud pictures that float and puzzle us break and reform and paint all Heaven in their beauty then resolve themselves into nothing. Many people that his is Kenyon Adams's most beautiful and poetic message.

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he mysticism of youth and poignant joy he never reached height again. Death is ignored; it is all life and the rations of life and the beckenings of life and the bang of life and the deep, awful, inexorable call of life to h. Other messages of Kenyon Adams are more prod, more comforting to the hearts and the minds of reag, questioning men. But this Allegro in B is the song outh, of early youth, bidding childhood adieu and turnto life with shining countenance and burning heart. hen he had finished playing he was in tears, and the girl ag before him was awestricken and rapt as she sat with smed face with the miracle of song thrilling her soul. us leave them there in that first curious, unrealized aling of soul to soul. And now let us go on into this 7, and remember these children, as children still, who do know that they have opened the great golden door into

CHAPTER XLI

HERE WE SEE GRANT ADAMS CONQUERING HIS THIRD AND DEVIL

In the ebb and flow of life every generation sees its of altruism washing in. But in the ebb of altruism washing in. But in the ebb of altruism washing in. But in the ebb of altruism washing of dreams was left high and dry in the salt in Finally a time came when the tide began to boom in in no substantial way did his newspaper feel the impatthe current. The *Tribune* was an old hulk; it could not the tide. And its skipper, seedy, broken with the always too gentle for the world about him, even at his ever ready to stop work to read a book, Amos Adams had been a crank for a third of a century, remained a when much that he preached in earlier years was accordingly.

by the multitude.

Amos Adams might have made the Harvey Trib financial success if he could have brought himself to John Kollander's advice. But Amos could not abis presence much less the counsel of the professional p with his insistent blue uniform and brass buttons. an elaborate pretense of independence, John Kollande a limber-kneed time-server, always keen-eyed for the co of Dives' table; odd jobs in receiverships, odd jobs in suits for Daniel Sands-as, for instance, furnishing pected witnesses to prove improbable contentions od in his church, odd jobs in his party organization, a carrying a per diem and expenses; odd jobs for the Co cial Club, where the pay was sure; odd jobs for Ton Dorn, spreading slander by innuendo where it would most good for Tom in his business; odd jobs for Tor Dick and for Harry, but always for the immediate u benefit of John Kollander, his heirs and assigns. Amos Adams ever thought of himself, it was by in ice. He managed, Heaven only knows how, to keep the There going. Jasper bought back from the man who foresed the mortgage, his father's homestead. Ile rented it his father for a dollar a year and ostentatiously gave the llar to the Lord-so ostentatiously, indeed, that when enry Fenn gayly referred to Amos, Grant and Jasper as ther, Son and Holy Ghost, the town smiled at his impicty, t the holy Jasper boarded at the Hotel Sands, was made partner at Wright & Perry's, and became a bank director thirty. For Jasper was a Sands!

The day after Amos Adams and Tom Van Dorn had met the Serenity of Books and Wallpaper at Brotherton's, ant was in the Tribune office. "Grant," the father was rant was in the Tribune office. tting down from his high stool to dump his type on the alley: "Grant, I had a tiff with Tom Van Dorn yesterday. ard, Lord," cried the old man, as he bent over, straightenr some type that his nervous hand had knocked down. woder, Grant''—the father rose and put his hand on his sek, as he stood looking into his son's face—"I wonder if I that we feel, all that we believe, all that we strive and we for—is a dream? Are we chasing shadows! Isn't it mer to conform, to think of ourselves first and others flerward—to go with the current of life and not against it? f course, my guides-"

"Father," cried Grant, "I saw Tom Van Dorn yesterday, o. in his big new car-and I don't need your guides to I me who is moving with the current and who is buffeting

Oh, father, that hell-scorched face—don't talk to me out his faith and mine!" The old man remounted his inter's stool for another half-hour's work before dusk epened, and smiled as he pulled his steel spectacles over elear old eyes.

One would fancy that a man whose face was as seamed ed scarred with time and struggle as Grant Adams's face. buld have said nothing of the hell-scorched face of Tom an Dorn. Yet for all its lines, youth still shone from rant Adams's countenance. His wide, candid blue eyes ere still boyish, and a soul so eager with hope that it somemes blazed into a mad intolerance, gazed into the world am behind them. Even his arm and claw became an animate hand when Grant waved them as he talked; wide, pugnacious shoulders, his shock of nonconform hair, his towering body, and his solid workman's legs, oak beams,—all,—claw, arms, shoulders, trunk and translated into human understanding the rebel soul of Adams.

Yet the rebellion of Grant Adams's soul was no ne to the world. He was treading the rough road t under the feet of all those who try to divert their liv the hard and wicked morals of their times. For the doms of this earth are organized for those who devot selves chiefly, though of course not wholly, to the cotion of self. The world is still vastly egoistic in its And the unbroken struggle of progress from Abel terday's reformer, has been, is, and shall be the batt the spirit that chains us to the selfish, accepted order passing day. So Grant Adams's face was battle scar his soul, strong and exultant, burst through his fle showed itself at many angles of his being. And a gr militant thing it looked. The flinty features of the s coarse mouth, his indomitable blue eyes, his red poll. like a banner above his challenging forehead, wrink seamed and gashed with the troubles of harsh circum his great animal jaw at the base of the spiritual towe countenance-all showed forth the warrior's soul, the rior of the rebellion that is as old as time and as to-morrow.

Working with his hands for a bare livelihood, but at his desk four or five days in the week and spea night, month after month, year after year, for nearly years, without rest or change, had taken much of the of youth from his body. He knew how the money fraccumulated dues was piling up in the Labor Union chest in the valley. He had proved what a trade so in an industrial district could do for the men without by its potential strength. Black powder, which kill the pestilence that stalketh in darkness, was gone. I lights had superseded torches in the runways of the Bathhouses were found in all the shafts. In the stalket long, killing hours were abandoned and a score of

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devices were introduced. But each gain for labor had come after a bitter struggle with the employers. So the whole history of the Wahoo Valley was written in the lines of his broken face.

The reformer with his iridescent dream of progress often hangs its realization upon a single phase of change. Thus when Grant Adams banished black powder from the district, he expected the whole phantasm of dawn to usher in the perfect day for the miners. When he secured electric lights in the runways and baths in the shaft house, he confidently expected large things to follow. While large things hesitated, he saw another need and hurried to it.

Thus it happened, that in the hurrying after a new need, Grant Adams had always remained in his own district, except for a brief season when he and Dr. Nesbit sallied forth in a State-wide campaign to defend the Doctor's law to compel employers to pay workmen for industrial accidents, as the employers replace broken machinery—a law which the Doctor had pushed through the Legislature and which was before the people for a referendum vote. Grant went out of the Wahoo Valley district he attracted curious crowds, crowds that came to see the queer labor leader who won without strikes. And when the crowds came under Grant's spell, he convinced them. For he felt intensely. He believed that this law would right a whole train of incidental wrongs of labor. So he threw himself into the fight with a crusader's ardor. Grant and the Doctor journeyed over the State through July and August; and in September the wily Doctor trapped Tom Van Dorn into a series of joint debates with Grant that advertised the cause widely and well. From these debates Grant Adams emerged a somebody in politics. For oratory, however polished, and scholarship, however plausible, cannot stand before the wrath of an indignant man in a righteous cause who can handle himself and suppress his wrath upon the platform.

As the week of the debate dragged on and as the pageant of it trailed clear across the State, with crowds hooting and cheering, Doctor Nesbit's cup of joy ran over. And when Van Dorn failed to appear for the Saturday meeting at the capital, the Doctor's happiness mounted to glee.

That night, long after the midnight which ended the day's triumph, Grant and the Doctor were sitting on a baggar truck at a way station waiting for a belated train. Grant was in the full current of his passion. Personal triumph meant little to him—the cause everything. His heart was after with a lust to win. The Doctor kept looking at Grant with curious eyes—appraising eyes, indeed—from time to time as the younger man's interminable stream of talk of the Cause flowed on. But the Doctor had his passion also When it burst its bonds, he was saying: "Look here, you crazy man—take a reef in your canvas picture of journed day upon the misty mountain tops—get down to grant roots." Grant turned an exalted face upon the Doctor is astonishment. The Doctor went on:

"Grant, I can give the concert all right—but, young man you are selling the soap. That's a great argument you have

been making this week, Grant."

"There wasn't much to my argument, Doctor," answered Grant, absently, "though it was a righteous cause. All I did was to make an appeal to the pocketbooks of Marist Street all over the State, showing the merchants and fameers that the more the laboring man receives the more he was spend, and if he is paid for his accidents he will buy man prunes and calico; whereas, if he is not paid he will burden the taxes as a pauper. Tom couldn't overcome that argument, but in the long run, our cause will not be won paramently and definitely by the bread and butter and tame argument, except as that sort of argument proves the justice of our cause and arouses love in the hearts of you middle class people."

But Dr. Nesbit persisted with his figure. "Grant," be piped, "you certainly can sell soap. Why don't you some soap on your own hook? Why don't you let me reson you for something—Congress—governor, or something

We can win hands down."

Grant did not wait for the Doctor to finish, but cried a violent protest: "No, no, no—Doctor—no, I must not de that I tell you, man, I must travel light and alone. I must go into life as naked as St. Francis. The world a stirring as with a great spirit of change. The last night

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is at home, up stepped a little Belgian glassblower to I'd never seen him before. I said, 'Hello, comrade!' grasped my hands with both hands and cried 'Com-So you know the password. It has given me weland warmth and food in France, in England, in Ausa, and now here. Everywhere the workers are coms!' Everywhere the workers are comrades. Do you what that means, Doctor?"

ne Doctor did not answer. His seventy years, and his t of thinking in terms of votes and parties and factions,

e him sigh.

Doctor," cried Grant, "electing men to office won't help. this law we are fighting for—this law will help. pinning the faith of a decade of struggle on this law." he Doctor broke the silence that followed Grant's declaon, to say: "Grant, I don't see it your way. I feel life must crystallize its progress in institutions—politinstitutions, before progress is safe. But you must work your own life, my boy. Incidentally," he piped, "I we you are wrong. But after this campaign is over, I'm g up to the capital for one last fling at making a United es Senator. I've only a dozen little white chips in the t game, five in the upper house and seven in the lower e. But we may deadlock it, and if we do,—you'll see ty years drop off my head and witness the rejuvenation ld Linen Pants."

rant began walking the platform again under the stars an impatient ghost. The Doctor rose and followed him. Grant, now let me tell you something. I am half ind at times to think it's all moonshine—this labor law e working to establish. But Laura wants it, and God ws. Grant, she has little enough in her life down there in Valley. And if this law makes her happy—it's the I can do for her. She hasn't had what she should have out of life, so I'm trying to make her second choice th while. That's why I'm on the soap wagon with you!" would have laughed away this serious mood, but he d not.

rant stared at the Doctor for a moment before answer-"Why, of course, Dr. Nesbit, I've always known that. But-I-Doctor-I am consecrated to the cause. reason for living."

The day had passed in the elder's life when he could to the younger man's emotions. He looked curiously

Grant and said softly:

"Oh, to be young-to be young-to be young!" rose, touched the strong arm beside him. " 'And the vo men shall see visions.' To be young-just to be young! 'the old men shall dream dreams.' Well, Grant, they are important-not entirely pleasant. We young men of seventies had a great material vision. The dream of empire here in the West. It has come true-increased hundred fold. Yet it is not much of a dream."

He let the arm drop and began drumming on the true he concluded: "But it's all I have-all the dream I] now. 'All of which I saw, and part of which I was,' y he mused, "perhaps it will be used as a foundation u which something real and beautiful will be builded."

Far away the headlight of their approaching to twinkled upon the prairie horizon. The two men watche glow into fire and come upon them. And without resum their talk, each went his own wide, weary way in the w as they lay in adjoining berths on the speeding train.

At the general election the Doctor's law was upheld majority of the votes in the State, but the Doctor him was defeated for reelection to the State Senate in his district. Grant Adams waited, intently and with fine fa for this law to bring in the millennium. But the Doctor

no millennial faith.

He came down town the morning after his defeat, gay unruffled. He went toddling into the stores and office Market Street, clicking his cane busily, thanking his frie and joking with his foes. But he chirruped to Henry F and Kyle Perry whom he found in the Serenity at the close the day: "Well, gentlemen, I've seen 'em all! I've ta my medicine like a little man; but I won't lick the spoon. sha'n't go and see Dan and Tom. I'm willing to go as as any man in the forgiving and forgetting business, but Lord himself hasn't quit on them. Look at 'em. The demortgage is recorded all over their faces and he's get about ready to foreclose on old Dan! And every time Dan hears poor Morty cough, the devil collects his compound interest. Poor, dear, gay Morty-if he could only put up a fight!"

But he could not put up a fight and his temperature rose in the afternoon and he could not meet with his gymnasium class in South Harvey in the evening, but sent a trainer instead. So often weeks passed during which Laura Van Dorn did not see Morty and the daily boxes of flowers that came punctiliously with his cards to the kindergarten and to Violet Hogan's day nursery, were their only reminders of the sorry, lonely, footless struggle Morty was making.

It was inevitable that the lives of Violet Hogan and Laura Van Dorn in South Harvey should meet and merge. And when they met and merged, Violet Hogan found herself devoting but a few hours a day to her day nursery, while she worked six long, happy hours as a stenographer for Grant Adams in his office at the Vanderbilt House. For, after all, it was as a stenographer that she remembered herself in the grandeur and the glory of her past. So Henry Fenn and Laura Van Dorn carried on the work that Violet began, and for them souls and flowers and happiness bloomed over the Valley in the dark, unwholesome places which death had all but taken for his own.

It was that spring when Dr. Nesbit went to the capital and took his last fling at State politics. For two months he had deadlocked his party caucus in the election of a United States Senator with hardly more than a dozen legislative votes. And he was going out of his dictatorship in a golden

glow of glory.

And this was the beginning of the golden age for Captain Morton. The Morton-Perry Axle Works were thriving. Three eight-hour shifts kept the little plant booming, and by agreement with the directors of the Independent mine, Nathan Perry spent five hours a day in the works. and the Captain, and the youngest Miss Morton, who was keeping books, believed that it would go over the line from loss to profit before grass came. The Captain hovered about the plant like an earth-bound spirit day and night, interrupting the work of the men, disorganizing the system that Nathan had installed, and persuading himself that him the furnaces would go dead and the works shut

It was one beautiful day in late March, after the No election wherein the Doctor's law had won and the himself had lost, that Grant Adams was in Harvey with Mr. Brotherton on supplies for his office. Morton came tramping down the clouds before him swept into the Serenity and jabbed a spike through the series of commerce with the remark: "Well, George do you think of my regalia—eh!"

Mr. Brotherton and Grant looked up from their They beheld the Captain arrayed in a dazzling lig spring suit—an exceedingly light gray suit, with a has same color and gloves and shoe spats to match, wit tie so red that it all but crackled. "First profits business. We got over the line yesterday noon, and thousand to go on, and this morning I just went

spree-what say?"

"Well, Cap, when Morty Sands sees you he will envy. You're certainly the lily of the Valley and the and morning star—the fairest of ten thousand to m Grant," said Brotherton as he turned to his custome hold the plute!"

The Captain stood grinning in pride as the men

him over.

"'Y gory, boys, you'd be surprised the way that hold Horse has hit the trade. Orders coming in from mobile makers, and last week we decided to give up the little power saver and make the whole rear axle. going to call it the Morton-Perry Axle, and put in plant, and I was telling Ruthy this morning. I says, says I, 'if we make the axle business go, I'll just tel down to Wright & Perry and have them send you ou thing nobby in husbands, and, 'y gory, a nice thousa wedding trip and maybe your pa will go along for com what say?' "

He was an odd figure in his clothes—for they were made—made for the figure of youth, and although been in them but a few hours, the padding was but the wrong places; and they were wrinkled where they

tight. His bony old figure stuck out at the knees, and shoulders and elbows, and the high collar would not fit skinny neck. But he was happy, and fancied he looked e the pictures of college boys in the back of magazines. he answered Mr. Brotherton's question about the opinion the younger daughter as to the clothes by a profound

"Scared—scared plumb stiff—what say! I caught Mary nodding at Ruth and Ruthy looking hard at Marthy, and en both of 'em went to the kitchen to talk over calling up amy and putting out fly poison for the women that are ing in wait for their pa. Scared—why, scared's no name r it-what say?"

"Well, Captain," answered Mr. Brotherton, "you are cerinly voluptuous enough in your new stage setting to have ur picture on a cigar box as a Cuban beauty or a Spanish iorita."

The Captain was turning about, trying to see how the at set in the back and at the same time watching the hang the trousers. Evidently he was satisfied with it. For he "Well—guess I'll be going. I'll just mosey down Mrs. Herdicker's to give Emmy and Marthy and Ruthy mething to keep 'em from thinking of their real troubles-?" And with a flourish he was gone.

When Grant's order was filled, he said, "Violet will call r this, George; I have some other matters to attend to." As he assembled the goods for the order, Mr. Brotherton lled out, "Well, how is Violet, anyway?" Grant smiled. Violet is doing well. She is blooming over again, and en she found herself before a typewriter—it really seemed take the curve out of her back. Henry declares that the pewriter put ribbon in her hair. Laura Van Dorn, I bewe, is responsible for Violet's shirt waists. Henry Fenn mes to the office twice a day, to make reports on the wing business. But what he's really doing, George, is to her smell his breath to prove that he's sober, and so e runs the two jobs at once. Have you seen Henry reatly 1"

"Well." replied Brotherton, "he was in a month or so o to borrow ten to buy a coat—so that he could catch up

with the trousers of that suit before they grew too old.

still buys his clothes that way."

Grant threw back his red head and grinned a grim, si grin: "Well, that's funny. Didn't you know what keeping him away?" Again Grant grinned. "The day was here he came wagging down with that ten-dollar but his conscience got the best of him for lavishing so money on himself, so he slipped it to Violet and told he buy her some new teeth—you know she's been ashane open her mouth now for years. Violet promised she wiget the teeth in time for Easter. And pretty soon in w Mrs. Maurice Stromsky—who scrubs in the Wright & P. Building, whose baby died last summer and had to be but in the Potter's field—she came in; and she and Violet got talking about the baby—and Violet up and gave that to Mrs. Stromsky, to get the baby out of the Potter's field.

Mr. Brotherton laughed his great laugh. Grant went "But that isn't all. The next day in walks Mrs. Man Stromsky, penitent as a dog, and I heard her squaring self with Violet for giving that old saw-buck of yours to Delaneys, whose second little girl had diphtheria and had no money for antitoxin. I never saw your ten at George," said Grant. "It seemed to be going down for last time." He looked at Brotherton quizzically for a see

and asked:

"So old Henry hasn't been around since—isn't that ous? Well—anyway, he'll show up to-day or to-morrow he's got the new coat; he got it this morning. Jasper

telling me."

In an hour Grant, returning after his morning's erm was standing by the puny little blaze that John Dexter stirred out of the logs in the Serenity. The two were sting together. Mr. Brotherton, reading his Kansas paper at his desk, called to them: "Well, I see Doe J still holding his deadlock and they can't elect a Un States Senator without him!"

A telegraph messenger boy came in, looked into the renity, and said, "Mr. Adams, I was looking for you." Grant signed the boy's book, read the telegram, and a dumbly gazing at the fire, as he held the sheet in his his

e fire popped and snapped and the little blaze grew onger when a log dropped in two. A customer came insked up a magazine—called, "Charge it, please," then at out. The door slammed. Another customer came and nt. Miss Calvin stepped back to Mr. Brotherton. The Il of the cash register tinkled. Then Grant Adams turned, ked at the minister absently for a moment, and handed n the sheet. It read:

"I have pledged in writing five more votes than are eded to make you the caucus nominee and give you a sjority on the joint ballot to-night for United States nator. Come up first train."

It was signed "James Nesbit." The preacher dropped his and still holding the yellow sheet, and looked into the fire. "Well?" asked Grant.

"You say," returned John Dexter, and added: "It mid be a great opportunity—give you the greatest forum r your cause in Christendom—give you more power than y other labor advocate ever held in the world before." He said all this tentatively and as one asking a question. rant did not reply. He sat pounding his leg with his sw. abstractedly.

"You needn't be a mere theorist in the Senate. You could t labor laws enacted that would put forward the cause of bor. Grant, really, it looks as though this was your life's

ance."

Grant reached for the telegram and read it again. legram fluttering in his hands dropped to the floor. mehed for it—picked it up, folded it on his claw carefully, d put it away. Then he turned to the preacher and said ushly:

"There's nothing in it. To begin: you say I'll have we power than any other labor leader in the world. I tell va. labor leaders don't need personal power. We don't ted labor laws—that is, primarily. What we need is sentient-a public love of the under dog that will make our presit laws intolerable. It isn't power for me, it isn't clean polies for the State, it isn't labor laws that's my job. My job. dearly beloved," he hooked the minister's hand and tosed gently, "my job, oh, thou of little faith," he cried, as flaming torch of emotion seemed to brush his face and kin the fanatic glow in his countenance while his voice life "is to stay right down here in the Wahoo Valley, pile money in the war chest, pile up class feeling among the m—comradeship—harness this love of the poor for the pinto an engine, and then some day slip the belt on that gine—turn on the juice and pull and pull for so simple, elemental piece of justice that will show the wo one phase of the truth about labor."

Grant's face was glowing with emotion. "I tell you, day of the Kingdom is here—only it isn't a kingdom, Democracy—the great Democracy. It's coming. I must out and meet it. In the dark down in the mines I saw Holy Ghost rise into the lives of a score of men. And I I see the Holy Ghost coming into a great class. And I m go—go with neither purse nor script to meet it, to live for and maybe to die for it." He shook his head and expressions.

vehemently:

"What a saphead I'd be if I fell to that bait!" turned to the store and called to Miss Calvin. "Ave

there a telegraph blank in the desk!"

Mr. Brotherton threw it, skidding, across the long cour Grant fumbled in his vest for a pen, held the sheet fir with his claw and wrote:

"You are kindness itself. But the place doesn't inte me. Moreover, no man should go to the Senate representall of a State, whose job it is to preach class consciousnes a part of the State. Get a bigger man. I thank you, it ever, with all my heart."

Grant watched the preacher read the telegram. He it twice, then he said: "Well—of course, that's ri That's right—I can see that. But I don't know—don't think—I mean aren't you kind of—well, I can't just expit; but—"

"Well, don't try, then," returned Grant.

However, Doctor Nesbit, having something rather r

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n the ethics of the case at stake, was aided by his emoin expressing himself. He made his views clear, l as Grant sat at his desk that afternoon, he read this in a wram from the Doctor:

"Well, of all the damn fools!"

That was one view of the situation. There was this other. may be found in one of those stated communications from haps Ruskin or Kingsley, which the Peach Blow Philosoer sometimes vouchsafed to the earth and it read:

A great life may be lived by any one who is strong enough fail for an ideal."

Still another view may be had by setting down what John xter said to his wife, and what she said to him. Said he. en he had recounted the renunciation of Grant Adams:

'There goes the third devil. First he conquered the tempion to marry and be comfortable; next he put fame behind and now he renounces power."

And she said: "It had never occurred to me to consider ura Van Dorn, or national reputation, or a genuine chance great usefulness as a devil. I'm not sure that I like your te in devils."

To which answer may be made again by Mr. Left in a commication he received from George Meredith, who had reitly passed over. It was verified by certain details as to arrangement of the books on the little table in the little m in the little house on a little hill where he was wont write, and it ran thus:

Women, always star-hungry, ever uncompromising in their demand rainbows, nibbling at the entre' and pushing aside the roast, though en adoring primitive men who gorge on it, but ever in the end rarding abstinence and thus selecting a race of spiritually-minded a for mates, are after all the world's materialists.

CHAPTER XLII

A CHAPTER WHICH IS CONCERNED LARGELY WITH THE AFFAIRS OF "THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY

HIS story, first of all, and last of all, is a love The emotion called love and its twin desire ho are the two primal passions of life. From love developed somewhat the great altruistic institution humanity-the family, the tribe, the State, the nation the varied social activities-religion, patriotism, pl thropy, brotherhood. While from hunger have deve war and trade and property and wealth. Often it has in the growth of life that men have small choice in matte living that are motived by hunger or its descendant cone for necessity narrows the choice. But in affairs of the there comes wide latitudes of choice. It is reasonably therefore to judge a man, a nation, a race, a civilization era, by its love affairs. So a book that would tell of that would paint the manners of men, and thus show hearts, must be a love story. "As a man thinketh heart, so is he," runs the proverb, and, mind you, it heart-not head, not mind, but heart; as a man think his heart, in that part of his nature where reside his altr emotions-so is he.

It is the sham and shame of the autobiographies that and dishearten the world, that they are so uncandid in relation of those emotional episodes in life—episodes have to do with what we know for some curious reas "the softer passions." Cæsar's Gaelic wars, his bridge trouble with the impedimenta, his fights with the Helw—who cares for them? Who cares greatly for Nape expedition against the Allies? Of what human inter Grant's tale of the Wilderness fighting? But to km Calpurnia, of her predecessors, and her heirs and assis

sar's heart; to know the truth about Josephine and the sh in Napoleon's life that came with her heartbreak—if a wh did come, or if not, to know frankly what did come; know how Grant got on with Julia Dent through poverty d riches, through sickness and in health, for better or for wae—with all the strain and stress and struggle that life its upon the yoke that binds the commonplace man to the amonplace woman rising to eminence by some unimportant irk of his genius reacting on the times—these indeed would memoirs worth reading.

And whatever worth this story holds must come from its ne as a love-story,—the narrative of how love rose or fell. w or withered, bloomed and fruited, or rotted at the core the lives of those men and women who move through the nes painted upon this canvas. After all, who cares that omas Van Dorn waxed fat in the land, that he received idemic degrees from great universities which his masters prorted, that he told men to go and they went, to come d they came? These things are of no consequence. Men e doing such things every minute of every day in all the

But here sits Thomas Van Dorn, one summer afternoon. th a young broker from New York—one of those young okers with not too nice a conscience, who laughs too easily the wrong times. He and Thomas Van Dorn are upon the st veranda of the new Country Club building in Harvey the pride of the town—and Thomas is squinting across the If course at a landscape rolling away for miles like a sea, a idscape rich in homely wealth. The young New Yorker mes with letters to Judge Van Dorn from his employers in road Street, and as the two sip their long cool glasses, and times smoke their long black eigars, the former judge falls to one of those self-revealing philosophical moods that may realled the hypnoidal semi-conscious state of common sense. nid Van Dorn:

"Well, boy-what do you think of the greatest thing in world?" And not waiting for an answer the older man extinued as he held his cigar at arm's length and looked bemen his elevated feet at the landscape: "Stay me with trong, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.' Great old lover—Solomon. Rather out of the amateur classifier thousand wives and concubines; perhaps a virtuous withal, but hardly a fanatic on the subject; and when he he was sick of love—probably somewhere in his fifties.—S mon voiced a profound man's truth. Most of us Speaking generally of love, my boy, I am with Solom There is nothing in it."

The cigar in his finely curved mouth—the sensuous m of youth, that had pursed up dryly in middle agepointed upward. It stood out from a reddish lean face moved when the muscles of the face worked viciously is sponse to some inward reflection of Tom Van Dorn.

He drawled on, "Think of the time men fool away els calico. I've gone all the gaits, and I know what I'm ta about. Ladies and Judy O'Gradies, married and single cent and indecent-it's all the same. I tell you, young there's nothing in it! Love," he laughed a little la "Love-why, when I was in the business," he sniffed never had any trouble loving any lady I desired, nor go her if I loved her long enough and strong enough. I was a young cub like you," Van Dorn waved his grandly toward the young broker, "I used to keep m awake, cutting notches in my memory-naming over my quests. But now I use it as a man does the sheep over fence, to put me to sleep, and I haven't been able to pus fortieth birthday in the list for two years, without snow What a fool a man can make of himself over calicol ladies, God bless 'em, have got old John Barleycorn l a mile, when it comes to playing hell with a man's Again speaking broadly, and allowing for certain except I should say-" he paused to give the judicial pomp flection to his utterances-"the bigger fool the wom the greater fool a man makes of himself for her. for what ""

His young guest interjected the word "Lovef" is pause. The Judge made a wry face and continued:

"Love? Love—why, man, you talk like a school There is no love. Love and God are twin myths by we explain the relation of our fates to our follies. The thing about me that will live is the blood I transmit ildren! We live in posterity. As for love and all the Meries of the temple—waugh—woof!" he shuddered. He put back his cigar into the corner of his hard mouth. was squinting cynically across the rolling golf course. hat he saw there checked his talk. He opened his eves get a clearer view. His impression grew definite and unstakable. There, half playing and half sporting, like ang lambs upon the close-cropped turf, were Kenyon lams and Lila Van Dorn! They were unconscious of all it their gay antics disclosed. They were happy, and were ing only to express happiness as they ran together after ball, that flew in front of them like a mad butterfly. But the sad lore of his bleak heart, the father read the meaning their happiness. Youth in love was never innocent for Looking at Lila romping with her lover, he turned sick heart. But he held himself in hand. Only the zigzag r on his forehead flashing white in the pink of his brow raved the turmoil within him. He tried to keep his eves the golf course. A sharp dread that he might transmit self in nature to posterity only through the base blood of Adamses, struck him. He closed his eyes. But the wind aught to him the merriment of the young voices. A jealof Kenyon, and an anger at him, flared up in the father. Tom Van Dorn drew down the corners of his mouth-and ted his furtive eyes, and put on his bony knee a mottled. ryous hand, with brown splotches at the wrist, coming up r the veined furrows that led to his tapering fingers, as he ed harshly in a tone that once had been soft and mellifas, and still was deep and chesty: "Still me with rons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love!" He would have gone away from the torture that came, as stared at the lovers, but his devil held him there. He was d when a noise of saw and hammer at the lake drowned voices on the lawn. His gladness lasted but a moment. r soon he saw the young people quit chasing their crazy tterfly of a golf ball, and wander half way up the hill from lake, to sit in the snug shade of a wide-spreading, lowmehed elm tree. Then the father was nervous, because he ald not hear their voices. As he sat with the young broker. arling at the anonymous phantoms of his past which were

bedeviling him, a gray doubt kept brushing across hi He realized clearly that he had no legal right to Lila's choice of companions. He understood that would not justify anything that he might do, or say, o concerning her and her fortunes. Yet there unmis was the Van Dorn set to her pretty head and a Va gesture in her gay hands that had come down from four generations in family tradition. And he had even to be offended when she would merge that Va blood with the miserable Adams heredity. His impo the situation baffled him, and angered him. final to his mind; but it did not satisfy his wrathful of ing heart. For in his heart, he realized that denial escape from the responsibility he had renounced tripped down the steps of their home and left Lila for him in her mother's arms. He bit his ragged ci cursed his God, while the young man with Tom V thought, "Well, what a dour old Turk he is!"

The hammering and sawing, which drowned the the young people under the tree, came from the new pavilion near by. Grant Adams was working on a tr job putting up the pavilion for the summer. He of Van Dorn's view, facing another angle of the los faced veranda. Grant saw Kenyon lying upon t slim and graceful and with the beauty of youth I from him, and Grant wondered, as he worked, why should be there playing among the hills, while the other men, making much more money than he-mu money indeed than many of the others who flitted green-should toil in the fumes of South Harvey an great industrial Valley through long hard hours that sapped their heads and hearts by its mone motion, and lack of purpose. As he gazed at the love love did not stick in his consciousness-even if he re Their presence under the elm tree at midday rose as lem which deepened a furrow here and there in his face and he hammered and sawed away with a will. out in his muscles the satisfaction which his mind e bring him.

As the two fathers from different vistas looked un

ldren, Kenyon and Lila beneath the elm tree were shyly ing with vagrant dreams that trailed across their hearts. was looking up at her and saying:

*Lila—who are we—you and I! I have been gazing you three minutes while you were talking, and I see some quite different from the you I knew before. Looking at you, instead of down at you, is like transposing you.

u are strangely new in this other key."

The girl did not try to respond in kind—with her lips at st. She began teasing the youth about his crinkly hair. eaking a twig as she spoke, she threw it carelessly at his ir, and it stuck in the closely curled locks. She laughed rly at him. Perhaps in some way rather subtly than suduly, as by a ghostly messenger from afar, he may have m made aware of her beautiful body, of the exquisite lines her figure, of the pink of her radiant skin, or the red of girlish lips. For the consciousness of these things med to spend his soul in joy.

The blazing eyes of Tom Van Dorn, squinting down upon couple under the tree, could see the grace that shone from housand reactions of their bodies and faces. He opened mouth to voice something from the bitterness of his heart did not speak. Instead he yawned and cried: "And so

rot and we rot and we rot."

Now it matters little what the lovers chattered about there der the elm tree, as they played with sticks and pebbles. was what they would have said that counts—or perhaps at they should have said, if they had been able to voice ir sense of the gift which the gods were bestowing. But by were dumb humans, who threw pebbles at each other's a, though in the deep places of their souls, far below the rface waves of bashful patter, heart might have spoken to art in passing thus:

"Oh, Lila, what is beauty? What is it in the soul, rung out glad to meet beauty, whether of line, of tone, of

or, of form, of motion, of harmony?"

And the answer might have been trumpeted back through

"Maybe beauty is the God that is everywhere and everying, releasing himself in matter. Perhaps for our eyes and

ears and fingers, the immanent God had an equation, we answer is locked in our souls that are also a part of 60 created in his image. And when in curve or line, in quence of notes or harmony, or in thrilling touch sense equation is stated in terms of radiation. God seeking

soul's answer, speaks to us."

But none of this trumpet call of souls reached the fathers who were watching the lovers. For one man wa old in selfishness to understand, and the other had gr too old in bearing others' burdens to know what voices through the soul's trumpet, when love first comes into heart. So the hammers hammered and the saws ground the pavilion, and a hard heart hammered and a soul gro and a tongue babbled folly on the veranda. But under elm tree, eyes met, and across space went the message binds lives forever. She picked up a twig longer than twigs about her, reached with it and touched his for furtively, stroked his crinkled hair, blushing at her bold His head sank to the earth, he put his face upon the and for a second he found joy in the rush of tears. heard voices, bringing the planet back to them; but far away. On the hill across the little valley they coul two earnest golfers, working along the sky-line.

The couple on the sky-line hurried along in the heat, man mopped his face, and his brown, hairy arms, and h sinewy neck. The woman, rather thin, but fresh and the maidenly look of one who isn't entirely sure what

man will do next, kept well in the lead.

"Well, Emma—there's love's young dream all ri He stopped to puff, and waved at the couple by the Then he hitched up his loose, baggy trousers, gave a je his big flowing blue necktie, let fly at the ball and "Fore." When he came up to the ball again, he wa and winded. "Emma," he said, "let's go have some to eat at the house—my figure'll do for an emeritus is groom—won't it?" And thus they strolled over the and out of the game.

But on another hill, another couple in the midst of a of children attracted by one of Mr. Brotherton's sma laughs, looked down and saw Lila and Kenyon. The 'Look, mamma—look,'' said Nathan Perry, pointing to-

'Oh, Nate," cried Anne, "—isn't it nice! Lila and Ken-

'Well, mamma—are you happy?'' asked Nathan, as he ned against the tree beside her. She nodded and directed ir glances to the children and said gently, "And they tify it—don't they?"

Ie looked at her for a moment, and said, "Yes, dear—
appose that's what the Lord gave us love for. That is
r love makes the world go around."

And don't the people who don't have them miss it—my!
e, if they only knew—if these bridge-playing, childless
knew how dear they are—what joy they bring—just
children—not for anything else—do you suppose they
ld—"

Oh, you can't tell," answered the young father. "Pers selfish people shouldn't have children; or perhaps it's children that make us unselfish, and so keep us happy. be it's one of those intricate psychical reactions, like a nical change—I don't know! But I do know the kids the best things in the world."

he put her hand in his and squeezed it. "You know, e, I was just thinking to-day as I put up the lunch—I'm ighty lucky woman. I've had all these children and kept ry one so far; I've had such joy in them—such joy, and aven't had death. Even little Annie's long sickness, and rything—Oh, dear, Nate—but isn't she worth it—isn't she th it?"

the kissed her hand and replied, "You know I'm so glad we to down to South Harvey to live, Anne. I can see—well, i's the way it is. Lots of families down there—families didn't have anymore to go on than we had then, started as we did. They had a raft of kids—'' he laughed, at as we did. But, mamma—they're dead—or worse, 're growing up under-fed, and are hurrying into the is or the breaker bins. I tell you, Anne—here's the thing. He fathers and mothers didn't have any more money than

we had—but we did have more and better training than had. You knew better than to feed our kids trash, you know to care for them—we knew how to spend our little that it would count. They didn't. We have ours, and have doctors' and undertakers' bills. It isn't blood counts so much—as the difference in bringing up. We lovers because of our bringing up. Otherwise, we'd be fing like cats and dogs, I'd be drinking, you'd be slommic around in wrappers, and the kids would be on the streets.

The children playing on the gravel bank were having ay time. The mother called to them to be careful of

clothes, and then replied:

"Nate, honestly I believe if I had two or three midollars, and could give every girl in South Harvey a education—teach her how to cook and keep house and for babies before she is eighteen, that we could change whole aspect of South Harvey in a generation. If I had two or three million dollars to spend—I could fill that just as full as Harvey of happy couples like us. Of e there'd be the other kind—some of them—just as there the other kind in Harvey—people like the Van Dornsthey would be the exception in South Harvey, as the Dorns are the exception in Harvey. And two or three lion dollars would do it."

"Yes, mamma,—that's the hell of it—the very bell that grinds my gizzard—your father and my father the others who haven't done a lick of the work—and whentitled only to a decent interest and promoters' profits, taken out twenty million dollars from South Harve dividends in the last thirty years—and this is the result of the forty thousand people down there, and—you a and a few dozen educated happy people are the fruit sometimes, Anne, I look at our little flock and look at so beautiful, and think of our life so glorious, and we

how a just God can permit it."

They looked at the waving acres of blue-grass, dotted trees, at the creck winding its way through the corn dark green and all but ready to tassle, then up at the sky, untainted with the smoke of Harvey.

Then they considered the years that lay back of t

I think, Nate," she answered, "that to love really and truly ne man or one woman makes one love all men and women. feel that way even about the little fellow that's coming. love him so, that even he makes me love everything. And I can't just pray for him-I have to pray for all the others carrying babies and all the babies in the world. uink when love comes into the world it is immortal. We die. at the sum of love we live, we leave; it goes on; it grows. is the way God gets into the world. Oh, Nate," she ried, "I want to live in the next world—personally—with ou-to know the very you. I don't want the impersonal nmortality—I want just you. But, dear—I—why, I'd give **D** even that if I could be sure that the love we live would ever leave this earth. Think what the love of Christ did or the earth and He is still with us in spirit. And I know then we go away—when any lovers go away, the love they ave lived will never leave this earth. It will live and joywas and agonize too at the injustice of the world—live and rucified over and over again, so long as injustice exists. Daly as love grows in the world, and is hurt—is crucified will wrongs be righted, will the world be saved."

He patted her hand for a minute.

"Kyle, Nate, Annie—come here, children," cried the father. After some repetition of the calling, they came troop-

■g up, asking: "What is it?"

"Nothing at all," answered the father, "we just wanted kins you and feel and see if your wings were sprouting, so hat we could break them off before you fly away," where-pon there was a hugging bee all around, and while every he was loving every one else, a golf ball flew by them, and moment later the white-clad, unbent figure of Mrs. Bedelia atterthwaite Nesbit appeared, bare-headed and bare-armed, had behind her trotted the devoted white figure of the Doctor, brying two golf sticks.

"Chained to her chariot—to make a Roman holiday," iped the Doctor. "She's taking this exercise for my

ealth."

"Well, James," replied his wife rather definitely, "I know meed it!"

"And that settles it," cried the little man shrilly, "say,

Nate, if we men ever get the ballot, I'm going to take a for liberty."

"I'm with you, Doctor," replied the young man.

"Nate," he mocked in his comical falsetto, "as you older and get further and further from your mother's care, you'll find that there was some deep-seated natur son why we men should lead the sheltered life and lea hurly-burly of existence to the women."

From long habit, in such cases Mrs. Nesbit tried smile and, from long habit, failed. "Doctor Jim," sh as he picked up her ball, and set it for her, "don't r

fool of yourself."

The little man patted the earth under the ball, and up and said as he took her hand, and obviously sque

for the spectators, as he rose,

"My dear—it's unnecessary. You have made one every happy minute for forty years," and smiling lovers and their children, he took the hand held out hafter she had sent the ball over the hill, and they went as he chuckled over his shoulder and cheeped: "In twilight's purple rim—through all the world she folding," and trotting behind her as she went striding is sunset, they disappeared over the hill.

When they had disappeared Anne began thinking picnic. She and Nathan left the children at the lak walked to the club house for the baskets. On the v they met Captain Morton in white flannels with a go purple necktic and a panama hat of a price that Anne gasp. He came bustling up to Anne and Nathan

said:

"Surprise party—I'm going to give the girls a litt prise party next week—next Tuesday, and I want come—what say? Out here—next Tuesday nightto have all the old friends—every one that ever bo window hanger, or a churn, or a sewing machine, or : less cooker, or a Household Horse—but keep it quie prise on the girls, ch?"

When they had accepted, the Captain lowered hi and said mysteriously: "'Y gory—the old man's go ginger in him yet—ch?" and bustled away with a hands containing the names of the invited guests, checkr the Perrys from the list as he went.

As Captain Morton rounded the corner of the veranda and me into the out-of-door dining room, he found Margaret in Dorn, sitting at a table by a window with Ahab Wright flowing white side whiskers and white necktie inviolate and istine in their perfection. Ahab was clearly confused en the Captain sailed into the room. For there was a seziness about the Captain's manner, and although Ahab spected the Captain's new wealth, still his years of poverty d the meanness of his former calling as a peddler of inmificant things, made Ahab Wright feel a certain squeammess when he had to receive Captain Morton upon the m which, in Ahab's mind, a man of so much money should received.

Mrs. Van Dorn was using her eyes on Ahab. Perhaps er cast the spell. She was leaning forward with her chin her hands, with both elbows on the table, and Ahab right, of the proud, prosperous and highly respectable m of Wright & Perry, was in much the mental and moral titude of the bird when the cat creeps up to the tree-trunk. e was not unhappy; not terrorized—just curious and rather sistless, knowing that if danger ever came he could fly. nd Mrs. Van Dorn, who had tired of the toys at hand, was iventuring rather aimlessly into the cold blue eyes of Ahab. see what might be in them.

"For many years," she was saying, and pronounced it yee-ahs," having remembered at the moment to soften her r'a," "I have been living on a highah plane wheyah one moshs the futuah and foshgets the pahst. On this plane we rises to his full capacity of soul strength, without the mpah of remoahs or the terror of a vindictive Provi-Dee."

She might as well have been reciting the alphabet backurds so far as Ahab understood or cared what she said. was fascinated by her resemblance to a pink and white irshmallow—rather over-powdered. But she was still forying herself from that little black box in the farthest mer in the bottom drawer of her dresser-and fortifying melf with two brown pellets instead of one. So she ogled Ahab Wright by way of diversion, and sat in the recome of her soul and wondered what she would say next.

The Captain pulling his panama off made a tremedum bow as Margaret was saying: "Those who grains the great Basic Truths in the Science of Being—" and just a the Captain was about to open his mouth to invite the Wright to his party, plumb came the ghastly consciousnes to him that the Van Dorns were not on his list. For the Van Dorns, however securely they were entrenched socially among the new people who had no part in the town of quarrel with Tom, however the oil and gas and smaller people and the coal magnates may have received the Van Dorns—still they were under the social ban of the only scall Harvey that Captain Morton knew. So as a man falling from a balloon gets his balance, the Captain gasped as in

came up from his low bow and said:

"Madam, I says to myself just now as I looks over a that elm tree yonder," he pointed to the place were Kenjus and Lila were sitting, "soon we'll be having the fourth recration here in Harvey, and I says, that will interest I all An 'y gory, ma'am, as I saw you sitting here, I says as a was well in my mind, 'Here's Tom's lady love, and I'll just go over and pass my congratulations on to Tom through the apple of his eye, as you may say, and not bother him and the young man around the corner there in their hoss trade, at What say?" He was flushed and red, and he did not have exactly where to stop, but it was out—and after a few string sentences, he broke away from the clutch of his bungles intrusion and was gone. But as the Captain left the captait the table, the spell was broken. Life had intruded, and hab rose hastily and went his way.

Margaret Van Dorn sat looking out at a dreary work.

Even the lovers by the elm tree did not quicken her pulse.

Scarcely more did they interest her than her vapid adventure with Ahab Wright. All romantic adventure, personal or we carious, was as ashes on her lips. But emotion was not a dead in her. As she gazed at Lila and Kenyon, Margare wondered if her husband could see the pair. Her first continual reaction was a gloating sense that he would be boll with humiliation and rage when he saw his child so obvious

publicly, even if unconsciously, adoring an Adams. So xulted in the Van Dorn discomfiture. As her first spitempulse were away, a sense of desolation overcame Mart Van Dorn. Probably she had no regrets that she had doned Kenyon. For years she had nursed a daily horror the door which hid her secret might swing open, but that rewas growing stale. She felt that the door was forever d by time. So in the midst of a world at its spring, a ling world, a world of young mating, a gay world going in its vast yearly voyage to hunt new life in new joy, a for ever new yet old as God's first smile on a world rn, this woman sat in a drab and dreary desolation. her spite withered as she sat playing with her tall. And as spite chilled, her loneliness grew.

e knew better than any one else in Harvey—better even the Nesbits—what Kenyon Adams really promised in vement and fame. They knew that he had some Eurorecognition. Margaret in Europe had been amazed to sow far he was going. In New York and Boston, she what it meant to have her son's music on the best conprograms. Her realization of her loss increased her iness. But regret did not produce remorse. She was ys and finally glad that the door was inexorably sealed her secret. She saw only her husband angered by her association with her husband's daughter, and when se spent itself, she was weary and lonely and out of or, and longed to retire to her fortification.

ter Captain Morton had bowed himself away from Mart Van Dorn, he stood at the other end of the veranda of the day on the lake. The carpenters were quitting for the day on the new bathing pavilion and he saw tall figure of Grant Adams in the group. He hurried a the steps near by, and came bustling over to Grant. Just the man I want to see! I saw Jap chasing around solf course with Ruthie and invited him, but he said pa wasn't very spry and mightn't be uptown toow, so you just tell him for me that you and he are too my party here next Tuesday night—surprise of the girls—going to break something to them they thou anything about—what say? Tell your pa that

his old army friend is going to send his car-my new cargreat, big, busting gray battleship for your pa-makes Tom car look like an ash cart. Don't let your pa refuse. I was to bring you all up here to the party in that ear in styleyou and Amos and Jap and Kenyon! eh! Say, Grant-to me-" he wagged his head at Kenyon and Lila still loitering by the tree. "What's Kenyon's idea in loafing around much here in Harvey? He's old enough to go to work What say?" Grant tried to get it to the Captain that Kee yon's real job in the world was composing music, and the sometimes he tired of cities and came down to Harvey to get the sunshine and prairie grass and the woods and the water of his childhood into his soul. But the Captain waved the idea aside, "Nothing in the fiddling business, Grant-te dollars a day and find yourself, is all the best of 'em make protested the Captain. "Let him do like I done get a something sound and practical early in life and 'y gory, mu -look at me. What say ?"

Grant did not answer, but when the Captain veered arous to the subject of his party, Grant promised to bring the who Adams family. A moment later the Captain saw the Sansis

motor car on the road before them, and said:

"Excuse me, Grant—here are the Sandses—I've get a invite them—Hi there, Dan'l, come alongside." While the Captain was inviting Daniel Sands, the Doctor's electricame purring up the hill to the club house driven by Lands Van Dorn. Grant was trotting ahead to join the other appenders who were going to the street-car station, when Landspassing, hailed him:

"Wait a minute, Grant, till I take this to father, and I

go with you."

As Laura Van Dorn turned her car around the club has she stopped it under the veranda overlooking the golf-cand the rolling prairie furrowed by the slowly wind stream. The afternoon sun slanting upon the landsop brought out all its beauty—its gay greens, its somber, trasting browns, and its splashing of color from the fractives across the valley that blushed pink and went white the first unsure ecstasies of new life. Then she saw you and Lila slowly walking up the knoll to the

noted with quick instinct the way their hands ther as they walked. The look that flashed from hen their hands touched—the look of proprietor-other—told Laura Van Dorn that her life's work as finished. The daughter's day of choice had rhatever of honesty, whatever of sense, and sentiver of courage or conscience the mother had put ighter's heart and mind was ready for its life-Lila had embarked on her own journey; and was ended for Laura Van Dorn.

sked at the girl, the mother saw herself, but she bittered at the sad ending of her own journey and which her daughter was taking. For years epted as the fortunes of war, what had come to marriage, and because she had the daughter, the w that she was gainer after all. For to realize even with one child, was to taste the best that so her face reflected, as a cloud reflects the glory , something of the radiance that shone in the two before her; and in her faith she laid small stress rticular one beside her daughter. Not his growot his probable good fortune, inspired her satishen she considered him at all as her daughter's inly reflected on the fact that all she knew of honest and frank and kind. Then she dismissed er thoughts.

r, toddling ahead of Mrs. Nesbit a hundred paces, car first. She nodded at the young people

trudging up the slope. "Yes," said the Doctor, "we been watching them for half an hour. Seems like the

of the turtle is heard in the land."

The daughter alighted from the runabout, her father in and waited for his wife. The three turned their on the approaching lovers and pretended not to see As Laura walked around the corner of the house, she ! Grant waiting for her at the car station, and the two hi missed the car that the other carpenters had taken, under the shed waiting.

"Well-Laura," he asked, "are you leaving the idle for the worthy poor?" She laughed and explained:

"The electric was for father and mother, and so los I have to go down to my girls' class in South Harvey evening for their picnic, I'm going to ride in your ca you don't mind ?"

The street car came wailing down on them and when had taken a rear seat on the trailer together, Grant be "I'm glad you've come just now-just to-night. I've anxious to see you. I've got some things to talk or mighty big things-for me. In the first place-"

"In the first place and before I forget it, let me tell you good news. A telegram has just come from the capital father, saying that the State supreme court had upheld labor bill-his and your bill that went through the re

endum."

" 'Referendum J.' probably was the judge who wrote opinion," said Grant grimly. He took off his hat, and cooling breeze of the late afternoon played with his without fluttering the curly, wiry red poll, turning yellow with the years. "Well, whoever influenced the c -I'm glad that's over. The men have been grumbling a year and more because we couldn't get the benefits of law. But their suits are pending-and now they ough have their money."

As the car whined along through the prairie streets, Gr who had started to speak twice, at last said abruptly. " got to cut loose." He turned around so that his eyes o meet hers and went on: "Your father and George Bret ton and a lot of our people seem to think that we can p rings up—I mean this miserable profit system. They think y paying the workmen for accidents and with eight hours, living wage, and all that sort of thing, we can work out be salvation of labor. I used to think that too; but it ron't do, Laura—I've gone clean to the end of that road, and there's nothing in it. And I'm going to cut loose. That's what I want to see you about. There's nothing in his step-at-a-time business. I'm for the revolution!"

She showed clearly that she was surprised, and he seemed to find some opposition in her countenance, for he hurried to: "The Kingdom—I mean the Democracy of labor—is at land; the day is at its dawn. I want to throw my weight

br the coming of the Democracy."

His voice was full of emotion as he cried:

"Laura—Laura, I know what you think: you want me b wait; you want me to help on the miserable patchwork bb of repairing the profit system. But I tell you—I'm for he revolution, and with all the love in my heart—I'm gong to throw myself into it!"

No one sat in the seat before them, as they whirled through he lanes leading to town, and he rested his head in his

and and put his elbow on the forward seat.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, looking anxiously into her troubled face. "I have been feeling strongly now for a month—waiting to see you—also waiting to be lead sure of myself. Now I am sure!" The mad light in is eye and the zealot's enthusiasm flaming in his battered lace, made the woman pause a moment before she replied:

"Well," she smiled as she spoke, "don't you think you are rather rushing me off my feet? I've seen you coming up to it for some time—but I didn't know you were so far along

with your conviction."

She paused and then: "Of course, Grant, the Socialists—I mean the revolutionary group—even the direct action resple—have their proper place in the scheme of things—at, Grant—" she looked earnestly at him with an anxious ree, "they are the scouts—the pioneers ahead of the main ady of the troops! And, Grant," she spoke sadly, "that's hard place—ean't you find enough fighting back with the lain body of the troops—back with the army?"

He beat the seat with his iron claw impatiently and cried: "No-no-I'm without baggage or equipment. I'm traveling light. I must go forward. They need me there I must go where the real danger is. I must go to point the way."

"But what is the way, Grant—what is it! You don't know—any more than we do—what is beyond the next deade's fight! What is the way you are going to point out

so fine and gay-what is it?" she cried.

"I don't know," he answered doggedly. "I only know I must go. The scouts never know where they are going Every great movement has its men who set out blindly, fall of faith, full of courage, full of joy, happy to fail even a showing what is not the way—if they cannot find the path. I must go," he cried passionately, "with those who leave their homes to mark the trail—perhaps a guide forward perhaps as a warning away—but still to serve. I'm going out to preach the revolution for I know that the day of the Democracy of labor is at hand! It is all but dawning."

She saw the exultation upon him that hallowed his same features and she could not speak. But when she got here in hand she said calmly: "But, Grant—that's stuff as nonsense—there is no revolution. There can be no Denaracy of labor, so long as labor is what it is. We all was to help labor—we know that it needs help. But there as be no Democracy of labor until labor finds itself; until gets capacity for handling big affairs, until it sees me clearly what is true and what is false. Just now labor awakening, is growing conscious—a little—but, Grant, comow, my good friend, listen, be sensible, get down to cart Can't you see your fine pioneering and your grand scouling won't help—not now?"

"And can't you understand," he replied almost angrey. "that unless I or some one else who can talk to these perbodoes go out and preach a definite ideal, a realizable hope even though it may not be realized, even though it may stake definite shape—they will never wake up? Can't you see, girl, that when labor is ready for the revolution—it was need the revolution? Can't you see that unless we prove the revolution, they will never be ready for it? When the

rkers can stand together, can feel class consciousness and ike altogether, can develop organizing capacity enough to anize, to run their own affairs—then the need for class aciousness will pass, and the demand for the revolution I be over? Can't you see that I must go out blindly and r discontent to these people?"

She smiled and shook her head and answered, "I don't

ow. Grant-I don't know."

They were coming into town, and every few blocks the was taking on new passengers. She spoke low and almost

ispered when she answered:

"I only know that I believe in you—you are my faith; n are my social gospel." She paused, hesitated, flushed ghtly, and said, "Where you go I shall go, and your people ill be my people! Only do-Oh, do consider this well

ore you take the final step."

'Laura, I must go,' he returned stubbornly. "I am goto preach the revolution of love—the Democracy of labor inded on the theory that the Holy Ghost is in every heart poor as well as rich—rich as well as poor. I'm not going preach against the rich—but against the system that kes a few men rich without much regard to their talent, at expense of all the rest, without much regard to their ents."

The woman looked at him as he turned his blue eyes upon r in a kind of delirium of conviction. He hurried on as

ir car rattled through the town:

"We must free master as well as slave. For while there slavery-while the profit system exists-the mind of the we and the mind of the master will be cursed with it. ere can be no love, no justice between slave and master--ly deceit and violence on each side, and I'm going out to each the revolution—to call for the end to a system that ens love out of the world."

"Well, then, Grant," said the woman as the car jangled tway down Market Street, "hurrah for the revolution."

She smiled up at him, and they rode without speaking until ey reached South Harvey. He left her at the door of her and a group of young girls, waiting for her, rrounded her.

When he reached his office, he found Violet Hogan were

ing at her desk.

"You'll find all your mail opened, and I've noted to things that have been attended to," she said, as she tand to him. "I'm due over to the girls' class with Miss Laura-I'm helping her to-night with her picnic."

Grant nodded, and fell to his work. Violet went out

"The letters for your signature are here on my deal Money seems to be coming in. New local showing up down in Magnus—from the tile works." She rose, put on be coat and hat, and said as she stood in the door, "To-more will be your day in—won't it?" He nodded at his work, and she called out, "Well,—bye, bye—I'll be in about noon."

Daylight faded and he turned on the electric above his desk and was going over his work, making notations on letters for Violet, when he heard a footstep on the stairs. He recognized the familiar step of Henry Fenn.

"Come in-come in, Henry," cried Grant.

Fenn appeared, saw Grant at his work, slipped into a chair,

and said:

"Now go right on—don't mind me, young man." For pulled a newspaper from his cheap neat coat, and sat realing it, under a light that he made for himself at Violet's desk. The light fell on his thin whitening hair—still coars and close cropped. In his clean, washed-out face there was the faded glow of the man who had been the rising young a torney thirty years before. Grant knew that Fenn did we expect the work to stop, so he went on with it. "I'm goz to supper about eight o'clock," said Grant, and asked "Will that be all right?"

"Don't mind me," returned Fenn, and smiled with dim reflection of the old incandescence of his youth.

Fenn's hands trembled a little, but his eyes were stead and his voice clear. His clothes were shabby but deceand his whole appearance was that of one who is making a point to keep up. When Grant had finished his correspondence, and was sealing up his letters, Fenn lent a has and began:

"Well, Grant, I'm in trouble-Oh, it's not that,"]

irant looked quickly into the clean, alert old face. bothered me for—Oh, for two years now. But she wants me to marry her." He blurted it out seen pent in, and was hard to hold.

rell—what makes you—well, has she proposed, ked the younger man.

course not," answered Fenn. "Boy, you don't

ing about women."

ok his head knowingly, and winked one eye hildren—she's set the children on me. You t—" he turned his smile on with what candle-buld muster, "that's my other weakness—chilthey're the nicest children in the world. But I l you, man, I can't," protested Mr. Fenn, as ed Grant in league with the woman to kidnap

en, don't," said Grant, rising and gathering up

can I help it?" Fenn cried helplessly. "What do? Those kids need a father. I need a a always needed a family—but I don't want any one else." Grant towed him along to the and they sat alone. After Grant had ordered ne asked, "Henry—why can't you marry Vioa sensible, honest woman—she's got over her what's wrong with her?"

course, she is a good woman. If you'd see her nights—picking up girls, mothering 'em, loving y with 'em—she knows their language; she can so they get it. And I've known her time and scent of a new girl over there at Bessie Wilson's her and pull her out and start her right again. Grant, Violet has her weaknesses—as to hair shirtwaists and frills for the kids—but she's Grant—a mighty big heart."

y not marry her!" persisted Grant.

ist it," answered Fenn.

I hopelessly at Grant and finally said as he hands across the table and grasped Grant's big "Grant—let me tell you something—it's Mar-

garet. I'm a fool—a motley fool i' the forest, Grant, can't help it; I can't help it," he cried. "So long lives—she may need me. I don't trust that damn scot Grant. She may need me, and I stand ready to go to self with her if I live a thousand years. It's not that her any more; but, Grant—maybe you know her; you understand. She used to hate you for some reaso maybe that will help you to know how I feel. But—I I'm weak—God knows I'm putty in my soul. An ashamed. But I mustn't get married. It wouldn't b It wouldn't be square to Violet, nor the kids, nor to an So long as Margaret is on this earth—it's my job to guard and wait till she needs me."

He turned a troubled, heartbroken face up to the ye man and concluded, "I know she despises me—that she l me. But I can't help it, Grant—and I came to you to of help me with Violet. It wouldn't be right to—w let this thing go on." He heaved a deep sigh, the added as he fumbled with the red tablecloth, "What

a man is-Lord, what a fool!"

In the end, Grant had to agree to let Violet know, by round about procedure devised by Mr. Fenn's legal that he was not a marriageable person. At the same Grant had to agree not to frighten away the Hogan chi

The next morning as Grant and his father rode their home into town, Grant told his father of the invi

to the Captain's party.

"If your mother could have lived just to see the Country on his grand plutocratic spree, Grant—" said his for the did not finish the sentence, but cracked the lines old mare's back and looked at the sky. He turned his beard and gentle eyes upon his son and said, "There time last night, before you came in, when I thought her. Some one was greatly interested in you and some project you have in mind. Emerson thinks well of it, Amos, "though," he added, "Emerson thinks it amount to much—in practical immediate results. I think, Grant, now of course, I can't be sure," the rubbed his jaw and shook a meditative head, "it certain seem to me mother was there for a time. Something

pering Emerson—calling Grantie—the way she used to Il the time he was talking!"

he father let Grant out of the buggy at the Vanderbilt use in South Harvey, and the old mare and her driver red up town to the Tribune office. There he creaked out the buggy and went to his work. It was nine o'clock re the Captain came capering in, and the two old codgers heir seventies went into the plot of the surprise party with enthusiam of boys.

fter the Captain had explained the purpose of the sure. Amos Adams sat with his hands on his knees and "Well-well, Ezry-I didn't realize it. led. ily does fly. And it's all right," he added, "I'm glad 're going to do it. She certainly will approve it. And girls-" the old man chuckled, "you surely will settle n for good and all."

le laughed a little treble laugh, cracked and vet gleeful. ice girls—all of 'em. But Grant says Jap's a kind of ing around your Ruth—that's the singing one, isn't it? Il. I suppose, Ezry, either of 'em might do worse. rse, this singing one doesn't remember her mother much, suppose she won't be much affected by your surprise?" asked a question, but after his manner went on, "Well, be it was Jap and Ruth that was bothering Mary last ht. I kind of thought someway, for the first time maybe get her. But nothing much came of it," he said sadly. 's funny about the way I've never been able to get her ect, when every one else comes—isn't it!"

'he Captain was in no humor for occult things, so he cut "Now listen here, Amos—what do you think of me ing Mrs. Herdicker to sit at one end of the table, eh? course I know what the girls will think—but then," he iked with immense slyness, "that's all right. I was talkto her about it, and she's going to have a brand new ss-somepin swell-eh? By the jumping John Rogers,

105-there's a woman-ch?'

And tightening up his necktie—a scarlet creation of much de-he pulled his hat over his eyes, as one who has great airs under it, and marched double-quick out of the office. You may be sure that some kind friend told the Morton girls of what was in store for them, the kind friend Mr. George Brotherton, who being thoroughly marrie garded any secret from his wife in the light of a refidelity. So he told her all that he and Market Street Now the news of the party—a party in whose prepar they were to have no share, roused in the Misses M and their married sister, jointly and severally, that of suspicion which always tormented their dreams.

"And, Emma," gasped Martha, when Emma came for her daily visit, "just listen! Mrs. Herdicker is I the grandest dress made for the party! She told the in the store she had twenty-seven dollars' worth of jet—just jet alone." Here the handsome Miss I turned pale with the gravity of the news. "She to girls to-day, this very afternoon, that she was going to the three o'clock morning train right after the party for York to do her fall buying. Fall buying, indeed! buying," the handsome Miss Morton's voice thickene she cried, "just because papa's got a little mone thinks—"

But what she thought Miss Morton never said, for Brotherton, still familiar with the gossip of the school cut in to say: "And, Martha, what do you think Copini children say? They say father's got their faorchestra to practice all the old sentimental music yo heard of—"Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "D Love Me, Molly Darling," and "Lorena," and "Robin Ad and oh," cried Mrs. Brotherton, shaking a hopeless "I don't know what other silly things."

"And yes, girls," exclaimed the youngest Miss I flippantly, "he's sent around to the Music School fo

Howe to come and sing 'O Promise Me'!"

"The idea!" cried the new Mrs. Brotherton.
"Why, the very idea!" broke out the handsom

Morton, sitting by the dining-room table.

"The idea!" echoed the youngest Miss Morton, p away her music roll, and adding in gasping excit "And that isn't the worst. He sent word for her t it just after the band had finished playing the w march!"

New terror came into the house of Morton, and when the ilor's boy brought home a package, the daughters tore it ruthlessly, and discovered—as they sat limply with it read out in its pristine beauty on the sofa before themwhite broadcloth dinner suit—with a watered silk vest. alf an hour later, when a pleated dress shirt with pearl \$tons came, it found three daughters sitting with tight lips uiting for their father—and six tigers' eyes glaring hun-My at the door through which he was expected. At six slock, when they heard his nimble step on the porch, they led at one another in fear, and as he burst into the room. looked decisively at the other as indicating a command begin.

He came in enveloping them in one all-encompassing hug

"Well 'y gory, girls, you certainly are the three graces, three fates, and the world, the flesh and the devil all in -what sav!"

But the Morton daughters were not to be silenced. Ruth sk in a deep breath and began:

Well, now see here, father, do you know what people meaving about—"

"Of course—I was just coming to that, Ruthie," anmered the Captain. "Amos Adams he says, 'Well, Cap,' whe, 'I was talking to Cleopatra and she says Queen Vicria had a readin' to the effect that there was a boy named mos Ezra Morton Adams over on one of the stars in the

Ethwest corner of the milky way that would be busting into is part of the universe in about three years, more or less' hat may ! "

The old man laughed and Ruth flushed red, and ran way. The Captain saw his suit lying on the sofa.

"Somepin new-" interjected the Captain. M kind o' bloom out; sort o' to let folks know that the I man had a little kick in him yet-eh! And now, girlsten; let's all go out to the Country Club for dinner to-At, and I'll put on my new suit and you kind of rig up your best, and we'll make what George calls a killingat say?" He put his hands in his pockets and looked itically at his new clothes. The flight of Ruth had quieted Emma, but Martha came swooping down on him wir father—look here—about that Country Club party— The Captain shot a swift glance at Martha, and sa

looking at him from the kitchen door.

"What party?" he exclaimed. "Can't I ask my for a little innocent dinner without its being called a eh? Now, you girls get your things on and come for me, the limousine will be at the door at eight!"

He disappeared up the stairs and in the Morto hold, two young women, woeful and heavy heart about their toilets, while in the Brotherton estab one large fat man in suspenders felt the rush of sudon his shirt front and marveled at the ways of When the Mortons were in the midst of their moist gubrious task, the thin, cracked little voice of the called out:

"Girls-before you go, don't forget to put that on and stew it to-night for hash in the morning -ch!

It was a beautiful party that Captain Morton gar Country Club house that evening. And at the end of gorgeously elaborate dinner, wherein were dishes when names the Captain did not know, he rose among he seated at the U-shaped table in the big dining rotthe heavy brown beams in the ceiling, a little old his big chair, which stood beside a chair unoccupied.

"Friends," he said, "when a man gets on in h ties, at that uncertain time, when he does not know to be ashamed of his years or proud of his age," h at Daniel Sands, who clicked his false-teeth in app of the phrase, "it would seem that thoughts of poet calls 'the livelier iris' on the 'burnished dove' w inconvenience him to any great extent—ch! At sev a young fellow's fancy ought to be pretty well don turning to thoughts of love—what say! But by they don't."

He paused. The Morton girls in shame looked plates. "So, I just thought I'd have this little par you about it. I wanted to surprise the girls." T only a faint clapping of hands; for tears in the eythree Morton daughters discouraged merriment.

A man, as I was saying, never gets too old—never gets crabbed, for what my friend Amos's friend Emerson calls uddy drop of manly blood'—eh! So, when that 'ruddy p of manly blood' comes a surging up in me, I says I'll about have a party for that drop of manly blood! I'm ig to tell you all about it. There's a woman in my mind very beautiful woman; for years—a feller just as well akdown and confess—ch?—well for years she's been in mind pretty much all the time—particularly since Ruthie e was a baby and left alorn and alone—as you may say And so," he reached down and grasped a goblet of er firmly, and held it before him, "and so," he repeated, his old eyes glistened and his voice broke, "as it was fifty years ago to-night that heaven opened and let her e to me, before I marched off to war-so," he huralong. "I give you this toast—the vacant chair—may it ays, always, always be filled in my heart of hearts!" le could not drink, but sank with his head on his arms, when they had ceased clapping their hands, the old man ed up, signaled to the orchestra, and cried in a tight, ked voice, "Now, dern ye-begin yer fiddlin'!" Thereupon the three Morton daughters wept and the old es gathered about them and wept, and Mrs. Hilda Herer's ton of jet heaved as in a tidal wave, and the old men d their eyes, and only Lila Van Dorn and Kenvon Adams. ling hands under the table, really knew what it was all ut.

low they have capered through these pages of this chapter ll of the people in this story in their love affairs. Hand and, they have come to the footlights, hand in hand they e walked before us. We have seen that love is a passion h many sides. It varies with each soul. In youth, in urity, in courtship, in marriage, in widowhood, in innoce, and in the wisdom of serpents, love reflects the soul hines on. For love is youth in the heart-youth that ays beckons, that always shapes our visions. Love ever ens and shimmers brightly from within us; but what hows to the world—that is vastly different with each of For that is the shadow of his inmost being.

CHAPTER XLIII

WHEREIN WE FIND GRANT ADAMS CALLING UPON MOTHER, AND DARKNESS FALLS UPON TWO LO

NCE in a while an item appeared in the Tribune that might have been found now and for reasons. For instance, the issue of une that contained the account of the Captain's contained this item, which Daniel Sands had ke every other paper in town:

"Mortimer Sands, son of D. Sands of the Traders' Bar

and with that group known as the revolutionary Sosts. Grant was enough of a personage, and the declarawas short enough and interesting enough, to give it a e in the newspapers of the country for a day. In the e where he lived, the statement created some comment—ly adverse to Dr. Nesbit, whose political association with at Adams had linked the Doctor's name with Grant's gout of power, Dr. Nesbit felt these flings. So it haped that when, the Sunday following the announcement, it came with his father and Kenyon in the rattling old y up to the Nesbit home on Elm Street, Amos Adams d a rollicking, frivolous, mischievous host—but Grant and found a natty, testy, sardonic old man, who made no the of his ill-humor.

enyon found Lila, and the two with their music indoors a background for the talk on the veranda. Nathan y, who came up for a pill or a powder for one of his, ast for a time on the veranda steps. For all his frive with the elder Adams, Nathan could see by the way the wrinkled skin on the Doctor's face kept twitching when it spoke, that the old man had something on his mind. Frant," cried the Doctor, in his excited treble, "do realize what an ornate, unnecessary, unmitigated consous, and elaborate jack you've made of yourself? Do-young man? Well, you have. Your revolution—your lution!" shrilled the old man. "Damn sight of revoluyou'll kick up charging over the country with your retank patriots—your—your box-car statesmen—now, 't you?"

Here-Doctor,-come-be-"

at the Doctor would not let Grant talk. The chirrup of shrill old voice bore in upon the younger man's protest, "Now, you let me say my say. The world's moving moving pretty fast and generally to one end, and end is to put food in the bellies, clothes on the back, brains in the head of the working man. The whole trend gislation all over the world has gone that way. Hell's . Grant—what more do you want? We've given you the ritance tax and the income tax and direct legislation to ipulate it, and, by Ned, instead of staying with the game

and helping us work these things out in wise administration you fly the coop, and go squawking over the country your revolution and leave me—damn it, Grant," piped little, high voice, sputtering with rage, "you leave me—my linen pants on a clothes-line four miles from home!"

Then slowly the little lines began to break in his losses A faint smile, then a grin and then a laugh, spread over old face, and he wiped his watering eyes as he shook

head mournfully.

Grant was gathering himself to reply when Nate P rasped in with his high-keyed Yankee voice: "I guess about covers my views, Grant—if any one should ask p

The crusader rose in Grant: "It's you men who have sense," he cried. "You think because I declare war or profit system that I propose to sail out and overturn it a few bombs over night. Look here, men; what I propo do is to demonstrate right here in the Wahoo Valley, w there are all sorts of laboring people, skilled, unskilled, tinuous, overpaid and underpaid, foreign and America utterly unlike, incoherent, racially and industriallythey have in them capacities for organizing; unused abil untried talents that will make them worthy to take a h place in the economic scale than they now have. amalgamate them, if I can weld them into a consistent, or ent labor mass-the Irish, the Slav, the Jews, the Ital the Poles, the French, the Dutch, the Letts, and the cans-put to some purpose the love of the poor for the so that it will count industrially, you can't stop the re tion." He was wagging his head, waving his stump arm and his face showed the temperamental excitement was in him.

"Go ahead, Grant," said Perry, "Play out all your

-show us your game."

"Well, then—here's my game. For five years we've collecting a district strike fund—all our own, that do belong to any other organization or federation anyw It's ours here in the Wahoo. It's independent of any or national control. I've collected it. It's been paid cause these men here in the Valley have faith in me have practically never spent a penny of it. There are

thousand workers in the Valley—some, like the glassbwers, are the aristocracy of labor; others, like the breaker are at the bottom of the scale. But we've kept wages kept conditions as high as they are anywhere in the untry—and we've done it without strikes. They have faith me. So we've assessed them according to their wages, we have on hand, with assessments and interest, over a ird of a million dollars."

He looked at Perry, and nodded his head at the Doctor. Cou fellows think I'm a cream-puff reformer. I'm not. then—I've talked it over with our board—we are going invest that money in land up and down the Valley—put women and children and old men on it—in tents—during prowing season, and cultivate that land in three-acre ects intensively. Our Belgian glassblowers and smelter n have sent for their gardeners to teach us. Now it's welv a question of getting the land and doing the prelimi-**Fy organization.** We want to get as much land as we can. w. there's my game. With that kind of a layout we can many strike we call. And we can prove to the world that bor has the cohesive cooperating faculty required to manthe factories—to take a larger share of the income of dustry, if you please. That's my revolution, gentlemen. md it's going to begin right here in the Wahoo Valley."

returned Nate Perry, "your revolution looks in-

"Go it while you're young," piped the Doctor. "In just bout eighteen months, you will be coming to me to go on bur bond-to keep out of jail. I've seen new-fangled revo-

Mions peter out before."

"Just the same," replied Grant, "I've pinned my faith to bese men and women. They are now working in fear of verty. Give them hope of better things instead of fear d they will develop out of poverty, just as the middle class e out under the same stimulus.'

"I don't know anything about that," interrupted Perry, at I do know that I could take that money and put three meand families to work on the land in the Wahoo Valley

d develop the best labor in the country."

He laughed, and Grant gazed, almost flared, so eager was

his look, at Perry for a moment, and said: "When the do of the democracy of labor comes—and it will come and soon—men like you will take leadership."

There was more high talk, and Nathan Perry went be

with his pill.

When he was gone, the music from indoors came to three men. "That's from his new opera, father," Grant, as his attention was attracted to the violin and pur "Good Lord" exclaimed the Doctor. "I've heard so me

"Good Lord," exclaimed the Doctor, "I've heard so me of that opera that I caught myself prescribing a bar in

the opening chorus for the grip the other day!"

The two elder men looked at each other, and the Dossaid, "Well, Amos—that's mostly why I asked you to sup to-day. It wasn't for the society of your amateur relutionist—you may be sure of that."

The Doctor tempered his words with a smile, but they be pricks, and Grant winced. "I suppose we may as well s

sider Lila and Kenyon as before the house?"

"Kenyon came to me last night," said Grant, "wast to know whether he should come to father first, or go to I Nesbit, or—well, he wondered if it would be necessary talk with Lila's own father." All the grimness in Gras countenance melted as he spoke of Kenyon and the batter features softened.

"And that is what I wish to talk about, Grant," said Doctor gently. "They don't know who Kenyon is—I me they don't know about his parentage." Grant looked the floor. Slowly as the old shame revived in him, its to rose from his neck to his face and met his tousled hair. I two old men looked seriously at one another. The Doctor of the solution of the occasion by lighting a property occasion by lighting a property of the occasion by lighting a pr

"I don't know—I really don't know what is right been he said finally. "Is it fair to Laura to let her danger marry the son of a woman who, more than any other was in the world, has wronged her! I'm sure Laura chers no malice toward Kenyon's mother. Yet, of course," Doctor spoke deliberately and puffed between his we "blood is blood. But I don't know how much blood is blood I mean how much of what we call heredity in human bis due to actual blood transmission of traits, and how means the said that the

the to the development of traits by family environment. In not sure, Amos, that this boy's bad blood has not been satirely eliminated by the kindly, beautiful family environment he has had with you and yours. There seems to be sathing of the Müllers in him, but his face and his music—stake it his music is of German origin."

"I don't know—I don't know, Doctor," answered Amos. I've tried to take him apart, and put him together again,

I can't find where the parts belong."

-And so they droned on, those three wiseacres—two oldish mtlemen and a middle-aged man, thinking they could tage or check or dam the course of true love. While ide at the piano on the tide of music that was washing in God only knows what bourne where words are useless passions speak the primitive language of souls. Lila and byon were solving all the problems set for them by their ers and betters. For they lived in another world from we who established themselves in the Providence business t on the veranda. And on this earth, even in the same ases, and in the same families, there is no communication ween the worlds. With our powerful lenses of memory men and women in our forties gaze carnestly and long at distant planets of youth, wondering if they are really insited by real people—or mere animals, perchance—if they re human institutions, reasonable aspirations or finite elligences. We take temperatures, make blood counts and prd blood pressure, reckon the heart-beats, and think we wondrous wise. But wig-wag as we may, signal with at mysterious wireless of evanescent youth-fire we still ld in our blood, we get nothing but vague hints, broken miniscences, and a certain patchwork of our own subconsus chop logic of middle age in return. There is no real mmunication between the worlds. Youth remains another met—even as age and childhood are other planets.

Now, after the three wise men had considered the star

wing before them, they decided thus:

"Well," quoth the Doctor, "it seems absolutely just that he should know who her husband is, and that Laura should sw whom her child is marrying. So far as I am contact, I know this Adams blood; I'll trust it to breed out

any taint; but I have no right to decide for Lila; I be no right to say what Laura will do—though, Grant, I be in my heart that she would rather have her child many yours than to have anything else come about that the wall could hold for her. And yet—she should know the trail

Grant sat with his head bowed, and his eyes on the box while the Doctor spoke. Without looking up, he will "There's some one else to consider, Doctor—there's he garet—after all, it's her son; it's her secret. It's—I do know what her rights are—perhaps she's forfeited the But she is at least physically his mother."

The Doctor looked up with a troubled face. He makes hand over the place where his pompadour once used to me and where only a fuzz responded to the stroke of his to

palm, and answered:

"Grant—through it all—through all the tragedy that is has brought here, I've kept that secret for Margaret. As until she releases me, I can never break my silence doctor—one of the right sort—never could. Whatever is feel are her rights—you and she must settle. It must you, not I, to tell this story, even to my own flesh is blood, Grant."

Grant rose and walked the long, straight stretch of a veranda. His shoulders, pugnacious, aggressive, and defas swayed as he walked heavily and he gazed at the floor as in shame. Finally he whirled toward the Doctor and

"I'm going to his mother. I'm going now. She may have mighty few rights in this matter—she cast him off share fully. But she has just one right here—the right to know that I shall tell her secret to Laura, and I'm going to the to her before I tell Laura. Even if Margaret clamors again what I think is right, I shall not stop. But I'm not got to sneak her secret away without her knowing it. I support that's about the extent of her rights in Kenyon: to know before I tell his wife who he really is, so that Margaret whow who knows and who does not know her relation him. It seems to me that is about the justice of the case. The Doctor puffed at his pipe, and nodded a slow assent.

"Now's as good a time as any," answered the Doctor, a added: "By the way, Amos—I had a telegram from Was

ge in the new district. That's what he's doing in Washton just now. He is one of those ostensible fellows," ed the Doctor. "Ostensibly he's there trying to help I another man; but Tom's the Van Dorn candidate." le smoked until his pipe revived and added, "Well, Tom afford it; he's got all the money he needs." rant, who heard the Doctor's news, did not seem to be urbed by it. His mind was occupied with more personal ters. He stood by a pillar, looking off into the summer

Well, I suppose," he looked at his clothes, brushed the t from the top of his shoes by rubbing them separately inst the calves of his legs, straightened his ready-made and felt of the buttons on his vest, "I suppose," he reted, "I may just as well go now as at any other time," he strode down the steps and made straight for the Van n home.

then he came to the Van Dorn house he saw Margaret ing alone in the deep shade of a vine-screened piazza. wore a loose flowing purple house garment, of a bizarretern which accented her physical charms. But not until tad begun to mount the steps before her did he notice; she was sound asleep in a gaping and disenchanting for. Yet his footstep aroused her, and she started and ed wildly at him: "Why—why—you—why, Grant!" Yes, Margaret," he answered as he stood hat in hand

the top step before her, ignoring her trembling and the or in her eyes. "I've come to have a talk with you—ut Kenyon."

the looked about her, listened a second, shuddered, and with quivering facial muscles and shaky voice, "Yes—yes—about Kenyon—yes—Kenyon Adams. Yes, I w."

The eyes she turned on him were dull and her face was mped, as though the soul had gone from it. A tremor was ible in her hands, and the color was gone from her drooplips. She stared at him for a moment, stupidly, then itation came into her voice, as he sat unbidden in a porch ir near her. "I didn't tell you to sit down."

"No." He turned his face and caught her eyes. "B

talking to do."

He could see that she was perturbed, and fear wrote its all over her face. But he did not know that she was the trying to get control of herself. The power of the brown pellets left her while she slept, and she was unorth of herself and timid. "I—I'm sick—well—I—I—why, can't talk to you now. Go 'way," she cried. "Go won't you, please—please go 'way, and come some stime."

"No—now's as good a time as any," he replied."
any rate, I'll tell you what's on my mind. Mag, now
attention." He turned his face to her. "The time
come when Lila Van Dorn and her mother must know
Kenyon is."

She looked vacantly at him, then started and chatte "Wh-wh-wha-what are you s-s-say-saying—do

mean ?"

She got up, closed the door into the house, and came tering back and stood by her chair, as the man answered

"I mean, Maggie, exactly what I said. Kenyon was marry Lila. But I think, and Doctor Nesbit thinks, before it is settled, Lila and her mother, and you migh well include Mrs. Nesbit, must know just who their dam is marrying—I mean what blood. Now do you get idea?"

As he spoke, the woman, clutching at her chair back, to quiet her fluttering hands. But she began panting a sickly pallor overcame her and she cried feebly: "Ob, devil—you devil—will you never let me alone?"

He answered, "Look here, Mag what's the matter you? I'm only trying to play fair with you. I would

tell 'em until you-"

"Ugh!" She shut her eyes. "Grant—wait a minute must get my medicine. I'll be back." She turned to "Oh, wait a minute—I'll be back in five minutes—I problems to God, I'll be right back, Grant." She was a door. As she fumbled with the screen, he nodded his a and smiled grimly as he said, "All right, Maggie."

DARKNESS FALLS UPON TWO LOVERS

hen he was alone, he looked about him, at the evidence e Van Dorn money in the temple of Love. The outdoor was furnished with luxuries he had never seen. He d as though he smelled the money that was evident where. Beside Margaret's chair, where she had ped it when she went to sleep, was a book. It was a lifully bound copy of the Memoirs of some titled harlot te old French court. He was staring absentmindedly e floor where the book lay when she came to the door. e came out, sat down, looked steadily at him and began ly: "Now, what is it you desire?"

e said "desiah," and Grant grunted as she went on:
shuah no good can come and only hahm, great sufferand Heaven knows what wrong, by this—miserable

What good can it do?"

r changed attitude surprised him. "Well, now, Maghe returned, "since you want to talk it over sensibly,
ell you how we feel—at least how I feel. The chief
ess of any proper marriage is children. This marriage
sen Kenyon and Lila—if it comes—should bring forth
I claim Lila has a right to know that he has my
and yours in him before she goes into a life partnerwith him."

the of your hair-splitting is this: that you bring shame upon child's mother, and then cant like a Pharisee about its; for a good purpose. That's the way with you—you—-'' She could not quite finish the sentence.

e sat breathing fast, waiting for strength to come to rom the fortifying little pill. Grant picked up his hat. ll—I've told you. That's what I came for."

e caught his arm and cried, "Sit down—haven't I a to be heard? Hasn't a mother any rights—"

io," cut in Grant, "not when she strangles her mother-

lat how could I take my motherhood without disgracing cy?" she asked.

met her eyes. They were steady eyes, and were brights. The man stared at her and answered: "When I ght him to you after mother died, a little, toddling,

motherless boy, when I wanted you to come with mother him-and I didn't want you, Maggie, any more the you wanted me, but I thought his right to a mother a greater than either of our rights to our choice of main then and there, you made your final choice."

"What does God mean," she whined, "by hounding me

my life for that one mistake!"

"Maggie-Maggie," answered the man, sitting down she sank into a chair, "it wasn't the one mistake that

made you unhappy."

"That's twaddle," she retorted, "sheer twaddle. Di I know how that child has been a cancer in my very best burning and gnawing and making me wretched! Don know ?"

"No, you don't, Mag. If you want the truth," rep Grant bluntly, "you looked upon the boy as a curse has threatened you every day of your life. The very you think you have for him, which I don't doubt h minute, Mag, made you do a mad, foolish, infinitely a spiteful thing-that night at the South Harvey riot. haps you might care for Kenyon's affection now, but can't have that even remotely. For all his interest in is limited by the fact that you robbed Lila of her fat All your cancer and heart burnings, Mag, have been own selfishness. Lord, woman-I know you."

He turned his hard gaze upon her and she winced. she clearly was enjoying the quarrel. It stimulated ber nerves. The house behind her was empty. She felt from

"And you? And you?" she jeered. "I suppose made a saint of you."

The man's face softened, as he said simply, "I claim to be a saint, Mag. But I owe Kenyon everythi am in the world-everything."

"Well, it isn't much of a debt," she laughed. "No," he repeated, "it's not much of a debt." moment he added, "Doctor Neshit has kept this secre these years. Now it's time to let these people know.

can see why, and the only reason I came to you-"

"You came to me, Grant," she cried, "to tell me you were bing to shame me before that—that—before her—that old, ellow-haired tabby, who goes around doing good! Ugh—"Grant stared at her blankly a full, uncomprehensive minte. Finally Margaret went on: "And I suppose the next bing you long-nosed busybodies will do will be to get chicken earted about Tom Van Dorn's rights in the matter. Ah, ou hypocrites!" she cried.

"Well, I don't know," answered Grant sternly; "if Lila bould go to her father for advice—why shouldn't he have

II the facts?"

Margaret rose. Her bright, glassy eyes flashed. Anger plored her face. Her bosom rose and fell as she exclaimed: But she'll not go to him. Oh, he's perfectly foolish about er. Every time a photographer in this town takes her picture, he snoops around and gets one. He has her picture in us watch, in which he thinks she looks like the Van Dorns. When he goes away he takes her picture in a leather frame and puts it on his table in the hotel—except when I'm tround.'' She laughed. "Ain't it funny? Ain't it 'unny," she chattered hysterically, "him doddering the way be does about her, and her freezing the life out of him?" She shook with mirth, and went on: "Oh, the devil's soming round for Tom Van Dorn's soul—and all there is of t—all there is of it is the little green spot where he loves this brat. The rest's all rotted out!"

She laughed foolishly. Then Grant said:

"Well, Mag—I must be going. I just thought it would be quare to tell you before I go any further. About the ther—the affair of Lila and her father is no concern of mine. That's for Lila and her mother to settle. But you and I and Kenyon are bound together by the deepest tie in the world, Maggie. And I had to come to you." She tared into his gnarled face, then shut her eyes, and in an instant wherein they were closed she lapsed into her favorte pose and disappeared behind her mask.

"Vurry kind of you, I'm shuah. Chahmed to have this

ittle talk again."

He gazed at the empty face, saw the drugged eyes, and

the smirking mouth, and felt infinitely sad as a flash of be girlhood came back to his memory. "Well, good-by, Mag," he said gently, and turned and went down the steps.

The messenger boy whom Grant Adams passed as he was down the walk to the street from the Van Dorn home, pa a telegram into Mrs. Van Dorn's lap. It was from Was ington and read:

"Appointment as Federal Judge assured. Notify Sands. Have We vin prepare article for Monday's Times and other papers."

She re-read it, held it in her hand for a time as she looks

hungrily into the future.

While Grant Adams and Margaret were talking, the two old men on the porch, who once would have grappled will the problems of the great first cause, dropped into cacking reminiscences of the old days of the sixties and sevents when they were young men in their twenties and Harvey an unbleached yellow pine stain on the prairie grass. 3 they forgot the flight of time, and forgot that indoors the music had stopped, and that two young voices were com behind the curtains. Upstairs, Laura Van Dorn and le mother, reading, tried with all their might and main to oblivious to the fact that the music had stopped, and the certain suppressed laughs and gasps and long, silent gaps the irregular conversation meant rather too obvious less making for an affair which had not been formally recognise by the family. Yet the formality was all that was lacked For if ever an affair of the heart was encouraged, was pe moted, was greeted with everything but hurrahs and sannas by the family of the lady thereunto appertain it was the love affair of Kenyon Adams and Lila Va

The youth and the maiden below stairs were exceeding happy. They went through the elaborate business of lemaking, from the first touch of thrilling fingers to such p sionately rapturous embraces as they might steal watched and half tolerated, and the mounting joy in the hearts left no room for fear of the future. As they sat wing and frivoling behind the curtains of the wide liveroom in the Neshit home, they saw Grant Adams's big.

ward figure hurrying across the lawn. He walked with stooping shoulders and bowed head, and held his claw hand behind him in his flinty, red-haired hand.

"Where has he been?" asked Kenyon, as he peered

through the open curtain, with his arm about the girl.

"I don't know. The Mortons aren't at home this aftermoon; they all went out in the Captain's big car," answered the girl.

"Well,-I wonder-" mused the youth.

Lila snatched the window curtain, and closing it, whispered: "Quick—quick—we don't care—quick—they may come in when he gets on the porch."

Through a thin slit in the closed curtains they watched the gaunt figure climb the veranda steps and they heard

the elders ask:

"Well?" and the younger man replied, "Nothing-noth-

bg-" he repeated, "but heartbreak."

Then he added as he walked to the half-open door, "Doctor—it seems to me that I should go to Laura now; to Laura and her mother."

"Yes," returned the Doctor, "I suppose that is the thing

to do."

Grant's hand was on the door screen, and the Doctor's eyes grew bright with emotion, as he called:

"You're a trump, boy."

The two old men looked at each other mutely and watched the door closing after him. Inside, Grant said: "Lila—ask your mother and grandmother if they can come to the Doctor's little office—I want to speak to them." After the girl had gone, Grant stood by Kenyon, with his arm about the young man, looking down at him tenderly. When he heard the women stirring above on the stairs, Grant patted Kenyon's shoulder, while the man's face twitched and the muscles of his hard jaw worked as though he were chewing a bitter cud.

The three, Grant and the mother and the mother's mother, left the lovers in such awe as love may hold in the midst of its rapture, and when the office door had closed, and the women were seated, Grant Adams, who stood holding to a chair back, spoke:

"It's about Kenyon. And I don't know, perhaps I should

have spoken sooner. But I must speak now."

The two women gazed inquiringly at him with sympathetic faces. He was deeply embarrassed, and his embarrassment seemed to accentuate a kind of caste difference between them.

"Yes, Grant," said Mrs. Nesbit, "of course, we know about Lila and Kenyon. Nothing in the world could please

more than to see them happy together."

"I know, ma'am," returned Grant, twirling his chair nervously. "That's just the trouble. Maybe they can't is happy together."

"Why, Grant," exclaimed Laura, "what's to hinder!"

"Stuff!" sniffed Mrs. Nesbit.

He looked up then, and the two women could see that is flinched.

"Well,—I don't know how to say it, but you must know it." He stopped, and they saw anguish in his face. "But I—Laura," he turned to the younger woman and made a pitiful gesture with his whole hand, "do you remember back when you were a girl away at school and I stopped writing to you?"

"Yes, Grant," replied Laura, "so well—so well, and you

never would say-"

"Because I had no right to," he cut in, "it was not my

secret-to tell-then."

Mrs. Nesbit sat impatiently on her chair edge, as one waiting for a foolish formality to pass. She looked at the clumsy, hulky figure of a man in his ill-fitting Sunday clothes, and obviously was rather irritated at his ill-timed interjection of his own childhood affair into an entirely simple problem of true love running smoothly. But be daughter, seeing the anguish in the man's twisted face, was stricken with a terror in her heart. Laura knew that we light emotion had grappled him, and when her mother said. "Well?" sharply, the daughter rose and went to him, touching his hand gently that had been gripping the chair back. She said, "Yes, Grant, but why do you have to tell it now?"

"Because," he answered passionately, "you should know,

and Lila should know and your mother should know. Your

lather and I and my father all think so."

Mrs. Nesbit sat back further in her chair. Her face howed anxiety. She looked at the two others and when Laura's eyes met her mother's, there was a warning in the daughter's glance which kept her mother silent.

"Grant," said Laura, as she stood beside the gaunt figure, an which a mantle of shame seemed to be falling, "there is nothing in the world that should be hard for you to tell me—

mother."

"It isn't you," he returned, and then lifting his face and tying to catch the elder woman's eyes, he said slowly:

"Mrs. Nesbit—I'm Kenyon's father."

He caught Laura's hand in his own, and held her from tepping back. Laura did not speak. Mrs. Nesbit gazed tankly at the two and in the silence the little mantel clock leked into their consciousnesses. Finally the elder woman, tho had grown white as some old suspicion or fatal recollection flashed through her mind, asked in an unsteady voice: And his mother?"

"Ilis mother was Margaret Müller, Mrs. Nesbit," an-

wered the man.

Then anger glowed in the white face as Mrs. Nesbit rose and stepped toward the downcast man. "Do you mean to ell me you—" She did not finish, but began again, not soticing that the door behind her had let in her husband: "Do you mean to say that you have let me go on all these rears nursing that—that, that—creature's child and—"

"Yes, my dear," said the Doctor, touching her arm, and aking her hand, "I have." She turned on her husband her tartled, hurt face and exclaimed, "And you, Jim—you too

-you too?"

"What else could I do in honor, my dear? And it has seen for the best."

"No," she cried angrily; "no, see what you have brought

o us, Jim—that hussy's—her, why, her very—''

The years had told upon Doctor Nesbit. He could not ine to the struggle as he could have risen a decade before. His hands were shaking and his voice broke as he replied: 'Yes, my dear—I know—I know. But while she bore him,

we have formed him." To her darkening face he repe
"You have formed him—and made him—you and
Adamses—with your love. And love," his soft, high
was tender as he concluded, "love purges everythe

doesn't it, Bedelia?"

"Yes, father,—love is enough. Oh, Grant, Grant doesn't matter—not to me. Poor—poor Margaret, she has lost—what she has lost!" said the younger we as she stood close to Grant and looked deeply into his guished face. Mrs. Nesbit stood wet-eyed, and spent of

wrath, looking at the three before her.

"O God—my God, forgive me—but I can't—Oh, La Jim—I can't, I can't, not that woman's—not her—be She stopped and cried miserably, "You all know what and whose he is." Again she stopped and looked be ingly around. "Oh, you won't let Lila—she wouldn that—not take that woman's—that woman who disg Lila's mother—Lila must not take her child—Oh, Jim won't let that—"

As she spoke Mrs. Nesbit sank to a sofa near the door turned her face to the pillow. The three who watches turned blank, inquiring faces to one another.

"Perhaps," the Doctor began hesitatingly and impote

"Lila should-"

"What does she know—what can a child of tw know," answered the grandmother from her pillow, "e taint of that blood, of the devil she will transmit!" Jim—Oh, Jim—Lila's not old enough to decide. She mu—she mustn't—we mustn't let her." Mrs. Nesbit raise body and asked as one who grasps a shadow, "Won't yo her to wait—to wait until she can understand!"

A question passed from face to face among those stood beside the elder woman, and Dr. Nesbit answer Strength—the power that came from a habit of forty of dominating situations—came to him and he stepp his wife's side. The two stood together, facing the you pair. The Doctor spoke, not as an arbiter, but as an cate:

"Laura, your mother has her right to be considered

DARKNESS FALLS UPON TWO LOVERS

three of you; Kenyon himself, and you and Lila—she eared. She has made you all what you are. Her wishes be regarded now." Mrs. Nesbit rose while the Doctor speaking. He took her hand as was his wont and turned ir, saying: "Mother, how will this do: Let's do nothnow, not to-day at any rate. You must all adjust yours to the facts that reveal this new relation before you make an honest decision. When we have done that, let a and her mother tell Lila the truth, and let each tell thild exactly how she feels; and then, if you can bring self to it, leave it to her; if she will wait for a time she understands her grandmother's point of view—very If not—"

f not, mother, Lila's decision must stand." This came Laura, who stepped over and kissed her mother's The father looked tenderly at his daughter and shook ead as he answered softly: "If not-no, I shall stand mother—she has her right—the realest right of all!" ed so it came to pass that the course of true love in the s of Lila Van Dorn and Kenyon Adams had its first turning. And all the world was overclouded for two But they were only two souls and the world is full of And the light falls upon men and women without respect for class or station, for good deeds or bad deeds, he weak or for the strong, for saints or sinners. well, truly beloved, that chance and circumstance fall of the great machine of life upon us, hodge podge and r skelter; good is not rewarded by prizes from the I of fortune nor bad punished by its calamities. Only ir hearts react on life, do we get happiness or misery, from the events that follow the procession of the days. w for a moment let us peep through the clouds that red over the young souls aforesaid. Clouds in youth are y black; but they are never thick. And peering through clouds, one may see the lovers, groping in the umbrage. es not matter much to us, and far less does it matter em how they have made their farewell meeting. : and they are coming from Captain Morton's. nd in hand they skip across the lawn, and soon are hidden in the veranda. They sit arm in arm, on a swin porch chair, and have no great need for words. "Wh

it-what is the reason?" asked the youth.

"Well, dear"—it is an adventure to say the word out after whispering it for so many days—"dear," she reper and feels the pressure of his arm as she speaks, "it's a thing about you!"

"But what?" he persisted.

"We don't know now," she returns. "And really does it matter, only we can't hurt grandma, and it was

be for long. It can't be for long, and then-"

"We don't care now,—not to-night, do we!" She her head from his shoulder, and puts up her lips for answer. It is all new—every thrill of the new-found is one another's being is strange; every touch of the is of cheeks, every pressure of arms—all are gloriously! tiful.

Once in life may human beings know the joy these knew that night. The angels lend it once and then, i are good, they let us keep it in our memories always not, then God sends His infinite pity instead.

CHAPTER XLIV

WHICH WE SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, WITH GEORGE BROTH-ERTON, AND IN GENERAL CONSIDER THE HABITANTS OF THE KINGDOM

R. BROTHERTON had been pacing the deck of his store like the captain of a pirate ship in a storm. Nothing in the store suited him; he found Miss lalvin's high façade of hair too rococo for the attenuated ines of gray and lavender and heliotrope that had replaced be angular effects in red and black and green and brown of ormer years. He had asked her to tone it down to make it match the long-necked gray jars and soft copper vases that adorned the gray burlapped Serenity, and she had appeared with it slopping over her ears, "as per yours of even date!" and still he paced the deck.

He picked up Zola's "Fecundité," which he had taken from stock; tried to read it; put it down; sent for "Tom Sawyer"; got up, went after Dickens's "Christmas Books," and put them down; peeped into "Little Women," and ratched the trade, as Miss Calvin handled it, occasionally lropping his book for a customer; hunted for "The Three sears," which he found in large type with gorgeous pictures, read it, and decided that it was real literature.

Amos Adams came drifting in to borrow a book. He loved slowly, a sort of gray wraith almost discarnate and part from things of the earth. Brotherton, looking at the d man, felt a candor one might have in addressing a state

mind. So the big voice spoke gently:

"Here, Mr. Adams," called Brotherton. "Won't you me back here and talk to me?" But the shopkeeper felt at he should put the elder man at his ease, so he added: You're a wise guy, as the Latin fathers used to say. Anyay, if Jasper ever gets to a point where he thinks marriage ill pay six per cent. over and above losses, you may be a

IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

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kind of step-uncle-in-law of mine. Tell me, Mr. Adam-what about children—do they pay? You know, I've always wanted children. But now—well, you see, I never thought but that people just kind of picked 'em off the bushes a you do huckleberries. I'm getting so that I can't look at a great crowd of people without thinking of the lonelines, suffering and self-denial that it cost to bring all of them into the world. Good Lord, man, I don't want lots of children—not now. And yet, children—children—why, if we could open a can and have 'em as we do most things, from sardines to grand opera, I'd like hundreds of them. Yet, I dunno," Mr. Brotherton wagged a thoughtful head.

But Amos Adams rejoined: "Ah, yes, George, but when you think of what it means for two people to bring a child into the world—what the journey means—the slow, inexemble journey into the valley of the shadow means for them, close together; what tenderness springs up; what sacrifices come forth; what firm knitting of lives; what new kind of love is bred—you are inclined to think maybe Providence.

to the desk where Amos was standing and took a chair, and as Amos drifted out of the store as impersonally as he came. the Doctor began to grin.

"We were just talking of children," said Brotherton with studied casualness. "You know, Doctor," Brotherton smiled abashed, "I've always thought I'd like lots of children. But now—"

"I see 'em come, and I see 'em go every day. I'm kind of getting used to death, George. But the miracle of birth grows stranger and stranger."

"So young Joe Calvin's a proud parent, is he? Boy, you

"Boy," chuckled the Doctor, "and old Joe's out there having a nervous breakdown. They've had ten births in the Calvin family. I've attended all of 'em, and this is the first time old Joe's ever been allowed in the house. To-day the old lady's out there with a towel around her head, practically having that baby herself. The poor daughter-in-law hasn't seen it. You'd think she was only invited in as a sort of paying guest. And old lady Calvin comes in every few minutes and delivers homilies on the joys of large families!"

The Doctor laughed until his blue old eyes watered, and he chirped when he had his laugh out: "How soon we forget! Which, I presume, is one of God's semi-precious blessings!"

When the Doctor went out, Brotherton found the store deserted, except for Miss Calvin, who was in front. Brotherton carried a log to the fireplace, stirred up the fire, and when he had it blazing, found Laura Van Dorn standing beside him.

"Well, George," she said, "I've just been stealing away from my children in the Valley for a little visit with Emma."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Brotherton, "sit down a minute with me. Tell me, Laura-about children-are they worth it?"

She was a handsome woman, with youth still in her eyes and face, who sat beside George Brotherton, looking at the fire that March day. "George good old friend," she said gently, "there's nothing else in the world so worth it as

She hesitated before going so deeply into her soul, perhaps picking her verbal way. "George—no man ever degraded a woman more than I was degraded. Yet I brought Lila out of it, and I thank God for her, and I don't mind the price—not now." She turned to look at Mr. Brotherton inquiringly as she said: "But what I come in to talk to you about, George, was Grant. Have you noticed in the last few months—that growing—well—it's more than enthusiasa, George; it's a fanaticism. Since he has been working on the garden plan—Grant has been getting wilder and wilder in his talk about the Democracy of labor. Have you noticed it—or am I oversensitive?"

Brotherton, poking idly in the fire, did not answer at

once. At length he said:

"Grant's a zealot. He's full of this prisms, prunes and peace idea, this sweetness and light revolution, this notice of hitching their hop-dreams to these three-acre plots, and preaching non-resistance. It's coming a little fast for me Laura—just a shade too many at times. But, on the other hand—there's Nate Perry. He's as cold-blooded a Yankee as ever swindled a father—and he's helping with the scheme He's—"

"He has no faith in the Democracy of Labor. He hoots," interrupted Laura. "What he's doing is working for a more efficient lot of laboring men, so that when the time comes when the unions shall ask and get more definite control of the factories and mines, in the way of wage-setting, and price-making, they will bring some sense with their control. He's merely looking after himself—in the last analysis; but Grant's going mad. George, he actually believes that when this thing wins here in the Valley—the peaceful strike, the rise of labor, and the theory of non-resistance—he's going over the world, and in a few years will have labor emancipated. Have you heard him—that is, recently?"

"Well, yes, a week or so ago," answered Brotherton, "and he was going it at a pretty fair clip for a minute then Well, say—I mean—what should we do?" he asked, drumming with the poker on the hearth. "Laura," Brotherton

eyes, "Grant would listen to you before he would listen to any one else on earth or in Heaven—I'm sure of that."

"Then what shall we do?" she asked. "We mustn't let him wreck himself—and all these people? What ought I—"

A shadow fell across the door, and in another moment there stood in the opening of the alcove the tall, lean figure of Thomas Van Dorn.

When Laura was gone, Van Dorn, after more or less polite circumlocution, began to unfold a plan of Market Street to buy the Daily Times and bring Jared Thurston back to Harvey to run it in the interests of the property owners in the town and in the Valley. Incidentally he had come to warn George on behalf of Market Street that he was harboring Grant Adams, contrary to the judgment of Market Street. But George Brotherton's heart was far from Market Street; it was out on the hill with Emma, his wife, and his mouth spoke from the place of his treasure.

"Tom—tell me, as between man and man, what do you think of children? You're sort of in the outer room of the Blue Lodge of grandfatherdom, with Lila and Kenyon getting ready for the preacher, and you ought to know, Tom—

honest, man, how about it?"

A wave of self-pity enveloped the Judge. His voice broke as he answered: "George, I haven't any little girl—she never even has spoken to me about this affair that the whole town knows about. Oh, I haven't any child at all."

He looked a miserable moment at Brotherton, perhaps reviewing the years which they had lived and grown from youth to middle age together and growled: "Not a thing—not a damned thing in it—George, in all this forty years of fighting to keep ahead of the undertaker! Not a God damned thing!" And so he left the Sweet Serenity of Books and Wall Paper and went back to the treadmill of life, spitting ashes from his gray lips!

And then Daniel Sands toddled in to get the five-cent eigars which he had bought for a generation—one at a time every day, and Brotherton came to Daniel with his

problem.

The old man, whose palsied head forever was denying

something, as if he had the assessor always in his mind, his rheumy eyes and answered: "My children—base He all but spat upon their names. "Morty—moons ar reading Socialist books, with a cold in his throat and water in his brains. And the other, she's married a traitor and stands by him against her own flesh and ba-a-a-ch!" He showed his blue, old mouth, and eric

"I married four women to give those children a be and what thanks do I get? Ingrates—one a milk-sopif he'd only be a Socialist and get out and throw mite; but he won't; he won't do a thing but sit a drooling about social justice when I want to cat my in peace. And he goes coughing all day and night grunting, and now he's wearing a pointed beard—be it's for his throat, but I know—it's because he think romantic. And that Anne—why, she's worse," but I not finish the sentence. His old head wagged vio Evidently another assessor had suddenly pounced in his imagination. For he shuffled into the street.

Mr. Brotherton sat by the fire, leaning forward, w fingers locked between his knees. The warning a Grant Adams that Tom Van Dorn had given him h pressed him. He knew Market Street was against Adams. But he did not realize that Market Street tude was only a reflex of the stir in the Valley. All streets over the earth feel more or less acutely e which portend in the workshops, often before those e come. We are indeed "members one of another," a very aspirations of those who dream of better things r in the latent fears of those who live on trade. closely compact in our organization that a man may no hope without crowding his neighbor. And in that lit tion of the great world which men knew as Market in Harvey, the surest evidence of the changing attit the men in the Valley toward their work, was found the crowds that gathered in Belgian Hall week after to hear Grant Adams, not in the war-chest which was to overflowing, not in the gardens checkered upon th sides, but rather in the uneasiness of Market Street reactions were different in Market Street and in the

vas one vision rising in the same body, each part reg according to its own impulses. Of course Market has its side, and George Brotherton was not blind to ting by his fire that raw March day, he realized that Street was never a crusader, and why. He could the men from whom the storekeepers bought goods ty days' time, 3 per cent. off for cash, were not cru-

When a man turned up among them with a sixcrusade for an evanescent millennium, flickering 'ew years ahead, the wholesalers of the city and the of Market Street nervously began thumbing over pidly accumulating "bills payable" and began using

eratchy language toward the crusader.

de Brotherton pause when he thought how they might and envelop him—as a family man. For as he sat he man's mind kept thinking of children. And his andered to the thought of his wife and his home—and e ones that might be. As his mind clicked back to dams, and to the strange family that would produce by as unlike as Grant and Jasper and Kenyon, he consider how far Kenyon had come for a youth in nties. And Brotherton realized that he might have aild as old as Kenyon. Then Mr. Brotherton put his ver his face and tried to stop the flying years.

dow fell, and Brotherton greeted Captain Morton, in urst of mauve tailoring. The Captain pointed to a necktie pin representing a horse jumping a horseshoe, and cried: "What you think of it?

amond horseshoe nails—what say?"

r, Captain, sit down here," said Mr. Brotherton. do, Captain—you'll do." But the subject nearest man's heart would not leave it. "Cap," he said, about children—do they pay?"

t's just it," put in the Captain. "That's just what to Emmy this morning. I was out to see her after and stayed until Laura Van Dorn came and chased

Emmy's mighty happy, George—mighty, mighty—eh? Her mother always was that way. I was the it was scared.'' George nodded assent. "But to-ell, we just sat there and cried—she's so happy about

it-eh? Wimmin, George, ain't scared a bit. I know 't I've been in their kitchins for thirty years, George, i let me tell you somepin funny," continued the Capts "Old Ahab Wright has taken to smoking in public to the liberal vote! Let me tell you somepin else. The decided to put the skids under Grant Adams and gang down in the Valley, and the other day they ran a snag. You know Calvin & Calvin are representing owners since Tom's got this life job, though he's all his money invested down there and still advises Well, anyway, they decided to put a barbed-wire tro around all the mines and the factories. Well, four loads of wire and posts shows up down in the Valley week, and, 'y gory, man,-they can't get a carpenter in to or down there to touch it. Grant's got 'em sewed up. Tom says he'll fix 'em one of these days, if they get be him in his court-what say?"

"I suppose he will, Captain," replied Mr. Brother and took up his theme. "But getting back to the sub of children—I've been talking all morning about 'em to kinds of folks, and I've decided the country's for Children, Cap," Mr. Brotherton rose, put on his coat took the Captain's arm, "children, Captain," he repeats they reached the sidewalk and were starting for the stear, "children, I figure it out—children are the see-mer civilization! Well, say—thus endeth the reading of the

lesson!"

As they stood in the corner transfer shed waiting for car, Grant Adams came up. "Say, Grant," called Brotton, "what you goin" to do about that barbed wire truck

"Oh," smiled Grant, "I've just about settled it. boys will begin on it this afternoon. A lot of them angry when they heard what the owners were up to, be said, 'Here: we've got justice on our side. We clai partnership interest in all those mines and factories of there. We contend that we who labor there now are legatees of all the labor that's been killed and maimed cheated by long hours and low wages down in the Vistor thirty years, and if we have a partnership right in temines and factories, it's our business to protect them."

ked the boys into putting up the trocha. I tell you, orge," said Grant, and the tremor of emotion strained his see as he spoke, "it won't be long until we'll have a partrahip in that trocha, just as we'll have an interest in my hammer and bolt, and ledge and vein in the Valley. a coming, and coming fast—the Democracy of Labor. I we faith, the men and women have faith—all over the alley. We've found the right way—the way of peace. hen labor has proved its efficiency—"

"Ah—you're crazy, Grant," snapped the Captain. This class of people down here—these ignorant foreigners

why, they couldn't run a peanut stand—eh?"

Dick Bowman and his son came up, and not knowing a scussion was in the wind, Dick shook hands around. And ter the Captain had taken his uptown car, Grant stood art, lost in thought, but Dick said: "Well, Benny, we there in time for the car!" Then craning his long neck, a father laughed: "Ben, here's a laboring man and his ift goes on at one—so he's in a hurry, but we'll make it." "Dick," began Brotherton, looking at the thin shadow of man who was hardly Brotherton's elder by half a dozen ars. "Dick, you're a kind of expert father, you and Joe livin, and to-day Joe's a granddaddy—tell me about the iddies—are they worth it?"

Bowman threw his head back and craned his long neck.
Not for us—not for us poor—maybe for you people here,"
Id Bowman, who paused and counted on his fingers:
Right born, three dead—that's too many. Joe Calvin, he's
lied all his and they're doing fairly well. That's his girl
here—ain't it?" Bowman sighed. "Her and my Jean
aved together back in their little days; before we moved

South Harvey." He lowered his voice.

*George, mother hasn't heard from Jean for going on two ar, now. She went off with a fellow; told us she married behave was just a child—but had been working around in factories—and, well, I don't say so, but I guess she just a got where she's ashamed to write—maybe."

His voice rose in anger as he cried: "Why didn't she we a show, like this girl of Joe's? He's no better than I. ad you know my wife—well, she's no Mrs. Joe Calvin—

she's been as happy about 'em when they came as if !

were princes of the blood." He stopped.

"Then there's Mugs-I dunno, George,-it seems like tried with Mugs, but all them saloons and-well, the bling and the women under his nose from the time he ten years old-well, I can't make him work. Little Ja steady enough for a boy of twenty-he's in the Com mines, and we've put Ben in this year. He is twe though, for Heaven's sake, don't go blabbing it; he's posed to be fourteen. And little Betty, she's in school I don't know how she'll turn out. No, George," he on, "children for us poor, children's a mighty risky, u tain crop. But," he smiled reflectively, "I'm right be tell you they're lots of fun as little shavers-growing Why, George, you ought to hear Benny sing. Them pinis of the Hot Dog found he had a voice, and the taught him some dago songs." Ben was a bright-faces of twelve-big for his age, with snappy, brown eyes apples of cheeks and curly hair. He slipped away to into a store window, leaving the two men alone. Mr. I erton was in a mellow mood. He put his great paw o small man's shoulder and said huskily:

"Say, Dick, honest, I'd rather have just one boy lile

than the whole damn Valley-that's right!"

The car came bowling up and the South Harvey boarded it. Grant Adams rode down into the Valley great dreams in his soul. He talked little to the Bow but looked out of the window and saw the dawn of a day. It is the curse of dreamers that they believe when they are convinced of a truth, they who have pu it, who have suffered for it, who have been exalted they have only to pass out their truth to the world make the universe. But the world is made over only the common mind sees the truth, and the common feels it. So the history of reform is a history of disan The reform works, of course. But in work does only the one little trick it is intended to do, an long chain of incidental blessings which should follow, the reformers feel must inevitably follow, wait for reformers to bring them into being. So there is a

mty of work for the social tinker, and no one man ever ilt a millennium. For God is ever jealous for our progp, and leaves an unfinished job always on the work bench the world.

Grant Adams believed that he had a mission to bring per into its own. The coming of the Democracy of Labor a real democracy to him—no mere shibboleth. And as rode through the rows of wooden tenements, where he was men and women were being crushed by the great industral machine, he thought of the tents in the fields; of the men and children and of the old and the sick going out tree to labor through the day to piece out the family wage at secure economic independence with wholesome, self-specting work. It seemed to him that when he could bring peculiar work. It seemed to him that when he could bring peculiar dustrial center, one great job in the world would be done

So he drummed his iron claw on the seat before him, put hard hand upon his rough face, and smiled in the joy

his high faith.

Dick Bowman and his boy left Grant at the car. He aved his claw at little Ben when they parted, and sighed he saw the little fellow scampering to shaft No. 3 of the ahoo Fuel Company's mines. There Grant lost sight of ehild, and went to his work. In two hours he and Violet an had cleaned off his desk. He had promised the ahoo Fuel Company to see that the work of constructing trocha was started that afternoon, and when Violet had phoned to Mechanics' Hall, Grant and a group of men at to the mines to begin on the trocha. They passed down switch into the yards, and Grant heard a brakeman say: "That Frisco car there has a broken brake—watch out for

and a switchman reply:

Yes-I know it. I tried to get the yardmaster not to

her down. But we'll do what we can."

The brakeman on the car signaled for the engineer to the other cars away, and leave the Frisco car at the top alight grade, to be shoved down by the men when anter car was needed at the loading chute. Grant walked

toward the loading chute, and a roar from the falling filled his ears. He saw little Ben under a car throback the coal falling from the faulty chute on to the gro

Through the roar Grant heard a yell as from a matterror. He looked back of him and saw the Frisco coming down the grade as if shot from a monster cata

"The boy—the boy—!" he heard the man on the shriek. He tried to clamber over the coal to the edge of car, but before he could reach the side, the Frisco car hit the loading car a terrific blow, sending it a car is down the track.

One horrible scream was all they heard from little Grant was at his side in a moment. There, stuck to the were two little legs and an arm. Grant stooped, pick the little body, pulled it loose from the tracks, and en it, running, to the company hospital.

As Grant ran, tears fell in the little, coal-stained face

made white splotches on the child's cheeks.

CHAPTER XLV

WHICH LIDA BOWMAN CONSIDERS HER UNIVERSE AND TOM
VAN DORN WINS ANOTHER VICTORY

IOR a long and weary night and a day of balancing doubt, and another dull night, little Ben Bowman lay limp and crumpled on his cot—a broken lump of by hardly more than animate. Lida Bowman, his mother, I that time sat in the hall of the hospital outside the door his room. The stream of sorrow that winds through a epital passed before her unheeded. Her husband came, t with her silently for a while, went, and came again, many But she did not go. In the morning of the second ly as she stood peering through the door crack at the child e saw his little body move in a deep sigh, and saw his black res open for a second and close as he smiled. Dr. Nesbit. ho stood beside her, grasped her hand and led her away. "I think the worst is over, Lida," he said, and held her and as they walked down the hall. He sat with her in re waiting room, into which the earliest tide of visitors ad not begun to flow, and promised her that if the child natinued to rally from the shock, she might stand by his ad at noon. Then for the first time she wept. He stood by be window looking out at the great pillars of smoke that were nudging the dawn, at the smelter fumes that were staining be sky, at the hurrying crowd of men and women and hildren going into the mines, the mills, the shops, hurrying work with the prod of fear ever in their backs—fear of he disgrace of want, fear of the shame of beggary, fear to tar some loved one ask for food or warmth or shelter and have it not. When the great motherly body had ceased paroxysms, he went to Mrs. Bowman and touched her oulder.

"Lida," he said, "it isn't much—but I'm glad of one

thing. My bill is on the statutes to give people who hurt, as Ben was, their money from the company will going to law and dividing with the lawyers. It is on books good and tight; referred to the people and appropriately them and ground clear through the state supreme of and sustained. It isn't much, Lida—Heaven knows the but little Ben will get his money without haggling and money will help to start him in life."

She turned a tear-swollen face to him, but again grief overcame her. He stood with one wrinkled hand t her broad shoulder, and with the other patted her of hair. When she looked up at him, again he said gently

"I know, Lida, that money isn't what you mothers wa

but-"

"But we've got to think of it, Doc Jim—that's one of curses of poverty, but, oh, money!—It won't bring t back strong and whole—who leave us to go to work, come back all torn and mashed."

She sat choking down the sobs that came surging up f her great bosom, and weaving to and fro as she fought her tears. The Doctor sat beside her and took her red shapely hands unadorned except by the thin gold wedering that she had worn in toil for over thirty years.

"Lida, sometimes I think only God and the doctors k

how heavy women's loads are," said the Doctor.

"Ain't that so—Doc Jim!" she cried. "Ain't that truth? I've had a long time to think these two days nights—and I've thought it all over and all out. Here I nearly fifty and eight times you and I have fought it with death and brought life into this world. I'm str—I don't mind that. I joyed at their coming, and made others edge over at the table, and snuggle up in the bed, we've been happy. Even the three that are dead-glad they came; I'm thankful for 'em. And Dick he's so proud of each one, and cuddled it, and muched it—"

Her voice broke and she sobbed, "Oh, little Ben-Ben, how pappy made over his hair—he was born with

-don't you mind, Doe Jim ?"

The Doctor laughed and looked into the past as he p "Curliest headed little tyke, and don't you remember I "Yes, Doc Jim—don't I? God knows, Doc, she's been a sther to the whole Valley—when I got up I found I was be twentieth woman up and down the Valley she'd given la's little things to—just to save our pride when she sought we would not take 'em any other way. Don't I know—all about it—and she's still doing it—God bless her, and se's been here every morning, noon and night since—since—she came with a little beef tea, or some of her own wine, raplate of hot toast in her basket—that she made me eat. Thy, if it wasn't for her and Henry and Violet and Grant—what would God's poor in this Valley do in trouble—I we dunno."

There came an unsteady minute, when the Doctor stroked hand and piped, "Well, Lida—you folks in the Valley in't get half the fun out of it that the others get. It's pie them."

The woman folded her hands in her lap and sighed deeply. Doe Jim," she began, "eight times I've brought life into world. The three that went, went because we were box—because we couldn't buy life for 'em. They went into e mills and the mines with Dick's muscle. One is at home, atting till the wheels get hungry for her. Four I've fed to the mills that grind up the meat we mothers make." Le stared at him wildly and cried "O God—God, Doc Jim—that justice is there in it? I've been a kind of brood-mare through burden carriers for Dan Sands, who has sold my bod like cheese in his market. My mother sent three boys

the war who never came back and I've heard her cry id thank God He'd let her. But my flesh and blood—the ide ones that Dick and me have coddled and petted and ided—they've been fed into the wheels to make profits—telits for idlers to squander—profits to lure women to imme and men to death. That's what I've been giving my idy and soul for, Doc Jim. Little Ben up there has given is legs and his arms—oh, those soft little arms and the cuning little legs I used to kiss—for what? I'll tell you—i's given them so that by saving a day's work repairing a ir, some straw boss could make a showing to a superintenent, and the superintendent could make a record for ecom-

omy to a president, and a president could increase dividends to be spent by idlers. And idleness me drunkards who make harlots who make hell—and all me the boy's arms and legs will go for is for sin and shame

The Doctor returned to the window and she cried bits "Oh, you know that's the truth—the God's truth, Doc Where's my Jean? She went into the glass facts worked twelve hours a day on a job that would have pled her for life in another year, and then went away that Austrian blower—and when he threw her out, she ashamed to write—and for a long time now I've reacity papers of them women who kill themselves—hopifind she was dead. And Mugs—you know what South vey's made of him—"

She rose and walked to the window. Standing beside

she cried:

"I tell you, Doc Jim—I hate it." She pointed to great black mills and mine shafts and the piles of and lumber and sheet iron that stretched before her mile. "I hate it, and I'm going to hit it once before Don't talk peace to me. I've got a right to hit it and hard—and if my time ever comes—"

A visitor was shown into the room, and Mrs. Bor ceased speaking. She was calm when the Doctor lef and at noon she stood beside the cot, and saw little smile at her. Then she went away in tears. As she p out of the door of the hospital into the street, she met

Adams coming in to inquire about little Ben.

"He knows me now," she said. "I suppose he'll ge—without legs—and with only one arm—I've seen the the street selling pencils—oh, little Ben!" she eried. she turned on Grant in anger. "Grant Adams—go on your revolution. I'm for it—and the quicker the be but don't come around talking peace to me. Us me want to fight."

"Fighting, in the long run, will do no good, Mrs.

man," said Grant. "It will hurt the cause.
"But it will do us good," she answered.

"Force against force and we lose—they have the gibe persisted.

Well, I'd rather feed my babies to good merciful guns to wheels," she replied, and then softened as she took hand.

"I guess I'm mad to-day, Grant. Go on up. Maybe
"Il let you look at him. He smiled at me—just as he
I when Doctor Nesbit showed him to me the day he was
"n."

She kept back her tears with an effort, and added, "Only Doe tried to tell me that babies don't smile. But I know

er, Ben smiled—just like the one to-day."

Well, Mrs. Bowman," rejoined Grant, "there's one com-L. Dr. Nesbit's law makes it possible for you to get your mages without going to law and dividing with some lawyer. wever the Doctor and I may differ—we down here in the mes and mills must thank him for that."

'Oh, Doc Jim's all right, Grant," answered Mrs. Bow-

m. relapsing into her lifetime silence.

It was nearly three months later and spring was at its I, before they discharged little Ben from the hospital. It the last fortnight of his stay they had let him visit outle the hospital for a few hours daily. And to the joy of the treat crowd in the Hot Dog saloon, he sat on the bar and his little heart out. They took him down to Belgian at noon, and he sang the "Marseillaise" to the crowd the gathered there. In the hospital, wherever they would him, after he had visited the Hot Dog, he sang—sang the big ward where he sat by a window, sang in the gridors, whenever the patients could hear him, and sang spel hymns in his cot at bedtime.

was an odd little bundle, that Henry Fenn carried into offices of the Wahoo Valley Fuel Company one afterm in early June, with Dick Bowman following proudly, as made the proof of the claim for compensation for the ident. The people in the offices were kind and tenderly ite to the little fellow. Henry saw that all the papers properly made out, and the clerk in the office told Dick is Henry to call for the check next day but one—which

pay day.

So they carried little Ben away and Mrs. Bowman rugh it was barely five o'clock—began fixing Ben up for the wedding of Jasper Adams and Ruth Morton. the first public appearance as a singer that little Be made in Harvey. His appearance was due largely notion of Captain Morton, supported and abetted by Brotherton. So little Ben Bowman was smuggled a palm in the choir loft and permitted to sing "O I Me" during the services.

"Not," explained the Captain to Mr. Brotherton barn where he was smoking, the afternoon before th mony, "not that I cared a whoop in Texas about though 'y gory, the boy sings like a canary; but it only excuse I could find for slipping a hundred do the Bowman family, without making Dick and Lida!

was charity-eh?"

The wedding made a dull evening for Grant. He little Ben in his arms out of the crowd at the churgathering up the Bowmans and his father, went hom out stopping for the reception or for the dance or lof the subsidiary attractions of the ceremony which and the Captain, each delighting in tableaux and phad arranged for. Little Ben's arm was clinging to neck as he piloted his party to the street car. They the Van Dorn house and saw old Daniel Sands come to down the walk from the Van Dorn home, between Wright and young Joe Calvin. Daniel Sands stum he shuffled past Amos Adams and Amos put out a to catch Daniel. He regained his balance and without nizing who had helped him, cackled:

"Tom's a man of his word, boys—when he prothat settles it. Tom never lies." And his senile shrilled in a laugh. Then the old banker recognized Adams with Grant in the moonlight. "Hi, old chaser," he chirped feebly, still holding to Amos A arm; "sorry I couldn't get to my nevvy's wedding went—Morty's our social man," he laughed again. had some other important matters—business—very

tant business."

The Sands' party was moving toward the Sands' lim which stood purring at the curb. Abab Wright and Joe Calvin boosted the trembling old man into the c Wright slipped back and returned to the wedding rem, from which he had stolen away. Ahab was obly embarrassed at being caught in the conference with and Van Dorn, but Daniel Sands as he climbed into ar, sinking cautiously among the cushions and being led in robes by the chauffeur, was garrulous. He kept ng at Amos Adams who stood by with his son and the nans, waiting for the street car.

ost your only sane son, Amos," he said. "The fool after you, and the fiddler after his mother—but Jap

s real Sands—he's like me."

laughed at his joke, and when his breath came back he

here's Morty—he's like both the fool and the fiddler—the fool and the fiddler—and not a bit like me."

lorty isn't very well, Daniel," said Amos Adams, igg all that the old man had said. "Don't you think, i, you're letting that disease get too deep a hold on ?? With all your money, Dan, I think you'd—"

7ith all my money—with all my money, Amos," cried d man, shaking his hands, "with all my money—I can tand and wait. Amos—he's a fool, I know—but he's aly boy I've got—the only boy. And with all my money at good will it do me? Anne won't have it—and r's all I've got and he's going before I do. Amos—tell me, Amos—what have I done to deserve this of

Haven't I done as I ort? Why is this put on me?" t panting and blinking and shaking his ever-denying, d head. Amos did not reply. The chauffeur was takins seat in the car. "Ain't I paid my share in the h? Ain't I give parks to the city? Ain't I had famrayers for fifty years? Ain't I been a praying memall my life nearly? Ain't I supported missions?" he panted, "is it put on me to die without a son to my name and take care of my property? I made over sillions to him the other day. But why, Amos," the old s voice was broken and he whimpered, "has the Lord this to Morty?"

nos did not reply, but the big voice of Grant spoke very r: "Uncle Dan, Morty's got tuberculosis—you know

that. Tuberculosis has made you twenty per cent. if for twenty years—those hothouses for consumption of in the Valley. But it's cost the poor scores and so lives. Morty has it." Grant's voice rose solemnly, ance is mine sayeth the Lord, I will repay. You've ginterest, and the Lord has taken his toll."

The old man showed his colorless gums as he up

raging mouth.

"You—you—eh, you blasphemer!" He shook as chill and screamed, "But we've got you now—we'll for

The car for Harvey came, and the Adamses clim Amos Adams, sitting on the hard seat of the str looking into the moonlight, considered seriously his in-law, and his low estate. That he had to be help his limousine, that he had to be wrapped up like that his head was palsied and his hands fluttering. strange and rather inexplicable to Amos. He country iel a young man, four years his junior, barely seven a man who should be in his prime. Amos did not real his legs had been kept supple by climbing on and of printer's stool hourly for fifty years, and that his be buffeted the winds of the world unprotected all the and had kept fit. But Daniel Sands's sad case pathetic to the elder Adams and he cut into some stream of conversation from Grant and the Bown advertently with: "Poor Daniel-Morty doomed, as iel himself looking like the breaking up of a hard w poor Daniel! He doesn't seem to have got the hang of in this world; he can't seem to get on some way. for Daniel, Grant; he might have made quite a man not been fooled by money."

Clearly Amos was meditating aloud; no one replied talk flowed on. But the old man looked into the mo

and dreamed dreams.

The next day was Grant's day at his carpenter's and when he came to his office with his kit in his hands o'clock in the afternoon, he found Violet Hogan with the letters he was to sign, and with the mail and sorted. As he was signing his letters Violet gathe news of the day:

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ick Bowman ran in at noon and asked me to see if I get Dr. Nesbit and George Brotherton and Henry down here this evening to talk over his investment of Ben's money. The check will come to-morrow." looked up from his desk, but before he could ask a on Violet answered: "They'll be down at eight. The r is that proud! And Mr. Brotherton is cutting lodge Shriners, themselves—to come down."

was a grave and solemn council that sat by Grant s's desk that evening discussing the disposal of little five thousand. Excepting Mr. Brotherton, no one had ever handled that much money at one time. For h the Doctor was a man of affairs the money he hanin politics came easy and went easy, and the money rned Mrs. Nesbit always had invested for him. So he ida Bowman sat rather apart while Dick and Brotheronsidered the safety of bonds and mortgages and time its and other staple methods of investing the vast sum was about to be paid to them for Ben's accident. also considered plans for his education—whether he I learn telegraphy or should cultivate his voice, or college or what not. In this part of the council the r took a hand. But Lida Bowman kept her wonted The money could not take the bitterness from her though it did relieve her despair. While they talked, nere incident of the conversation, some one spoke of r seen Joe Calvin come down to the Wahoo Fuel Coms offices that day in his automobile. Doctor Nesbit ed having seen Calvin conferring with Tom Van Dorn laniel Sands in Van Dorn's office that afternoon. Then Bowman craning his neck asked for the third time Henry Fenn would show up; and for the third time s explained that Henry had taken the Hogan children e High School building in Harvey to behold the specof Janice Hogan graduating from the eighth grade into ligh School. Then Dick explained:

Vell. I just thought Henry would know about this paper to-day from the constable. It's a legal document, and ably has something to do with getting Benny's money nething. I couldn't make it out so I thought I'd just let

Henry figure on it and tell me what to do." And when few minutes later Fenn came in, with a sense of duty to Hogans well done, Dick handed Fenn the paper and with all the assurance of a man who expects the reasons of an affirmative answer:

"Well, Henry-she's all right, ain't she! Just some le

formality to go through, I suppose?"

Henry Fenn took the document from Bowman's be Henry stood under the electric, read it and sat thinking a few seconds, with widely furious eyes.

"Well," he said, "they've played their trump, boys. I

Tom Van Dorn-damn him!"

The group barked a common question in many of Fenn replied: "As I make it out, they got a New I stockholder of the Wahoo Valley Fuel Company to ask for injunction against paying little Ben his money to meet and the temporary injunction has been granted with hearing set for June 16."

"And won't they pay us without a snit?" asked Bow "Why, I don't see how that can be—they've been paying

accidents for a year now."

"Why, the law's through all the courts!" queried in

"The state courts-yes," answered Fenn, "but they a

own the federal court until they got Tom in."

Bowman's jaw began to tremble. His Adam's a bobbed like a cork, and no one spoke. Finally Dr. & spoke in his high-keyed voice: "I presume legal verbin all they talk in hell!" and sat pondering.

"Is there no way to beat it?" asked Brotherton.

"Not in this court, George," replied Fenn, "that's

"That means a long fight—a big law suit, Henry!"

"Unless they compromise or wear you out," replied

"And can't a jury decide?"

"No-it's an injunction. It's up to the court, as court is Tom Van Dorn," said Fenn.

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Then Dick Bowman spoke: "And there goes little Ben's gool and a chance to make something out of what's left of Why, it don't look right when the legislature's passed and the people's confirmed it and nine lawyers in all the te courts have said it's law,-for the attorney for the npany holding a job as judge to turn over all them forms law. Can't we do something?"

"Yes." spoke the big voice of Grant Adams for the first since Fenn made his announcement, "we can strikeat's one thing we can do. Why," he continued, full of otion. "I could no more hold those men down there against trike when they hear this than I could fly. They'll have

fight for this right, gentlemen!"

"Be calm now, Grant," piped the Doctor; "don't go off If cocked."

Grant's eyes flared—his nose dilated and the muscles his heavy jaw worked and knotted. He answered in a woice:

"Oh, I'll be calm all right, Doctor. I'm going down in morning and plead for peace. But I know my people. n't hold 'em.'

Those in the room stood for a moment in dazed silence: the Doctor and Brotherton, realizing the importance of ther discussion that night, soon withdrew from the room, ving Dick voluble in his grief and Lida, his wife, stony a speechless beside him. She shook no sympathizing not even Grant's, as the Bowmans left for home. But elimbed out of the chair and down the stairs on tired, wy feet.

in the morning there was turmoil in the Valley. In the mes Jared Thurston, with the fatuous blundering which racterizes all editors of papers like his, printed the news t little Ben Bowman would be denied his rights, as a glorvictory over the reformers. In an editorial, written in Loe Calvin's best style, the community was congratud upon having one judge at last who would put an end the accialistic foolishness that had been written by demahas on the state statute books, and hinting rather broadly the social labor program adopted by the people at the election through the direct vote would go the way of the fool statute under which the Bowman lad hoped to cheat the

courts of due process of law.

In vain did Grant Adams try to rally carpenters to the trocha. He pleaded with the men to raise a special fun to take little Ben's case through the federal courts; but he failed.

The Wahoo Valley saw in the case of little Ben Bown the drama of greed throttling poverty, all set forth in star grim terms that no one could question. The story appeal directly to the passions of the Valley and the Valley's ve rose in the demand to resort to its last weapon of defen The workers felt that they must strike or forfeit their respect. And day by day the Times, gloating at the comdownfall in Van Dorn's program of labor-repression, the oil on the flaming passions of the Valley, so labor reand went white hot. The council of the Wahoo Val Trades Workers came together to vote on the strike. Ev unit of seven was asked to meet and vote. Grant sat in office with the executive committee a day and a night con ing the slowly returning votes. Grant had influence con to make them declare emphatically for a peaceful str But the voice of the Valley was for a strike. The spring at its full. The little garden plots were blooming. The felt confident. A conference of the officials of the conwas called to formulate the demands. Grant managed put off the strike until the hearing on the temporary in tion, June 16, was held. But the men drew up ther mands and were ready for the court decision which ther would be finally against them.

The Wahoo Valley was stirred deeply by the premons of the coming strike. It was proud of its record for dustrial peace, and the prospect of war in the Valley

turned all its traditions.

Market Street had its profound reaction, too. Market Street and the Valley, each in its own way, felt the dresturmoil coming, knew what commercial disaster the streement, but Market Street was timid and powerless and stricken. Yet life went on. In the Valley there were and deaths and marriages, and on the hill in Harvey. Bedelia Nesbit was working out her plans to make

ne Nesbit house, while Lila, her granddaughter, was flutterag about in the seventh Heaven, for she was living under be same sky and sun and stars that bent over Kenyon, her wer, home from Boston for the Morton-Adams wedding. Ie might be hailed as a passing ship once or twice a day, if he managed to time her visits to Market Street properly, or might be seen from the east veranda of her home at the groper hour, and there was a throb of joy that blotted out In the rest of the pale world. There was one time; two hes indeed they were, and a hope of a third, when slipping et from under the shadow of her grandmother's belligerent mes, Lila had known the actual fleeting touch of hands; e actual feasting of eyes and the quick rapture of meeting at a tryst. And when Mrs. Nesbit left for Minneapolis consult an architect, and to be gone two weeks-Harvey d the Valley and the strike slipped so far below the skyline the two lovers that they were scarcely aware that such ings were in the universe.

Kenyon could not see even the grim cast of decision man-Grant's face. Day by day, while the votes assembled tich ordered the strike, the deep abiding purpose of Grant lams's soul rose and stood ready to master him. He and men seemed to be coming to their decision together. wotes indicated by a growing majority their determinain a score of ways Grant made it evident to those about that for him time had fruited; the day was ready and the mr at hand for his life plans to unfold. Those nearest n knew that the season of debate for Grant Adams had med. He was like one whose sails of destiny are set and lo longs to put out into the deep and let down his nets. he passed the long days impatiently until the hearing of injunction in little Ben's suit arrived, and every day med some heavier line into his face that recorded the mence of the quenchless fire of purpose in his heart.

A smiling, affable man was Judge Thomas Van Dorn in his at the morning of June 16. He had his ticket bought Chicago and a seat in the great convention of his party asted. He walked through the court room, rather dapperly. put his high silk hat on the bench beside him, by way of ling a certain air of easy informality to the proceedings.

His red necktie brought out every thin wrinkle in his kenished brown face and upon the pink brow threaded by a chain lightning of a scar. The old mushy, emotional win of his youth and maturity had thickened, and he talked loudly. He listened to arguments of counsel. Young be Calvin, representing the Fuel Company, was particularly eloquent. Henry Fenn knew that his case was hopeless, lat

made such reply as he could.

"Well," cut in the court before Fenn was off his feet at the close of his argument, "there's nothing to your court ion. The court is familiar with those cases, cited by courd Either the constitution means what it says or it doesn't. The court is willing to subscribe to a fund to pay this Bowns child a just compensation. This is a case for charity and to company is always generous in its benevolence. The Society may have the state courts, and the people are doubted erazy—but this court will uphold the constitution. The junction is made permanent. The court stands adjournel

The crowd of laborers in the court room laughed in Judge's face. They followed Grant Adams, who with bowed in thought walked slowly to the street car. "We fellows," said Grant, "here's the end. As it stands a the law considers steel and iron in machinery more set than flesh and blood. The court would have allowed to appropriate money for machines without due process law; but it enjoins them from appropriating money flesh and blood." He was talking to the members of Valley Labor Council as they stood waiting for a car, may as well miss a car and present our demands to the wins. The sooner we get this thing moving, the better."

Ten minutes later the Council walked into the office Calvin and Calvin. There sat Joseph Calvin, the elder ratty little man still, with a thin stringy neck and will bald head. His small, mousy eyes blinked at the smen. He was exceedingly polite. He admitted that he attorney for the owners' association in the Valley, the could if he chose speak for them in any negotiations might desire to make with their employees, but that he authorized to say that the owners were not ready to comor even to receive any communication from the men

y subject—except as individual employees might desire to infer with superintendents or foremen in the various mines and mills.

So they walked out. At labor headquarters in South Hary, Nathan Perry came sauntering in.

Well, boys-let's have your agreement-I think I know

hat it is. We're ready to sign."

In an hour men were carrying out posters to be distributed aroughout the Valley, signed by Grant Adams, chairman of Wahoo Valley Trades Workers' Council. It read:

STRIKE STRIKE STRIKE

The managers of our mines and mills in the Wahoo Valley have Fused to confer with representatives of the workers about an important matter. Therefore we order a general strike of all workers the mines and mills in this District. Workers before leaving will that their machines are carefully oiled, covered, and prepared to the without injury. For we claim partnership interest in them, and sould protect them and all our property in the mines and mills in the Valley. During this strike, we pledge ourselves.

To orderly conduct.

To keep out of the saloons.

To keep out of the saloons.

To protect our property in the mines and mills.

To use our influence to restrain all violence of speech or conduct. md we make the following demands:

First. That prices of commodities turned out in this district rhall it be increased to the public as a result of concessions to us in this

rike, and to that end we demand.

Second. That we be allowed to have a representative in the offices all concerns interested, said representative to have access to all als and accounts, guaranteeing to labor such increases in wages shall be evidently just, allowing 8 per cent dividends on stock, the yment of interest on bonds, and such sums for upkeep, maintenance, a repairs as shall not include the creation of a surplus or fund for

Henricos.

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Third, we demand that the companies concerned shall obey all laws beted by the state or nation to improve conditions of industry until the laws have been passed upon by the supreme courts of the state of the United States.

Fourth, we demand that all negotiations between the employers and workers arising out of the demands shall be conducted on behalf the workers by the Trades Workers' Council of the Wahoo Valley or hir accredited representatives.

During this strike we promise to the public righteous peace; after strike we promise to the managers of the mines and mills ef-

Bent labor, and to the workers always justice.

At two o'clock that June afternoon the whistle of the engine in the smelter in South Harvey, the whistle is glass factory at Magnus, and the siren in the eement me Foley blew, and gradually the wheels stopped, the mack were covered, the fires drawn, the engines wiped and end with oil, and the men marched out of all the mills and and shops in the district. There was no uproar, no rebut in an hour all the garden patches in the Valley black with men. The big strike of the Wahoo Valley we

CHAPTER XLVI

WHEREIN GRANT ADAMS PREACHES PEACE AND LIDA BOWMAI SPEAKS HER MIND

WAR, being an acute stage of discussion about th ownership of property, is a war even though "th lead striker calls it a strike," and even though he pro poses to conduct the acute stage of the discussion on hig The gentleman who is being relieved of wha moral grounds. he considers at the moment his property, has no notion of giving it up without a struggle, no matter how courteousl he is addressed, nor upon what exalted grounds the dis cussion is ranging. It is a world-old mistake of the Have nots to discount the value which the Haves put upon their property. The Have-nots, generally speaking, hold the pror erty under discussion in low esteem. They have not had th property in question. They don't know what a good thin it is—except in theory. But the Haves have had the prop erty and they will fight for it, displaying a degree of feelin that always surprises the Have-nots, and naturally weaken their regard for the high motives and disinterested citizer ship of the Haves.

Now Grant Adams in the great strike in the Wahoo Valle was making the world-old mistake. He was relying upon the moral force of his argument to separate the Haves from their property. He had cared little for the property. The poor never care much for property—otherwise they would not be poor. So Grant and his followers in the Valley—an all over the world for that matter,—(for they are of the great the who believe in a more equitable distribution of property through a restatement of the actual values of various servant society), went into their demands for partnership right the industrial property around them, in a sublime an autiful but untenable faith that the righteousness of their

cause would win it. The afternoon when the men walk out of the mines and mills and shops, placards covered the dead walls of the Valley and the hired billboards in Harry setting forth the claims of the men. They bought and particularly thousand copies of Amos Adams's Tribuse, as distributed it in every home in the district, setting for their reasons for striking. Great posters were spread out the town and in the Valley declaring "the rule of this strike to be square, and to be square means that the strikers and do as they would be done by. There will be no violence."

Now it would seem that coming to the discussion with the obviously high motives, and such fair promises, the strike would have been met by similarly altruistic methods. Be instead, the next morning at half past six, when a thousand strikers appeared bearing large white badges inscribed with the words, "We stand for peace and law and order," and when the strikers appeared before the entrance to the shall houses and the gates and doors of the smelters and mills, beginned many women not to fill the vacant places at the many and mines, the white-badged brigade was met with five has dred policemen who rudely ordered the strikers to move

The Haves were exhibiting feeling in the matter. Be the mines and mills did not open; not enough strike-breaks appeared. So that afternoon, a great procession of which badged men and white-clad women and children, formed is South Harvey, and, headed by the Foley Brass Band, market through Market Street and for five miles through the street of Harvey singing. Upon a platform carried by eight which clad mothers, sat little Ben Bowman swathed in which waving a white flag in his hand, and leading the single Over the chair on which he sat were these words on a great process. "For his legal rights and for all such as he will demand that the law be enforced."

For two hours the procession wormed through Harms The streets were crowded to watch it. It made its impression the town. The elder Calvin watched it with Mayor Ale Wright, in festal side whiskers, from the office of Calvin Calvin. Young Joe Calvin from time to time came and look over their shoulders. But he was for the most part two best engaged, making out commissions for deputy shoriffs and

headed for South Harvey, the ear of the young man ht a familiar tune. He watched Ahab Wright and his r to see if they recognized it. The placid face of the retrayed no more consciousness of the air than did immaculate white necktie. The elder Calvin's face ed no appreciative wrinkles. The band passed down treet roaring the battle hymn of labor that has become miliar all over the world. The great procession paused rered in the street, while Little Ben waved his flag raised his clear, boyish voice with its clarion note and as the procession waved back. And at the spectacle e erippled child, waving his one little arm, and lifting oice in a lusty strain, the sidewalk crowd cheered and who knew the tune joined.

oung Joe Calvin stood with his hands on the shoulders se two sitting men. "Mr. Mayor, do you know that

?" said Young Joe.

r. Mayor, whose only secular tune was "Yankee Doodle," meed his ignorance. "Listen to the words," suggested ig Joe. Old Joe put his hand to his right ear. Ahab that leaned forward, and the words of the old, old cry is Reds of the Midi came surging up:

"To arms! to arms!—ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! March on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death."

hen Ahab Wright caught the words he was open mouthed astonishment. "Why—why," he cried, "that—why,

is sedition. They're advocating murder!"

ung Joe Calvin's face did not betray him, and he nodded raing head. Old Joe looked the genuine consternation he felt.

We can't have this, Ahab—this won't do—a few days of and we'll have bloodshed."

did not occur to Ahab Wright that he had been singing ward, Christian Soldiers," and "I Am a Soldier of the a," and "I'll Be Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," his pious life, without ever meaning anything particu-

larly sanguinary. He heard the war song of the revolution and being a literal and peth-headed man, prepared to defe the flag with all the ardor that had burned in John E

lander's heart for fifty years.

"I tell you, Mr. Mayor, we need the troops. The She agrees with me—now you hear that," said young Joe. "V you wait until some one is killed or worse, until a min flooded, before sending for them?"

"You know, Ahab," put in old Joe, "the Governor on the phone this morning, not to let this situation get as

from you."

The crowd was joining the singing. The words the spiring words of the labor chant had caught the people as sidewalk, and a great diapason was rising:

"March on! March on!-all hearts resolved On victory or death."

"Hear that—hear that, Ahab!" cried old Joe. "Why, decent people up town here are going crazy—they're singing it—and that little devil is waving a red flag with white one!"

Ahab Wright looked and was aghast. "Doesn't that m

rebellion-anarchy-and bloodshed?" he gasped.

"It means socialism," quoth young Joe, laconis

"Well, well! my! my! Dear me," fretted Ahab,

mustn't let this go on."

"Shall I get the Governor on the phone—you know have the Sheriff's order here—just waiting for you to; him?" asked young Joe.

The Haves were moving the realm of the discussion at their property from pure reason to the baser emotions.

"Look, look!" cried the Mayor. "Grant Adams is a ing on that platform—and those women have to hold his—it's shameful. Listen!"

"I want to say to my old neighbors and friends her Harvey," cried Grant, "that in this strike we shall try all our might, with all our hearts' best endeavors, to do others as we would have them do unto us. Our proper the mines and mills in this Valley, we shall protect, in

secredly as our partners on Wall Street would protect it. is our property—we are the legatees of the laborers who have piled it up. You men of Harvey know that these mines Present little new capital. They were dug with the profits The smelters rose from the profits of the first smelters in the district. Where capital has builded with fresh investment—we make no specific claim, but where capital has builded here in this district from profits ande in the district—profits made by reason of cheating the ppled and the killed, profits made by long deadly hours labor, profits made by cooking men's lungs on the slag damp, profits made by choking men to death, unrequited, in ement dust, profits sweated out of the men at the glass rnaces—where capital has appropriated unjustly, we ex-Pect to appropriate justly. We shall take nothing that we not own. This is the beginning of the rise of the Democecy of Labor—the dawn of the new day." He waved his and his steel claw and chanted:

"March on!-March on!-all hearts .resolved,"

And in a wave of song the response came

"To victory or death."

Grant Adams flaunted his black slouch hat; then he sprang rom the platform, and hurried to the front of the procession. The band struck up a lively tune and the long trail of white-elad women and white-badged men became animate.

"Well, Ahab —you heard that? That is rebellion," said old Joe, squinting his mole-like eyes. "What are you going to do about that—as the chief priest of law and order in this community?"

Five minutes later Ahab Wright, greatly impressed with the dignity of his position, and with the fact that he was talking to so superior a person as a governor, was saying:

"Yes, your excellency—yes, I wanted to tell you of our conditions here in the Valley. It's serious—quite serious."

To the Governor's question the Mayor replied:

"No-no-not yet, but we want to prevent it. This man

Adams-Grant Adams, you've heard about him-"

And then an instant later he continued, "Yesthe man, Governor—Dr. Nesbit's friend. Well, thi Adams has no respect for authority, nor for property and he's stirring up the people."

Young Joe Calvin winked at his father and said duri

pause,

"That's the stuff-the old man's coming across

top."

Ahab went on: "Exactly—'false and seditions trines,' and I'm afraid, Governor, that it will be wise t us some troops."

The Calvins exchanged approving nods, and your having the enthusiasm of youth in his blood, beat his d

joyous approval of the trend of events.

"Oh, I don't know as to that," continued Ahah, as ing the Governor. "We have about four thousand a perhaps a few more out. You know how many troop handle them."

"Tell him we'll quarter them in the various plants, A

cut in old Joe, and Ahab nodded as he listened.

"Well, don't wait for the tents," he said. "Our paid quarter the men in the buildings in the centers of the turbance. Our merchants can supply your quarters with everything. We have about a thousand policemed deputy sheriffs—"

While the Mayor was listening to the Governor, a senior said to his son, "Probably we'd better punch h with that promise about the provo marshal," and your

interrupted:

"And, Mr. Mayor, don't forget to remind him of the

ise he made to Tom Van Dorn,-about me."

Ahab nodded and listened. "Wait," he said, putti hand over the telephone receiver, and added in a low to those in the room: "He was just talking about the thinks he will not proclaim martial law until there is violence—which he feels will follow the coming of the t when the men see he is determined. He said then the expected Captain Calvin of the Harvey Company to charge, and the Governor will speak to the other it." Ahab paused a moment for further orders." said the elder Calvin, "I believe that's all."

Il there be anything else to-day, Joe?" asked Ahab, ciously assuming his counter manner to young Joe who replied without a smile:

ll—no—not to-day, thank you," and Ahab went back

Governor and ended the parley.

Times the next morning with flaring headlines and that the Governor had decided to send troops to thoo Valley to protect the property in the mines and or the rightful owners and to prevent any further ary speaking and rioting such as had disgraced Mareet the day before. In an editorial the Governor was to proclaim martial law, as only the strictest repressuld prevent the rise of anarchy and open rebellion to horities.

troops came on the early morning trains, and filed into ds occupied by the workmen before the strike. The militiamen immediately began pervading South Harley and Magnus, and when the strikers lined up before es and doors of their former working places at seven that morning they met a brown line of youths—devilre young fellows out for a lark, who liked to prod the m with their bayonets and who laughingly ordered the to stop trying to keep the strike-breakers from gowork. The strikers were bound by their pledges to the Council not to touch the strike-breakers under any cirnees. The strikers—white-badged and earnest-faced their campaign by lining up five on each side of a path through which the strike-breakers would have to their work, and crying:

Ip us, and we'll help you. Don't scab on us—keep the works, and we'll see that you are provided for.
—don't turn your backs on your fellow workers."

would stretch out their arms in mute appeal when failed, and they brought dozens of strike-breakers rom their work. And on the second morning of the lot a wheel turned in the district.

norning Grant Adams moved among the men. He

was a marked figure—with his steel claw—and he realized that he was regarded by the militiamen as an ogre. A young militiaman had hurt a boy in Magnus—pricked him in the leg and cut an artery. Grant tried to see the Colonel of the company to protest. But the soldier had been to the officer with his story, and Grant was told that the boy attacked the militiaman—which, considering that the boy was a child in his early teens and the man was armed and in his twenties, was unlikely. But Grant saw that his protein would not avail. He issued a statement, gave it to the prescorrespondents who came flocking in with the troops, and sent it to the Governor, who naturally transferred it back to the militiamen.

In the afternoon the parade started again—the women sal children in white, and the men in white coats and white work ing caps. It formed on a common between Harvey and South Harvey, and instead of going into Harvey turns down into the Valley where it marched silently around the quiet mills and shafts and to the few tenements where the strike-breakers were lodged. A number of them were deting at the windows and on the steps and when the strict saw the men in the tenements, they raised their arms in me appeal, but spoke no word. Down the Valley the proces sion hurried and in every town repeated this performant The troops had gathered in Harvey and were waiting a it was not until after three o'clock that they started also the strikers. A troop of cavalry overtook the column Foley, and rode through the line a few times, but no spoke, and the cavalrymen rode along the line but did not to to break it. So the third day passed without a fire in furnace in the district.

That night Grant Adams addressed the strikers in Bellian South Harvey, in Fraternity Hall in Magnus and a common in Foley. The burden of his message was the "Stick—stick to the strike and to our method. If we ademonstrate the fact that we have the brains to organize abandon force, to maintain ourselves financially, to put cause before our fellow workers so clearly that they will pus—we can win, we can enter into the partnership in the mills that is ours by right. The Democracy of Labor at

mocracy of Peace—only in peace, only by using the higher sof peace under great provocation may we establish that mocracy and come into our own. Stick—stick—stick to strike and stick to the ways of peace. Let them rally their Colonels and their tin soldiers—and we shall not fear for we are gathered about the Prince of Peace."

The workmen always rose to this appeal and in Foley where Letts had worked in the slag-dump, one of them, who I not quite understand the association of words implied

the term the Prince of Peace, cried:

"Hurrah for Grant, he is the Prince of Peace," and the od natured crowd laughed and cheered the man's mistake. But the Times the next morning contained this head:

"Shame on Grant Adams, Trying to Inflame Ignorant Foreigners. clares he is the Prince of Peace and gets Applause from his Excited Dupes—Will he Claim to be Messiah?"

It was a good story—from a purely sensational viewpoint, id it was telegraphed over the country, that Grant Adams, e labor leader, was claiming to be a messiah and was llying foreigners to him by supernatural powers. mes contained a vicious editorial calling on all good citizens stamp out the blasphemous cult that Adams was propa-The editorial said that the authorities should not w such a man to speak on the streets maintained by tax-Pers, and that with the traitorous promises of ownership the mines and mills backing up such a campaign, rebellion uld soon be stalking the street and bloodshed such as had been seen in America for a generation would follow. pes which the Times called Grant Adams indicated so ch malice, that Grant felt encouraged, and believed he I the strike won, if he could keep down violence. amph flambeaued itself on his face. For two peaceful rs had passed. And peace was his signal of victory. But during the night a trainload of strike-breakers came m Chicago. They were quartered in the railroad yards, I Grant ordered a thousand pickets out to meet the men laybreak. Grant called out the groups of seven and each ging house, tenement and car on the railroad siding was eeled out to a group. Moreover, Grant threw his army into action by ordering twenty groups into Sands Pathrough which the strike-breaking smelter men would pafter the pickets had spoken to the strike-breakers in the door yards. Lining the park paths, men stood in the amorning begging working men not to go into the places a vacant by the strike. In addition to this, he posted of groups of strikers to stand near the gates and doors of working places, begging the strike-breakers to join strikers.

Grant Adams, in his office, was the motive power of strike. By telephone his power was transferred all over district. Violet Hogan and Henry Fenn were with Two telephones began buzzing as the first strikers went Sands Park. Fenn, sitting by Grant, picked up the transmitter; Violet took the other. She took the mes in shorthand. Fenn translated a running jargon bets

breaths.

"Police down in Foley-Clubbing the Letts.-No bi

shed .- They are running back to their gardens."

"Tell the French to take their places," said Gra "There are four French sevens—tell him to get the right away—but not to fight the cops. Militia there!"

"No," answered Fenn, "they are guarding the mill d and this happened in the streets near the lodging how

"Mr. Adams," said Violet, reading, "there's some of a row in Sands Park. The cavalry is there and Ira Desays to tell you to clear out the Park or there will be treat "Get the boys on the phone. Violet, and tell them I

"Get the boys on the phone, Violet, and tell them I leave the Park, then, and go to the shaft houses in Magn

but to march in silence-understand?"

Fenn picked up the transmitter again, "What's the what's that—" he cried. Then he mumbled on, "He the cops have ax-handles and that down by the smelters are whacking our people right and left—Three in an a lance!—The Slavs won't take it! Cop badly hurt?" a Fenn.

Grant Adams groaned, and put his head in his hand, leaned on the desk. He rose up suddenly with a flat face and said: "I'm going down there—I can stop it." He bolted from the room and rattled down the stairs. minute he came running up. "Violet—" he called to the tman who was busy at the telephone—" shut that man off order a car for me quick—they've stolen my crank and every one of my tires. For God's sake be quick—I must down to those Slavs."

In a moment Violet had shut off her interviewer, and was ling the South Harvey Garage. Henry Fenn, busy with

sphone, looked up with a drawn face and cried:

"Grant—the Cossacks—the Cossacks are riding down me little Italians in Sands Park—chasing them like dogs me the paths—they say the cavalry is using whips!"

Grant stood with bowed head and arched shoulders listeng. The muscles of his jaw contracted, and he snapped

s teeth.

"Any one hurt?" he asked. Fenn, with the receiver to sear went on, "The Dagoes are not fighting back—the walrymen are shooting in the air, but—the lines are then—the scabs are marching to the mines through a line soldiers—we've stopped about a third from the cars—sy are forming at the upper end of the Park—our men, "y—"

'Good-by,'' shouted Grant, as he heard a motor car whirr-

in the distance.

Furning out of the street he saw a line of soldiers block; his way. He had the driver turn, and at the next corner and himself blocked in. Once more he tried, and again and himself fenced in. He jumped from the car, and ran, ad down, toward the line of young fellows in khaki block; the street. As he came up to them he straightened up, d, striking with his hook a terrific blow, the bayonet that all have stopped him, Grant caught the youth's coat in the all claw, whirled him about and was gone in a second.

He ran through alleys and across commons until he caught street car for the smelters. Here he heard the roar of the st. He saw the new ax-handles of the policemen beating air, and occasionally thudding on a man's back or head. We shave were crying and throwing clods and stones. The same trans up and bellowed in his great voice:

"Quit it—break away—there, you men. Let the cops

me. Do you want to lose this strike?"

A policeman put his hand on Grant's shoulder to a him. Grant brushed him aside.

"Break away there, boys," he called. The Slavs standing staring at him. Several bloody faces testific the effectiveness of the ax-handles.

"Stand back-stand back. Get to your lines," be a glaring at them. They fell under his spell and ob When they were quiet he walked over to them, and

gently:

"It's all right, boys—grin and hear it. We'll win. couldn't help it—I couldn't either." He smiled. "Be—try next time." The strike-breakers were huddled

of the policemen.

"Men," he shouted to the strike-breakers over the of the policemen, "this strike is yours as well as ours have money to keep you, if you will join us. Come with comrades—Oh, comrades, stand with us in this fight! there and they'll enslave you—they'll butcher you as you and offer you a lawsuit for your blood. We offer justice, if we win. Come, come," he cried, "fellow wo—comrades, help us to have peace."

The policemen formed a line into the door of the house. The strike-breakers hesitated. Grant approached life of policemen, put up his arm and his maimed lifted his rough, broken face skyward and cried, "O-O, God, pour Thy peace into their hearts that they may

mercy on their comrades."

A silence fell, the strike-breakers began to pass the the police lines to join the strikers. At first only one time, then two. And then, the line broke and strearound the policemen. A great cheer went up from street, and Grant Adams's face twitched and his eyes with tears. Then he hurried away.

It was eight o'clock and the picketing for the day

done, when Grant reached his office.

"Well," said Fenn, who had Violet's notes before "it's considerably better than a dog fall. They have smelter at work. Two shafts are working with about a of a force, and we feel they are bluffing. The glass naces are cold. The cement mills are dead. They beat the Italians pretty badly over in the Park."

Times issued a noon extra to tell of the incident in nt of the smelter, and expatiated upon the Messianic th. A tirade against Grant Adams in black-faced type me columns wide occupied the center of the first page the extra, and in Harvey people began to believe that was the "Mad Mullah" that the Times said he was.

Then Dr. Nesbit drove his electric home that noon, he nd his daughter waiting for him. She stood on the front ch. with a small value beside her. She was dressed in ite and her youthful skin, fresh lips, glowing eyes and rhtened color made her seem younger than the woman of ty that she was. Her father saw in her face the burning pose to serve which had come to indicate her moments decision. The Doctor had grown used to that look of ision and he knew that it was in some way related to th Harvey and the strike. For during her years of the in the Valley, its interests had grown to dominate her But the Valley and its interests had unfolded her soul its widest reach, to its profoundest depths. And in her tures were blazoned, at times, all the love and joy and ingth that her life had gathered. These were the times an she wore what her father called "the Valley look." had "the Valley look" in her face that day when she d waiting for her father with the valise beside her—a ntiful woman.

Father—now don't stop me, dear. I'm going to Grant. her will be home in a few days. I've told Lila to stay h Martha Morton when you are not here. It's always ire and tranquil up here, you know. But I'm going down he Valley. I'm going to the strike."
Going to the strike?" repeated her father.

Yes," she answered, turning her earnest eyes upon him the spoke. "It's the first duty I have on earth—to be a my people in this crisis. All these years they have pe me up; have renewed my faith; they have given me rage. Now is my turn, father. Where they go, I go She smiled gently and added, "I'm going to Grant."

She took her father's hands. "Father—Oh, my friend—you understand me—Grant and me!—don't! Every man in the crisis of his life needs a woman been reading about Grant in the papers. I can ser really has happened. But he doesn't understand how they say happens, for the next few days or weeks or my while this strike is on, is of vastly more importance than really happens. He lacks perspective on himself. A wif she is a worthy friend—gives that to a man. I'm goi Grant—to my good friend, father, and stand with himelose, and very true, I hope!"

Trouble moved over the Doctor's face in a cloud don't know about Grant, Laura," he said. "All this M

and Prince of Peace tomfoolery-and-"

"Why, you know it never happened, don't you, fi

You know Grant is not a fool-nor mad ?"

"Oh, I suppose so, Laura-but he approximates b

times," piped the father raspingly.

"Father—listen here—listen to me, dear. I know Go I've known him always. This is what is the matter Grant. I don't think one act in all his life was based selfish or an ulterior motive. He has spent his life is for others. He has given himself without let or him for his ideals—he gave up power and personal glory—this cause of labor. He has been maimed and broken for has failed for it; and now you see what clouds are gat above him—and I must go to him. I must be with him

"But for what good, Laura?" asked her father

tiently.

"For my own soul's good and glory, dear," she ansolemnly. "To live my faith; to stand by the people whom I have cast my lot; to share the great joy that I is in Grant's heart—the joy of serving; to triumph failure if it comes to that!—to be happy—with him know him no matter what chance and circumstance sur him. Oh—father—"

She looked up with brimming eyes and clasped his tightly while she cried: "I must go—Oh, bless m go—" And the father kissed her forehead.

An hour later, while Grant Adams, in his office, was

Detions for the afternoon parade a white-clad figure brightkd the doorway.

Well, Grant, I have come to serve," she smiled, "under

He turned and rose and took her hands in his one flinty and said quietly: "We need you—we need you badly at this minute."

he answered, "Very well, then—I'm ready!"

Well go out and work—talk peace, don't let them fight,

the line calm and we'll win," he said.

She started away and he cried after her, "Come to Belgian la to-night—we may need you there. The strike comttee and the leader of each seven will be there. It will be var council."

Dut to the works went Laura Van Dorn. Mounted policen or mounted deputies or mounted militiamen stood at my gate. As the strike-breakers came out they were surunded by the officers of the law, who marched away with strangers. The strikers followed, calling upon their how workers, stretching out pleading arms to them and at mers where the strikers were gathered in any considerable mbers, the guards rode into the crowd waving their whips. a corner near the Park a woman stepped from the crowd **I cried** to the officers:

"That's my boy in there—I've got a right to talk to him." the started to crowd between the horses, and the policemen

met her back.

"Karl—Karl," she cried, "you come out of there; what mid papa say—and you a scab."

She lifted her arms beseechingly and started toward the th. A policeman cursed her and felled her with a club. the lay bleeding on the street, and the strikers stood by ground their teeth. Laura Van Dorn stooped over the man, picked her up and helped her to walk home. But he turned away she saw five men walk out of the ranks the strike-breakers and join the men on the corner. A er went up, and two more came.

elgian Hall was filled with workers that night-men women. In front of the stage at a long table sat the ke committee. Before them sat the delegates from the

various "locals" and the leaders of the sevens. A these men and women filled the hall—men and women from equarter of the globe. That night they had decided to at the Jews from the Magnus paint works—the Jews whom Russians scorned, and the Lettish people distrusted. Be all of the delegates in a solid row around the wall stood police, watching Grant Adams. He did not sit with strike committee but worked his way through the entalking to a group here and encouraging a man or we there—but always restless, always fearing trouble. It nine o'clock when the meeting opened by singing "The ternational." It was sung in twenty tongues, but the characteristic swelled up and men and women wept as they sang.

"Oh, the Brotherhood of men Shall be the human race."

Then the delegates reported. A Greek woman told has had been chased by men on horseback through the wood the Park. A Polack man showed a torn hand that come under an ax-handle. A Frenchman told how be been pursued by a horseman while going for medicine to sick child. A Portuguese told how he had brought from ranks of the strike-breakers a big fellow worker when knew in New Jersey. The Germans reported that rone of their men in the Valley was out and working in garden. Over and over young girls told of insults they received. A mania of brutality seemed to have sp through the officers of the law. A Scotch miner's damp showed a tear in her dress made by a soldier's bayonet—"'In fun,' he said, but I could see na joke."

In all the speeches there was a spirit of camaraders fellowship, of love. "We are one blood now," a Daminer cried, in broken English, "we are all Americans America will be a brotherhood—a brotherhood in the mocracy of Labor, under the Prince of Peace." A

shout arose and the crowd called:
"Grant—Grant—Brother Grant."

But he stood by the table and shook his head. Af girl picket and a woman—one a Welsh girl, the other al miner's mother—had told how they were set upon in back by the soldiers, up rose a pale, trembling woman from mong the Hungarians, her brown, blotched face and her body made the men look down or away. She spoke in

roken, uncertain English.

We has send to picket our men and yet our boys, and bey beat them down. We haf our girls send, and they come some crying. But I say to God this evening-Oh, is there bthing for me—for me carrying child, and He whisper yais -these soldiers, he haf wife, he haf mother." She paused and shook with fear and shame. "Then I say to youall home your man-your girl so young, and we go-we wemen with child—we with big bellies, filled with unborn—we go—O, my God, He say we go, and this soldier—he af wife, he haf mother—he will see;—we—we—they will set strike us down. Send us, oh, Grant, Prince of Peace, to he picket line next morning."

Her voice broke and she sat down covering her head with

in skirt and weeping in excitement.

"Let me go," cried a clear voice, as a brown-eyed Welsh

"I know ten others that will go." man rose.

"I also," cried a German woman. "Let us organize towht. We can have two hundred child-bearing women!" "Yes, men," spoke up a trim-looking young wife from mong the glassworkers, "we of old have been sacred—let see if capital holds us sacred now—before property."

Grant leaned over to Laura and asked, "Would it do?

couldn't they shame us for it?"

The eyes of Laura Van Dorn were filled with tears. They re streaming down her face.

"'Oh, yes,'' she cried, 'no deeper symbol of peace is in earth than the child-bearing woman. Let her go."

Grant Adams rose and addressed the chair: "Mr. Chairn-I move that all men and all women except those chosen ▶ these who have just spoken, be asked to keep out of the ark to-morrow morning, that all the world may know how sered we hold this cause and with what weapons of peace would win it."

So it was ordered, and the crowd sang the International lymn again, and then the Marseillaise, and went home

reaming high dreams.

As Grant and Laura walked from the hall, the last to le the meeting, after the women had finished making out the list of pickets, the streets were empty and they metrather failed to meet, Mrs. Dick Bowman, with Mugs in t who crossed the street obviously to avoid Grant and his e

panion.

Grant and Laura, walking briskly along and planning next day's work, passed the smelters where the soldiers on sentry duty. They passed the shaft houses where Har militiamen were bunked and guarded by sentinels. passed the habiliments of war in a score of peaceful pl

"Grant," cried Laura, "I really think now we'll a that the strike of peace will prove all that you have

for."

"But if we fail," he replied, "it proves nothingperhaps that it was worth trying, and will be worth to and trying and trying-until it wins!"

It was half past twelve. Grant Adams, standing b the Vanderbilt House, talking with Henry Fenn, was say "Well, Henry, one week of this-one week of peace-

the triumph of peace will be-"

A terrific explosion shut his mouth. Across the night saw a red glare a few hundred feet away. An instant it was dark again. He ran toward the place where the had winked out. As he turned a corner, he saw stars a there should have been shaft house No. 7 of the Wahoo Company's mines, and he knew that it had been destr In it were a dozen sleeping soldiers of the Harvey M Company, and it flashed through his mind that Lida Box at last had spoken.

CHAPTER XLVII

WHICH GRANT ADAMS AND LAURA VAN DORN TAKE A WALK DOWN MARKET STREET AND MRS. NESBIT ACQUIRES A LONG LOST GRANDSON-IN-LAW

RANT ADAMS and Henry Fenn were among the first to arrive at the scene of the explosion. Henry Fenn had tried to stop Grant from going so quickly, thinkhis presence at the scene would raise a question of his It but he cried:

They may need me, Henry—come on—what's a quibble

ruilt when a life's to save?"

When they came to the pile of débris, they saw Dick wman coming up—barefooted, coatless and breathless. ant and Fenn had run less than fifteen hundred feet-Dick ad a mile from the shaft house. Grant Adams's mind thed suspicion toward the Bowmans. He went to Dick as the wreckage and said:

Oh, Dick—I'm sorry you didn't get here sooner."
So am I—so am I," cried Dick, craning his long neck rously.

Where is Mugs!" asked Grant, as the two worked with nam over a body—the body of handsome Fred Kollander ying near the edge of the litter.

44 He's home in bed and asleep—and so's his mother, too.

tant, sound asleep."

During the first minutes after the explosion, men near by Grant and Fenn came running to the scene of the teked shaft by the scores, and as Grant and Dick Bowman the streets grew black with men, workmen, policemen, diers, citizens, men by the hundreds came hurrying up. a great siren whistles of the water and light plants began bellow; fire bells and church bells up in Harvey began to and Grant knew that the telephone was alarming the In. Ten minutes after the explosion, while Grant was

ordering his men in the crowd to organize for the remilitia colonel appeared, threw a cordon of men about ruins and the police and soldiers took charge, forcing and his men away. The first few moments after he ha thrust out of the relief work, Grant spent sending hi in the crowd to summon the members of the Council he turned and hurried to his office in the Vanderbilt For an hour he wrote. Henry Fenn came, and later Van Dorn appeared, but he waved them both to silene without telling them what he had written he wen them to the hall where the Valley Council was waiting turmoil of excitement. It was after two o'clock Harvey was a military camp. Thousands of citizens Harvey were hurrying about. As he passed along the the electric lights showed him little groups about some stricken parent or brother or sister of a missing milit Automobiles were roaring through the streets carrying cers, policemen, prominent citizens of Harvey. Ahab and Joe Calvin and Kyle Perry were in a car with Kollander who had come down to South Harvey to ela body of his son, Fred. Grant saw the Sands's car with in it supporting a stricken soldier. The car was halted corner by the press of traffic, and as Grant and Laur Henry passed, Morty said under the din: "Grantbe careful-they are turning Heaven and earth to fin hand in this; it will be only a matter of days may hours, until they will have their witnesses hired!"

Grant nodded. The car moved on and Grant at friends pressed through the throng to the hall whe Valley Council was waiting. There Grant stood are

what he had written. It ran thus:

"For the death by dynamite of the militiamer perished at midnight in shaft No. 7 of the Wahoo Fuel pany's mines, I take full responsibility. I have assule addreship in a strike which caused these deaths. I she whit of my share in this outrage. Yet I preached only I pleaded for orderly conduct. I appealed to the worl take their own not by force of arms but by the trems force of moral right. That ten thousand workers resthis appeal, I am exceedingly proud. That one of

the ten thousand was not convinced of the justice of our se and the ultimate triumph by the force of righteousness a sorry beyond words. I call upon my comrades to witwhat a blow to our cause this murder has been and to the firm in the faith that the strike must win by ways of

Yet, whoever did this deed was not entirely to blame tweer it may cripple his fellow-workers. A child mangled the mines denied his legal damages; men clubbed for tellof their wrongs to their fellow-laborers who were asked their places; women on the picket line, herded like through the park by Cossacks whipping the fleeing creamercilessly; these things inflamed the mind of the man set off the bomb; these things had their share in the

But I knew what strikes were. I know indeed what her still are and what this strike may be. I sorrow with a families whose boys perished by the bomb in shaft house. The strike is an are in the families of those who have been and broken in this strike. But by all this innocent and—blood shed by the working people—blood shed by the who ignorantly misunderstand us, I now beg you, my trades, to stand firm in this strike. Let not this blood be in vain. It may be indeed that the men of the master here have not descended as deeply as we may expect to descend. They may feel that more blood must be led before they let us come into our own. But if blood thed again, we must bleed, but let it not be upon our

Again, even in this breakdown of our high hopes for a ke without violence, I lift my voice in faith, I hail the aing victory, I proclaim that the day of the Democracy Labor is at hand, and it shall come in peace and good to all."

When he had finished reading his statement, he sat down the Valley Council began to discuss it. Many objected at; others wished to have it modified; still others agreed at it should be published as he had read it. In the end, had his way. But in the hubbub of the discussion, Laura Dorn, sitting near him, asked:

"Grant, why do you take all this on your shoulder is not fair, and it is not true—for that matter."

He answered finally: "Well, that's what I prop

do."

He was haggard and careworn and he stared at the a beside him with determination in his eyes. But she not give up. Again she insisted: "The people are in—terribly inflamed and in the morning they will be mood for this. It may put you in jail—put you whe are powerless."

He turned upon her the stubborn, emotional face the

"If anything were to be gained for the comrades by ing—I'd wait." Then his jaws closed in decision as h "Laura, that deed was done in blind rage by one wh risked his life to save mine. Then he acted not b but in the light of a radiance from the Holy Ghost heart! If I can help him now—can even share his with him—I should do it. And in this case—I think help the cause to make a fair confession of our weakne

"But, Grant," cried the woman, "Grant—can't yethat the murder of these boys—these Harvey boys, the whose mothers and fathers and sweethearts and young and children are going about the streets as hourly wit against you and our fellow-workers here—will arouse

spirit that is dangerous?"

"Yes—I see that. But if anything can quell the spirit, frank, open-hearted confession will do it." brushed aside her further protests and in another it was on his feet defending his statement to the Valley

cil. Ten minutes later the reporters had it.

At six o'clock in the morning posters covered South B and the whole district proclaiming martial law. They signed by Joseph Calvin, Jr., provost marshal, and denied the right of assembly, except upon written or the provost marshal, declared that incendiary speech be stopped, forbade parades except under the provost shal's inspection, and said that offenders would be tricourt-martial for all disobediences to the orders of the lamation. The proclamation was underscored in it

rements that no meeting of any kind might be held in district or on any lot or in any building except upon litten consent of the owner of the lot or building and with permission of the provost marshal. Belgian Hall was a sted hall, and the Wahoo Fuel Company controlled most of available town lots, leaving only the farms of the work, that were planted thick with gardens, for even the most literative meeting.

and at ten o'clock Grant Adams had signed a counter telamation declaring that the proclamation of martial law a time of peace was an usurpation of the constitutional tens of American citizens, and that they must refuse to tenize any authority that abridged the right of free asthlage, a free press, free speech and a trial by jury. The Adams sent the workers an invitation to meet in the we below his house. Grant called a meeting for half-past three at the Adams homestead. It was a direct challenge. The noon extra edition of the Times, under the caption, the Governor Is Right,' contained this illuminating editial:

Beven men dead—dynamited to death by Grant Adams; seven men h—the flower of the youth of Harvey; seven men dead for no crime is serving their country, and Grant Adams loose, poisoning the like of his dupes, prating about peace in public and plotting cowardly posination in private. Of course, the Governor was right. Every a citizen of this country will commend him for prompt and vigoraction. In less than an hour after the bomb had sent the seven h of the Harvey Home Guards to eternity, the Governor had promoted martial law in this district, and from now on, no more inflary language, no more damnable riots, miscalled parades will nee property, and no more criminal acts done under the cover of the y system will disgrace this community under the leadership of this plane.

In his manifesto pulingly taking the blame for a crime last night invisually his that mere denial would add blood to the crime itself, has says in extenuation that 'women were herded before the Cosmilie deer in the park,' while they were picketing. But he does say that in the shameful cowardice so characteristic of his leader in this labor war, he forced, by his own motion, women unfit to ham in public, much less to fight his battles, under the hoofs of the se in Sands Park this morning, and if the Greek woman, who as she was draguoned should die, the fault, the crime of her death weelting circumstances, will be upon Grant Adams's hands.

When such a leader followed by blind zealots like the riff-raff who

are insanely trailing after this Mad Mullah who claims divine—save the mark—when such leaders and such human vermin a rise in a community, the people who own property, who have the community, who have spent their lives making Harvey the industrial center that she is—the people who own property, we should organize to protect it. The Governor suspending whi warlike state exists the right of anarchists who turn it again and order, the right of assembling, and speech and trial by has set a good example. We hear from good authority that the anarchists are to be aided by another association even more than he and his, and that Greeley county will be flowded by but thugs and plug-uglies who will fill our jails and lay the but heavy taxes upon our people pretending to defend the rights speech.

"A law and order league should be organized among the men of Harvey to rid the county of these rats breeding social and if courageous hearts are needed, and extraordinary method sary—all honest people will uphold the patriots who rally

cause."

At twelve o'clock crowds of working people began to into Adams's grove. Five hundred horsemen were up at the gate. Around a temporary speaker's stand a of policemen was formed. The crowd stood waiting. Adams did not appear. The crowd grew restless; it to fear that he had been arrested, that there had been mishap. Laura Van Dorn, sensing the uncertainty as couragement of the crowd, decided to try to hold seemed to her as she watched the uneasiness rising to impatience in the men and women about her, that of much importance-tremendous importance indehold these people to their faith, not especially in though to her that seemed necessary, too, but at both hold their faith firm in themselves, in their own por better themselves, to rise of their own endeavors, to upon themselves! So she walked quickly to the pol before the steps leading to the stand and said smiling

"Pardon me," and stepped behind him and was stand before he realized that he had been fooled. Her clad figure upon the platform attracted a thousand eye

second, and in a moment she was speaking:

"I am here to defend our ancient rights of meeting, ing, and trial by jury." A policeman started for her

ailed and waved him back with such a dignity of mien at her very manner stopped him.

When he hesitated, knowing that she was a person of consemace in Harvey, she went on: "No cause can thrive until maintains anew its right to speech, to assemble and to we its day in court before a jury. Every cause must fight world-old fight-and then if it is a just cause, when it won those ancient rights—which are not rights at all but merely ancient battle grounds on which every cause must ht, then any cause may stand a chance to win. I think we buld make it clear now that as free-born Americans, no be has a right to stop us from meeting and speaking; no one a right to deny us jury trials. I believe the time has be when we should ignore rather definitely—" she paused. d turned to the policeman standing beside her, "we should ore rather finally this proclamation of the provost marshal I should insist rather firmly that he shall try to enforce it." A policeman stepped suddenly and menacingly toward She did not flinch. The dignity of five generations of urtly Satterthwaites rose in her as she gazed at the clumsy cer. She saw Grant Adams coming up at a side entrance the grove. The policeman stopped. She desired to divert policeman and the crowd from Grant Adams. The crowd tering at the quick halt of the policeman, angered him. min he stepped toward her. His face was reddening. Batterthwaite dignity mounted, but the Nesbit mind ided her, and she said coldly: "All right, sir, but you put club me. I'll not give up my rights here so easily." Three officers made a rush for her, grabbed her by the and, struggling, she went off the platform, but she & Grant Adams standing upon it and a cheering crowd

w the ruse.

"I'm here," he boomed out in his great voice, "because he woods were man's first temples' and we'll hold them for it aacred right to-day." The police were waiting for him but his toe across the line of defiance. "We'll transgress to order of little Joe Calvin's—why, he might as well post trespass notice against snowslides as against this forward ving cause of labor." His voice rose, "I'm here to tell

you that under your rights as citizens of this Republic, as under your rights in the coming Democracy of Labor, I is you tear up these martial law proclamations to kindle from

in your stoves."

He glared at the policemen and held up his hand to st them as they came. "Listen," he cried, "I'm going to gi you better evidence than that against me. I, as the lead of this strike-take this down, Mr. Stenographer, there I'll say it slowly; I, as the leader of this movement the Democracy of Labor, as the preacher preaching the of good will and comradeship all over the earth, bid ye my fellow-workers, meet to preach Christ's workingman gospel wherever you can hire a hall or rent a lot, to p rade your own streets, and to bare your heads to clubs a your breasts to bullets if need be to restore in this district right of trial by jury in times of peace. And now,"crowd roared its approval. He glared defiance at the policy men. He raised his voice above the din, "And now I we to tell you something more. Our property in these mills mines-' again the crowd bellowed its joyous approval of words and Grant's face lighted madly, "our propertyproperty we have earned, we must guard against the lence of the very master class themselves; for under this fernal Russian ukase of little Joe Calvin, the devil knows what arson and loot and murder-" the crowd box wildly; a policeman blew his whistle and when the meles over Grant Adams was in the midst of the blue-coated an marching toward the gate.

At the gate, on a pawing white horse, sat young Calvin. The crowd, following the officers, came upon first squad of policemen—the squad that took Laura Dorn from the stand. The two squads joined with their oners, and back of the officers came the yelling, how crowd, pushing the officers along. As the officers came

the provost marshal cried:

"Turn them over to my men here. Men, handenff is

together." In an instant it was done.

Then the cavalry formed in two lines, and between the marched Laura Van Dorn and Grant Adams, manacled gether. Up through the weed-grown commons between Section 2.

larvey and the big town they marched under the broiling in. The crowd trudged after them—trailing behind for most part, but often running along by the horsemen in the dealling words of sympathy to Grant or reviling the indiers.

Down Market Street they all came—soldiers, prisoners ad straggling crowd. The town, prepared by telephone for the sight, stood on the streets and hurrahed for Joe Calvin. The had brought in his game, and if one trophy was a trifle it of caste for a prisoner, a bit above her station, so much the worse for her. The blood of the seven dead soldiers was ying for vengeance in Harvey—the middle-class nerve had an touched to the quick—and Market Street hooted at the imporers, and hailed Joe Calvin on his white charger as a pro of the day.

For the mind of a crowd is a simple mind. It draws no me distinctions. It has no memory. It enjoys primitive totions, and takes the most rudimentary pleasures. The lad of the crowd on Market Street in Harvey that bright, I June day, when Joe Calvin on his white steed at the lad of his armed soldiers led Grant Adams and Laura Van larn up the street to the court house, saw as plainly as any lawd could see anything that Grant Adams was the slayer seven mangled men, whose torn bodies the crowd had seen the undertaker's. It saw death and violation of property that as the fruit of Grant Adams's revolution, and if this land, who was of Market Street socially, cared to lower herif to the level of assassins and thugs, she was getting only deserts.

so Grant and Laura passed through the ranks of men and seen whom they knew and saw eyes turned away that the have recognized them, saw faces averted to whom they the have looked for sympathy—and saw what power on a lite horse can make of a mediocre man!

But Grant was not interested in power on a white horse, was he interested in the woman who marched with him. face kept turning to the crowd from South Harvey that aggled beside him outside of the line of horsemen about Now and then Grant caught the eyes of a leader or of a le

of cheer or give some belated order or message. Only codid Laura divert him from the stragglers along the way. I
was when Ahab Wright ducked his head and drew down h
office window in the second story of the Wright & Per
building. "At least," said Laura, "it's a lesson worth har
ing in human nature. I'll know how much a smile is wor
after this or the mere nod of a head. Not that I need
to sustain me, Grant," she went on seriously, "so far
I'm concerned, but I can feel how it would be to—well,
some one who needed it."

Under the murmur of the crowd, Laura continued: know exactly with what emotion pretty little Mrs. Joe Cab

will hear of this episode."

"What?" queried Grant absently. His attention left again, for the men from South Harvey at whom he was

recting volts of courage from his blazing eyes.

"Well—she'll be scared to death for fear mother as will cut her socially for it! She's dying to get into inner circle, and she'll abuse little Joe for this—which smiled Laura, "will be my revenge, and will be badly need by little Joe." But she was talking to deaf ears.

A street car halted them before Brotherton's store for minute. Grant looked anxiously in the door way, and only Miss Calvin, who turned away her head, after smil

at her brother.

"I wonder where George can be?" asked Grant.

"Don't you know?" replied Laura, looking wonders

at him. "There's a little boy at their house!"

The crowd was hooting and cheering and the process was just ready to turn into the court house corner, we Grant felt Laura's quick hand clasp. Grant was staring Kenyon, white and wild-cyed, standing near them on curb.

"Yes," he said in a low voice, "I see the poor kid."

"No-no," she cried, "look down the block—see that a trie! There comes father, bringing mother back from depot— Oh, Grant—I don't mind for me, I don't m much for father—but mother—won't some one turn then that street! Oh, Grant—Grant, look!"

Less than one hundred feet before them the electric

was beginning to wobble unsteadily. The guiding and was trembling and nervous. Mrs. Nesbit, leaning forwith horror in her face, was clutching at her husband's n, forgetful of the danger she was running. The old betor's eyes were wide and staring. He bore unsteadily wn upon the procession, and a few feet from the head of line, he jumped from the machine. He was an old man, d every year of his seventy-five years dragged at his legal d clutched his shaking arms.

"'Joe Calvin-you devil," he screamed, and drew back his

ne, "let her go-let her go."

The crowd stood mute. A blow from the cane cracked

. the young legs as the Doctor cried:

"Oh, you coward—" and again lifted his cane. Joe Caln tried to back the prancing horse away. The blow hit a horse on the face, and it reared, and for a second, while s crowd looked away in horror, lunged above the helpless d man. Then, losing balance, the great white horse fell can the Doctor; but as the hoofs grazed his face, Kenyon lams had the old man round the waist and flung him aside. at Kenyon went down under the horse. Calvin turned his me: some one picked up the fainting youth, and he was mide Mrs. Nesbit in the car a moment later, a limp, unnacious thing. Grant and Laura ran to the car. Dr. ssbit stood dazed and impotent—an old man whose glory bs of yesterday—a weak old man, scorned and helpless. He med away trembling with a nervous palsy, and when he nehed the side of the machine, his daughter, trying to hide manacled hand, kissed him and said soothingly:

"It's all right, father-young Joe's vexed at something mid down in the Valley; he'll get over it in an hour.

en I'll come home.''

"And," gasped Mrs. Nesbit, "he—that whippersnapper," gulped, "dared—to lay hands on you; to—"

Leura shook her head, to stop her mother from speaking The handcuff,-'to make you walk through Market Street while." but she could get no further. The crowd surunded them. And in the midst of the jostling and mill-L. the Doctor's instinct rose stronger than his rage. He fumbling for his medicine case, and trying to find something for Kenyon. The old hands were at the young and he said unsteadily:

"He'll be around in a few minutes."

Some one in the crowd offered a big automobile. Doctor got in, waved to his daughter, and followed

Nesbit up the hill.

"You young upstart," he cried, shaking his fist at as the car turned around, "I'll be down in ten minut see to you!" The provost marshal turned his white and began gathering up his procession and his pri But the spell was broken. The mind of the crowd took idea. It was that a shameful thing was happening woman. So it hissed young Joe Calvin. Such is the tude of republics.

In the court house, the provost marshal, sitting beh imposing desk, decided that he would hold Mrs. Van under \$100 bond to keep the peace and release her up

own recognizance.

"Well," she replied, "Little Joe, I'll sign no peace and if it wasn't for my parents—I'd make you lock m

Her hand was free as she spoke. "As it is—I'm back to South Harvey. I'll be there until this strike tled; you'll have no trouble in finding me." She had home. As she approached the house, she saw in the and on the veranda, groups of sympathetic neighbor the hall way were others. Laura hurried into the D little office just as he was setting Kenyon's broken had begun to bind the splints upon it. Kenyon lay scious. Mrs. Nesbit and Lila bovered over him, eacher hands full of surgical bandages, and cotton and me Mrs. Nesbit's face was drawn and anxious.

"Oh, mamma-mamma-I'm so sorry-so sorry-yo to see." The proud woman looked up from her wo

sniffed:

"That whippersnapper—that—that—" she did not The Doctor drew his daughter to him and kissed her. my poor little girl—they wouldn't have done that ter ago—"

"Father," interrupted the daughter, "is Keny

right?"

"Just one little bone broken in his leg. He'll be out from der the ether in a second. But I'll—Oh, I'll make that lvin outfit sweat; I'll—"

"Oh, no, you won't; father—little Joe doesn't know any ter. Mamma can just forget to invite his wife to our next rty—which I won't let her do—not even that—but it would

enge my wrongs a thousand times over."

Lila had Kenyon's hand, and Mrs. Nesbit was rubbing his >w, when he opened his eyes and smiled. Laura and the stor, knowing their wife and mother, had left her and la together with the awakening lover. His eyes first caught ra. Nesbit's who bent over him and whispered:

"Oh, my brave, brave boy—my noble—chivalrous son—" Kenyon smiled and his great black eyes looked into the

ler woman's as he clutched Lila's hand.

"Lila," he said feebly, "where is it—run and get it."

"Oh, it's up in my room, grandma—wait a minute—it's in my room." She scurried out of the door and came acing down the stairs in a moment with a jewel on her the grandmother's eyes were wet, and she bent over a kissed the young, full lips into which life was flowing in so beautifully.

"Now—me!" cried Lila, and as she, too, bent down she the great, strong arms of her grandmother enfolding her a mighty hug. There, in due course, the Doctor and tra found them. A smile, the first that had wreathed his laked face for an hour, twitched over the loose skin about

old lips and eyes.

The Lord," he piped, "moves in a mysterious way—my —and if Laura had to go to jail to bring it—the Lord

eth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be—"

Well, Kenyon," the grandmother interrupted the Docstooping to put her fingers lovingly upon his brow, "we everything to you; it was fine and courageous of you,

and with the word "son" the Doctor knew and Laura w, and Lila first of all knew that Bedelia Nesbit had rendered. And Kenyon read it in Lila's eyes. Then all fell to telling Kenyon what a grand youth he was how he had saved the Doctor's life, and it ended as those

things do, most undramatically, in a chorus of what I s and you saids to me, and I thought, and you did, an should have done, until the party wore itself out and the of Lila, sitting by her lover, holding his hands. And what with a pantomime of eyes from Laura and the D to Mrs. Nesbit, and what with an empty room in a big h with voices far—exceedingly far—obviously far awa ended with them as all journeys through this weary wend, and must end if the world wags on.

CHAPTER XLVIII

WHEREIN WE ERECT A HOUSE BUILT UPON A ROCK

HAT evening in the late twilight, two women stood at the wicket of a cell in the jail and while back of the women, at the end of a corridor, stood a curious group reporters and idlers and guards, inside the wicket a tall, iddle-aged man with stiff, curly, reddish hair and a homely, and, forbidding face stood behind the bars. The young man put her hand with the new ring on it through the icket.

"It's Kenyon's ring—Kenyon's," smiled Lila, and to bis sestioning look at her mother, the daughter answered: Yes, grandma knows. And what is more, grandpa told both—Kenyon and me—what was bothering grandma—

id it's all—all—right!"

The happy eyes of Laura Van Dorn caught the eyes of lant as they gazed at her from some distant landscape of his vibulent soul. She could not hold his eyes, nor bring them is serious consideration of the occasion. His heart seemed the on other things. So the woman said: "God is good, lant." She watched her daughter and cast a glance at the lining ring. Grant Adams heard and saw, but while he imprehended definitely enough, what he saw and heard land remote and he repeated:

"God is good—infinitely good, Laura!" His eyes lighted "Do you know this is the first strike in the world—I bieve, indeed the first enterprise in the world started and aducted upon the fundamental theory that we are all gods. Thing but the divine spark in those men would hold them they are held in faith and hope and fellowship. Look at ma," he lifted his face as one seeing Heavenly legions, hen thousand souls, men and women and children, cheated be years of their rights, and when they ask for them in

be a rising level of souls in t of the day will last through c theless beautiful because it ! thing is to know that we are the hombres and the guinnic all of us burns that divine spa or stifle—that divine spark infinite!" He threw his face and cried: "And Americaso sordid, so crass, so debauche they are to think it! From a dred years men and women h try who above everything els aspiration. They were lowly high visions; this whole land is are the most sentimental peop like it, and some day—oh, I tery full of His divine purpos time America will rise and st

democracy is a spiritual and:

know us as we are!"

The girl, with eyes fascin scarcely understood what the

d sat dumbly waiting, while in his heart he called eagerly ross the worlds: "Mary—Mary, are you there? Do you row? Oh, Mary, Mary!"

The funeral of the young men killed in the shaft house tought a day of deepening emotion to Harvey. Flags were half mast and Market Street was draped in crape. The pres closed at the tolling of bells which announced the pur of the funeral services. Two hundred automobiles followed the soldiers who excorted the bodies to the cemetery, and when the bugle blew taps, tears stood in thousands of

The moaning of the great-throated regimental band, the willing of the fife and the booming of the drum; the blare I the bugle that sounded taps stirred the chords of hate, and town came back from burying its dead a vessel of wrath. I vain had John Dexter in his sermon over Fred Kollander fied to turn the town from its bitterness by preaching from the text, "Ye are members one of another," and trying point the way to charity. The town would have no larity.

The tragedy of the shaft house and the imprisonment of ant Adams had staged for the day all over the nation in • first pages of the newspapers an interesting drama. tch a man as Grant Adams was a figure whose jail sentence der military law for defending the rights of a free press. be speech, free assemblage and trial by jury, was good for a at page position in every newspaper in the country-whater bias its editorial columns might take against him and his ase. Millions of eyes turned to look at the drama. But ere were hundreds among the millions who saw the drama the newspapers and who decided they would like to see it in ality. Being foot loose, they came. So when the funeral pecasion was hurrying back into Harvey and the policemen d soldiers were dispersing to their posts, they fell upon half dozen travel-stained strangers in the court house yard adessing the loafers there. Promptly the strangers were led before the provost marshal, and promptly landed in il. But other strangers appeared on the streets from time time as the freight trains came clanging through town, id by sundown a score of young men were in the town

lockup. They were happy-go-lucky young blades; badly in need of a bath and a barber, but they sang in the calaboose and ate heartily and with much exp of prison fare. One read his paperbound Tolstoy; a poured over his leaflet of Nietzsche, a third had a day lbsen from the public library of Omaha, a fourth socialist newspaper, which he derided noisily, as it whis peculiar cult of discontent; while others played ear others slept, but all were reasonably happy. And strange spectacle of men jail-bound enjoying life, marveled. And still the jail filled up. At midning policemen were using a vacant storeroom for a jail. I break the people of the town knew that a plague was them.

Every age has its peculiar pilgrims, whose pilgrims reactions of life upon the times. When the shrines men answered; when the new lands called men hast them; when wars called the trumpets woke the sound rving feet-always the feet of the young men. For goes out to meet Danger in life as his ancient and evercomrade. So in that distant epoch that closed half a ago, in a day when existence was easy; when food was to be had for the asking, when a bed was never denie weary who would beg it the wide land over, there band of young men with slack ideas about propert archaic ideas of morality-ideas perhaps of proper morals that were not unfamiliar to their elder come the quest and the joust, and the merry wars. These lads, pilgrims seeking their olden, golden comrade sallied forth upon the highroads of our civilization, the grail was found, and the lands were bounded journeys over and the trumpets seemed to be forever these hereditary pilgrims of the vast pretense, still look Danger, played blithely at seeking justice. It was game and they found their danger in fighting for free and free assemblage. They were tremendously in about it, even as the good Don Quixote was with hi mills in the earlier, happier days. They were of the cult which wooes Danger in Folly in times of Peace treason when war comes.

And so Harvey in its wrath, in its struggle for the divine pht of Market Street to rule, Harvey fell upon these blithe grims with a sad sincerity that was worthy of a better we. And the more the young men laughed, the more they well tricks upon the police, reading the Sermon on the sunt to provoke arrest, reading the Constitution of the sited States to invite repression, even reading the riot act way of diversion for the police, the more did the wooden and of Market Street throb with rage and the more did the

ple imagine a vain thing.

And when seventy of them had crowded the jail, and their ders blandly announced that they would eat the taxes all of the county treasury before they stopped the fight for e speech, Market Street awoke. Eating taxes was someting that Market Street could understand. So the police an elubbing the strangers. The pilgrims were meeting and elubbing the strangers. The pilgrims were meeting and there were riots in Market Street. A lodginger, their lost comrade, and youth's blood ran wild at meeting and there were riots in Market Street. A lodginght—when the strike was ten days old, and as it was railroadmen's sleeping place, and a number of trainal were staying there to whom the doctrines of peace I non-resistance did not look very attractive under a poman's ax-handle—a policeman was killed.

'hen the Law and Order League was formed. Storekeep-, clerks, real estate men, young lawyers, the heart of 2 section of the white-shirted population whom Grant ams called the "poor plutes," joined this League. And of John Kollander was its leader. Partly because of his envement men let him lead, but chiefly because his life's ed seemed to be vindicated by events, men turned to him. a bloodshed on Market Street, the murder of a policeman I the dynamiting of the shaft house with their sons inside. aroused a degree of passion that unbalanced men, and in Kollander's wrath was public opinion dramatized. ice gave the Law and Order League full swing, and m Kollander was the first chief in the city. Prisoners rested for speaking without a permit were turned over to Law and Order League at night, and taken in the city to-truck to the far limits of the city, and there-a mile from the residential section, in the high weeds that if the town and confined the country, the Law and League lined up under John Kollander and with clul whips and sticks, compelled the prisoners to run a ga to the highroad that leads from Harvey. Men were str and compelled to lean over and kiss an American flagupon the ground, while they were kicked and beaten they could rise. This was to punish men for carrying flag of socialism, and John Kollander decreed that every citizen of Harvey should wear a flag. To omit the flag arouse suspicion; to wear a red necktie was to invite It was a merry day for blithe devotees of Danger; an were taking their full of her in Harvey.

The Law and Order League was one of those strang nesses to which any community may fall a victim. Perry and Ahab Wright—with Jasper Adams a nimble church men, fathers, husbands, solid business men, w

leaders.

They endorsed and participated in brutalities, concruelties at which in their saner moments they couls shudder in horror. But they made Jared Thurston man of the publicity committee and the Times, morning morning, fanned the passions of the people higher and "Skin the Rats," was the caption of his editorial the ing after a young fellow was tarred and feathered and until he lost consciousness and was left in the highway editorial under this heading declared that anarchy had its hydra head; that Grant Adams preaching peace Valley was preparing to let in the jungle, and that the who were flooding the city jail were Adams's tool soon would begin dynamiting and burning the town it suited his purpose, while his holier-than-thou dupes Valley were conducting their goody-goody strike.

Plots of dynamiting were discovered. Hardly passed for nearly a week that the big black headlines Times did not tell of dynamite found in obviously co ous places—in the court house, in the Sands opera in the schoolhouses, in the city hall. So Harvey greenscious, property conscious, and the town went star

was the gibbering fear of those who make property of ivilege, and privilege of property, afraid of losing both. But for a week and a day the motive power of the strike Grant Adams's indomitable will. Hour after hour, day ber day he paced his iron floor, and dreamed his dream of exaquest of the world through fellowship. And by the we of his faith and by the example of his imprisonment his faith, he held his comrades in the gardens, kept the where on the picket lines and sustained the courage of the egates in Belgian Hall, who met inside a wall of bluepolicemen. The mind of the Valley had reached a where sympathy for Grant Adams and devotion to him, Prisoned as their leader, was stronger than his influence ald have been outside. So during the week and a day, the wes of hate and the winds of adverse circumstance beat a the house of faith, which he had builded slowly through er years in the Valley, and it stood unshaken.

RANT ADAMS sat in stone and iron and read the copy of T which his cell-mate had left in before, Grant moved unconscirays of the only sunlight-th fell into his cage during the ing Times lay on the floor wh reading the account of what when the police had turned h League, at midnight. To be hero of John Kollander and mob that had tortured the po torture, the fact that he had turned out naked on the golf heralded by the Times as a v Harvey to preach Socialism, felt that the jailer's kindne paper so early in the day, wa to frighten him rather than events.

Conducilles ha falt the last

shment: but a rather weazened litle man whose mind ilmined a face that still clung to sportive youth, while preature age was claiming his body.

He cleared his throat as he sat on the bunk, and after sopping Grant's hand and glancing at the book title, said:

Great, isn't it? Where'd you get it?"

"The brother they ran out last night. They came after im so suddenly that he didn't have time to pack." an-

wered Grant.

"Well, he didn't need it, Grant," replied Morty. "I just thim. I got him last night after the mob finished with and took him home to our garage, and worked with all night fixing him up. Grant, it's hell. The things did to that fellow—unspeakable, and fiendish." Morty bred his throat again, paused to gather courage and went "And he heard something that made him believe they e coming for you to-night."

The edge of a smile touched the seamed face, and Grant plied: "Well-maybe so. You never can tell. Besides John Kollander, who are the leaders of this Law and

Mer mob, Morty!"

"Well," replied the little man, "John Kollander is the reonsible head, but Kyle Perry is master of ceremonies—the ettering, old coot; and Ahab gives them the use of the poe. and Joe Calvin backs up both of them. However, thed Morty, "the whole town is with them. It's stark mad, rant-Harvey has gone crazy. These tramps filling the He and eating up taxes—and the Times throwing scares the merchants with the report that unless the strike is when, the smelters and glassworks and cement works will bve from the district—it's awful! My idea of hell, Grant, place where every man owns a little property and thinks n in just about to lose it."

The young-old man was excited, and his eyes glistened, his speech brought on a fit of coughing. He lifted his hee anxiously and began: "Grant,—I'm with you in this Tht." He paused for breath. "It's a man's scrap, Grant a man's fight as sure as you're born." Grant sprang to fact and threw back his head, as he began pacing the brow cell. As he threw out his arms, his claw elicked on the steel bars of the cell, and Morty Sands felt the sud contracting of the cell walls about the men as Grant cris "That's what it is, Morty—it's a man's fight—a m fight for men. The industrial system to-day is rotting manhood—and womanhood too—rotting out humanity cause capitalism makes unfair divisions of the profit of

fight for men. The industrial system to-day is rotting manhood—and womanhood too—rotting out humanity cause capitalism makes unfair divisions of the profits of dustry, giving the workers a share that keeps them i man-rotting environment, and we're going to break up system—the whole infernal profit system—the blight of italism upon the world.'' Grant brought down his ham Morty's frail shoulder in a kind of frenzy. 'Oh, it's ing—the Democracy of Labor is coming in the earth, bring peace and hope—hope that is the 'last gift of the to men'—Oh, it's coming! it's coming.'' His eyes were ing and his voice high pitched. He caught Morty's and seemed to shut off all other consciousness from him that of the idea which obsessed him.

Morty Sands felt gratefully the spell of the strong upon him. Twice he started to speak, and twice sto Then Grant said: "Out with it, Morty—what's on

chest ?"

"Well,—this thing," he tapped his throat, "is going to me, Grant, unless—well, it's a last hope; but I thought spoke in short, hesitating phrases, then he started a "Grant, Grant," he cried, "you have it, this thing they vitality. You are all vitality, bodily, mentally, spirity Why have I been denied always, everything that you! Millions of good men and bad men and indifferent me overflowing with power, and I—I—why, why can't I—shall I do to get it? How can I feel and speak and li you? Tell me." He gazed into the strong, hard visage ing down upon him, and cried weakly: "Grant—for sake, help me. Tell me—what shall I do to—Oh, I was live—I want to live, Grant, can't you help me!"

He stopped, exhausted. Grant looked at him keenly

asked gently,

"Had another hemorrhage this morning—didn't you!

Morty looked over his clothes to detect the stain of hand nodded. "Oh, just a little one. Up all night wo with Folsom, but it didn't amount to anything."

Grant sat beside the broken man, and taking his white

and in his big, paw-like hand:

Morty—Morty—my dear, gentle friend; your trouble is t your body, but your soul. You read these great books, they fascinate your mind. But they don't grip your al; you see these brutal injustices, and they cut your heart; they don't reach your will." The strong hand felt the attering pressure of the pale hand in its grasp. Morty

>ked down, and seemed about to speak.

"Morty," Grant resumed, "it's your money your soul toking money. You've never had a deep, vital, will moving enviction in your life. You haven't needed this money, orty. Morty," he cried, "what you need is to get out of par dry-rot of a life; let the Holy Ghost in your soul wake p to the glory of serving. Face life barehanded, conserate your talents—you have enough—to this man's fight for en. Throw away your miserable back-breaking money. Eve it to the poor if you feel like it; it won't help them par malarly." He shook his head so vigorously that his vigor nemed like anger, and hammered with his claw on the iron "Money," he cried and repeated the word, "money externed in self-respect never helps any one. But to yet if of the damned stuff will revive you; will give you a new therest in life-will change your whole physical bady, and if you live one hour in the big woul burning joy of Price you will live forever. But if you die die an you are, buty-you'll die forever. Come "Grant reached out him to Morty and fixed his luminous eyes upon his friend. Some, come with me." he pleaded. 'That will cure your al-and it doesn't matter along your ledy "

Morty's face lighted, and he amilied sympathetically but to light faded. He dropped his gaze to the Constant sighted sen he shook his head sad you. It won't more forant in the work. I'm not built that was it work to work

His fine sensitive mouth tremt at and to draw a deap, with that ended in a name day rough. Then he need had at his hand and said

Now you want our frager and year you, yet it is it's awful—that a the engine when the way face and the tive this town made.

jailer came from around a corner, and unlocked the and in a moment Morty was walking slowly away w

eyes on the cold steel of the cell-room floor.

When his visitor was gone, Grant Adams went h his book. At the end of an hour he went to the slit cell, which served as window, and looked on a damp yard that gave him a narrow slice of Market Street Federal court house in the distance. Men and wamer ing in and out of the little stereoscopic view he had street, seemed to the prisoner people in a play, or in world. They were remote from him. At the gestur made, the gaits they fell into, the errands they were upon, the spring that obviously moved them, he g one who sees a dull pantomime. During the middle morning, as he looked, he saw Judge Van Dorn's bis motor car roll up to the curb before the Federal cour and unload the spare, dried-up, clothes-padded figure Judge, who flicked out of Grant's eyeshot. A h other figures passed, and Ahab Wright, with his whi whiskers bristling testily, came bustling across the ticon screen and turned to the court house and wa Young Joe Calvin, dismounting from his white hors for a second into the picture, and soon after the eld vin came trotting along beside Kyle Perry with his footed gait, and the two turned as the Judge had to evidently into the court house, where the Judge had h

Grant took up his book. After noon the jailer can Henry Fenn, who, as Adams' attorney, visited his But the jailer stood by while the lawyer talked to to oner through the bars. Henry Fenn wore a trouble and Grant saw at once that his friend was worn

Grant began:

"So you've heard my cell-mate's message—ch, Well, don't worry. Tell the boys down in the Valley ever they do—to keep off Market Street and out of

to-night."

The listening jailer looked sharply at Fenn. It parent the jailer expected Fenn to protest. But Fenn his radiant smile on the jailer and said: "The smel say they could go through this steel as if it was pas

m minutes-if you'd say the word." Fenn grinned at prisoner as he added: "If you want the boys, all the oldiers and fake cops in the State can't stop them. But told them to stay away—to stay in their fields, to keep

peace: that it is your wish."

Henry," replied Grant, "tell the boys this for me. ve won this fight now. They can't build a fire, strike a or turn a wheel if the boys stick—and stick in peace. satisfied that this story of what they will do to me tot, while I don't question the poor chap who sent the l-is a plan to scare the boys into a riot to save me and to break our peace strike."

s walked nervously up and down his cell, clicking the with his claw as he passed the door. "Tell the boys Tell them to go to bed to-night early; beware of rumors, and at all hazards keep out of Harvey. I'm lutely safe. I'm not in the least afraid—and, Henry, ry," cried Grant, as he saw doubt and anxiety in his d's face, "what if it's true; what if they do come get me? They can't hurt me. They can only hurt selves. Violence always reacts. Every blow I get will the boys-I know this-I tell you-"

and I tell you, young man," interrupted Fenn, "that now one dead leader with a short arm is worth more e employers than a ton of moral force! And Laura and ge and Nate and the Doctor and I have been skirmishround all day, and we have filed a petition for your se on a habeas corpus in the Federal court—on the and that your imprisonment under martial law without

y trial is unconstitutional."

n the Federal court before Van Dorn!" asked Grant,

dulously.

Before Van Dorn. The State courts are paralyzed by IZ Joe Calvin's militia!" returned Fenn, adding: "We our petition this morning. So, whether you like it or you appear at three-thirty o'clock this afternoon before Dorn.

rest smiled and after a moment spoke: "Well, if I as seared as you people, I'd-look here. Henry, don't your nerve, man—they can't hurt me. Nothing on this earth can hurt me, don't you see, man-why go to I

Fenn answered: "After all, Tom's a good lawyer a life job and he doesn't want to be responsible for a deci against you that will make him a joke among lawyers over the country when he is reversed by appeal." Go shook his dubious head.

"Well, it's worth trying," returned Fenn.

At three o'clock Joseph Calvin, representing the empers, notified Henry Fenn that Judge Van Dorn had called out of town unexpectedly and would not be able to the Adams' petition at the appointed time. That was No other time was set. But at half-past five George Breton saw a messenger boy going about, summoning me a meeting. Then Brotherton found that the Law and der League was sending for its members to meet in the eral courtroom at half-past eight. He learned also Judge Van Dorn would return on the eight o'clock and expected to hear the Adams' petition that night. Brotherton knew the object of the meeting. In ten mir Doctor Nesbit, Henry Fenn and Nathan Perry were in Brotherton store.

"It means," said Fenn, "that the mob is going

Grant to-night and that Tom knows it."

"Why?" asked the thin, sharp voice of Nathan Perr, "Otherwise he would have let the case go over morning."

"Why?" again cut in Perry.

Because for the mob to attack a man praying to lease under habeas corpus in a federal court might contempt of court that the federal government mich vestigate. So Tom's going to wash his hands of the m before the mob acts to-night."

"Why?" again Perry demanded.

"Well," continued Fenn, "every day they wait mean

release Grant, the mob will take him."

"Well, say-let's go to the Valley with this story. can get five thousand men here by eight o'clock," Brotherton.

TOGE VAN DORN UNCOVERED A SECRET 589

* And precipitate a riot, George," put in the Doctor softly, hich is one of the things they desire. In the riot the rder of Grant could be easily handled and I don't believe will do more than try to scare him otherwise.

Why!" again queried Nathan Perry, towering thin and

evous above the seated council.

'Well." piped the Doctor, with his chin on his cane, "he's

big a figure nationally for murder—"

"Well, then—what do you propose, gentlemen?" asked ery who, being the youngest man in the council, was im-1ient

Fenn rose, his back to the ornamental logs piled decora-

rely in the fireplace, and answered:

"To sound the clarion means riot and bloodshed and ilure for the cause."

"To let things drift," put in Brotherton, "puts Grant in Mger. "

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, of indignities unspeakable and cruel torture," re-

med Brotherton.

"I'm sure that's all, George. But can't we we four p that?" said Fenn. "Can't we stand off the moli! b's a coward."

'It's the least we can do.' said Perry.

'And all you can do, Nate," added the Doctor, with the

ariness of age in his voice and in his counsel

But when the group separated and the Inches ported up hill in his electric, his heart was were within him and he ke to the wife of his bosom of the burden that some on heart. Then, after a dinner scarcely tusted, the the · hurried down town to meet with the nich at Breakerton a As Mrs. Nesbit saw the electric day maker the half her firet pulse was to call up her date to the telephone while s at Foley that evening. For the community and the conin the days of her prime was distinct the formula . torge Brotherton, and when her can the case and hence g fear in the pink, and the soft of the property of the R the woman to all and the control of the medical control of ie feared she would be account and the state of the lephone receiver. رمري و د الأراج و دو الراج Adams with his broken leg in splints was sitting wheread to him. She stood looking at the lovers for a manufacture," she said, "Grant Adams is in great of the stood looking at the lovers for a manufacture," she said, "Grant Adams is in great of the stood looking at the lovers for a manufacture,"

We must help him."

To their startled questions, she answered: "He is your father, Lila, to release him from the prison to If he is not released, a mob will take Grant as the that poor fool last night and—" She stopped, turned them a perturbed and fear-wrinkled face. Then a quickly: "I don't know that I owe Grant Adams as but—you children do—" She did not complete he tence, but burst out: "I don't care for Tom Van court, his grand folderol and mummery of the law going to send a man to death to-night because his demand it. And we must stop it—you and Lila Kenyon."

Kenyon reached out, tried to rise and failed, but her strong, effective hand, as he cried: "What can

what can I do?"

She went into the Doctor's office and brought out

crutches.

"Take these," she said, "then I'll help you de porch steps—and you go to your mother! That's w can do. Maybe she can stop him—she has done a nu

other worse things with him."

She literally lifted the tottering youth down the steps and a few moments later his crutches were upon the stone steps that rose in front of the proposed Van Dorn. Margaret had seen him coming and a before he rang the bell.

She looked the dreadful wonder in her mind and as her hand to steady himself, he spoke while she was

him to sit.

"You are my mother," he said simply. "I know i He felt her hand tighten on his arm. She bent over l with finger on lips, whispered: "Hush, hush, the in there—what is it, Kenyon?"

"I want you to save Grant."

She still stood over him, looking at him with her eyes shot with the evidence of a strong emotion. myon, Kenyon—my boy—my son!" she whispered, aid greedily: "Let me say it again—my son!" She red the word "son" for a moment, stooping over him, ng his forehead gently with her fingers. Then she under her breath: "What about that man—your—? What have I to do with him?"

reached for her hands beseechingly and said: "We king your husband, the Judge, to let him out of jail ht, for if the Judge doesn't release Grant—they are to mob him and maybe kill him! Oh, won't you save You can. I know you can. The Judge will let him you demand it."

y son, my son!" the woman answered as she looked ly at him. "You are my son, my very own, aren't

stooped to look into his eyes and cried: "Oh, you're—her trembling fingers ran over his face. "My eyes, ir. You have my voice—O God—why haven't they it out?" Then she began whispering over again the "My son."

lock chimed the half-hour. It checked her. "He'll ik in half an hour," she said, rising; then— "So e going to mob Grant, are they? And he sent you sking me for mercy!"

yon shook his head in protest and cried: "No, no, no. esn't even know—"

looked at the young man and became convinced that it telling the truth; but she was sure that Laura Van had sent him. It was her habit of mind to see the remotive. So the passion of motherhood flaring up rears of suppression quickly died down. It could not ate her in her late forties, even for the time, nor even as power which held her during the night of the riot in Harvey, when she was in her thirties. The passion therhood with Margaret Van Dorn was largely a memut hate was a lively and material emotion.

fondled her son in the simulation of a passion that d not feel—and when in his eagerness he tried vainly her to a promise to help his father, she would only

"Kenyon, oh, my son, my beautiful son-you know

give my life for you-"

The son looked into the dead, brassy eyes of his me saw her drooping mouth, with the brown lips that had been stained that day; observed the slumping musch her over-massaged face, and felt with a shudder the of her fingers—and he knew in his heart that she was doing him. A moment after she had spoken the autom going to the station for the Judge backed out of the pand turned into the street.

"You must go now," she cried, clinging to him son—son—my only son—come to me, come to your me sometimes for her love. He is coming now in a few mis on the eight o'clock train. You must not let him see

here."

She helped Kenyon to rise. He stumbled across the to the steps and she helped him gently down to the She stood play-acting for him a moment in whisper pantomime, then she turned and hurried indoors and

the inquisitive maid servant with:

"Just that Kenyon Adams—the musician—awfully boy, but he wanted me to interfere with the Judge for worthless brother, Grant. The Nesbits sent him. know the Nesbit woman is crazy about that anarchist. Nadine, did Chalmers see Kenyon? You know Cha just blabs everything to the Judge."

Nadine indicated that Chalmers had recognized Ke as he crawled up the veranda steps and Mrs. Van replied: "Very well, I'll be ready for him." And he hour later, when the Judge drove up, his wife met he

he was putting his valise in his room:

"Dahling," she said as she closed the door, "that Ke Adams was over here, appealing to me for his briggrant."

"Well?" asked the Judge contemptuously.

"You have him where we want him now, dahling, answered. "If you refuse him his freedom, the mol get him. And oh, oh, oh," she cried passionately, "I they'll hang him, hang him, higher'n Haman. That take the tuck out of the old Nesbit cat and that other,

R VAN DORN UNCOVERED A SECRET

theart, to have her daughter marrying the brother n who was hanged! That'll bring them down." sh across the Judge's face told the woman where her

was leading her. It angered her.

that holds you, does it? That binds the hands of ige, does it? This wonderful daughter, who snubs the street—she mustn't marry the brother of a man s hanged!" Margaret laughed, and the Judged glowrage until the scar stood white upon his purple brow. iling," she leered, "remember our little discussion yon Adams's parentage that night! Maybe our dear irl is going to marry the son, the son," she repeated y, "of a man who was hanged!"

tepped toward her crying: "For God's sake, quit!

I hope he'll hang. I hope he'll hang and you've got g him! You've got to hang him!" she mocked ex-7.

man turned in rage. He feared the powerful, physiature before him. He had never dared to strike her. med past her and ran slinking down the hall and out door—out from the temple of love, which he had -somewhat upon sand perhaps, but still the temple . A rather sad place it was, withal, in which to rest ary bones of the hunter home from the hills, after a

g ride to hounds in the primrose hunt.

stood for a moment upon the steps of the veranda, is heart pumped the bile of hate through him; and ly hearing a soft footfall, he turned his head quickly. w Lila-his daughter. As he turned toward her in light it struck him like a blow in the face that she in ay symbolized all that he had always longed for-his inable ideal; for she seemed young-immortally and sweet. The grace of maidenhood shone from her e turned an eager but infinitely wistful face up to d for a second the picture of the slim, white-clad enveloping and radiating the gentle eagerness of a 'al soul, came to him like the disturbing memory of ague, lost dream and confused him. While she spoke ped back to the moment blindly and heard her say:

"Oh, you will help me now, this once, this once when I it: you will help me?" As she spoke she clutched his a Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Father, don't let the murder him-don't, oh, please, father-for me, won't save him for me-won't you let him out of jail now!"

"Lila, child," the Judge held out his hand unstead "it's not what I want to do; it's the law that I must fe

Why, I can't do-"

"If Mr. Ahab Wright was in jail as Grant is and workmen had the State government, what would the say?" she answered. Then she gripped his hands and er "Oh, father, father, have mercy, have mercy! We love so and it will kill Kenyon. Grant has been like a fathe Kenyon; he has been-"

"Tell me this, Lila," the Judge stopped her; he held hands in his cold, hard palms. "Who is Kenyon-who i

father-do you know?"

"Yes, I know," the daughter replied quietly. "Tell me, then. I ought to know," he demanded.

"There is just one right by which you can ask," sh gan. "But if you refuse me this-by what other right you ask? Oh, daddy, daddy," she sobbed. "In my dr I call you that. Did you ever hear that name, da daddy-I want you-for my sake, to save this man, dad

The Judge heard the words that for years had sound They cut deep into his being. But they fi his heart.

no quick.

"Well, daughter," he answered, "as a father-as a fi who will help you all he can-I ask, then, who is ke Adams's father !"

"Grant," answered the girl simply.

"Then you are going to marry an illegitimate-"I shall marry a noble, pure-souled man, father." "But, Lila-Lila," he rasped, "who is his mother!"

Then she shrank away from him. She shook her sadly, and withdrew her hands from his foreibly a eried :

"O father-father-daddy, have you no heart-no! at all?" She looked beseechingly up into his face an fore he could reply, she seemed to decide upon some for

**Father, it is sacred—very sacred to me, a beautiful mory that I carry of you, when I think of the word middy.' I have never, never, not even to mother, nor to myon spoken of it. But I see you young, and straight it all and very handsome. You have on light gray clothes it a red flower on your coat, and I am in your arms hugged, and then you put me down, and I stand crying middy, daddy,' after you, when you are called away somewers. Oh, then—then, oh, I know that then—I don't know here you went nor anything, but then, then when I snuggled it you, surely you would have heard me if I had asked you hat I am asking now."

The daughter paused, but the father did not answer at see. He looked away from her across the years. In the same Lila was aware that in the doorway back of her ther, Margaret Van Dorn stood listening. Her husband

id not know that she was there.

"Lila," he began, "you have told me that Kenyon's father

Grant Adams, why do you shield his mother ?"

The daughter stood looking intently into the brazen eyes her father, trying to find some way into his heart. Tather, Grant Adams is before your court. He is the ther of the man whom I shall marry. You have a right know all there is to know about Grant Adams." She the head decisively. "But Kenyon's mother, that has thing to do with what I am asking you!" She paused, an cried passionately: "Kenyon's mother—oh, father, the some poor woman's secret, which has no bearing on is case. If you had any right on earth to know, I should I you; but you have no right."

Now, Lila," answered her father petulantly—"look here why do you get entangled with those Adamses? They are low lot. Girl, a Van Dorn has no business stooping to arry an Adams. Miserable mongrel blood is that Adams and child. Why the Van Dorns—" but Lila's pleading.

tful voice went on:

"In all my life, father, I have asked you only this one ing, and this is just, you know how just it is—that you po my future husband's father from a cruel, shameful the And—now—" her voice was quivering, near the

breaking point, and she cried: "And now, now you brim blood and family. What are they in an hour like this! father—father, would my daddy—the fine, strong, low daddy of my dreams do this? Would he—would hedaddy—daddy—daddy!" she cried, beseechingly.

Perhaps he could see in her face the consciousness some one was behind him, for he turned and saw his standing in the doorway. As he saw her, there rose in the familiar devil she always aroused, which in the years were the mask of love, but dropped that mask for sneer of hate. It was the devil's own voice that a quietly, suavely, and with a hardness that chilled his da ter's heart. "Lila, perhaps the secret of Kenyon's mo is no affair of mine, but neither is Grant Adams's fate af turn him back to the jailer, an affair of mine. But you a Grant's affair mine; well, then-I make this secret as fair of mine. If you want me to release Grant Adar well, then, I insist." The gray features of his wife sto him; but he smiled and waved his hand grandly at miserable woman, as he went on: "You see my wife bragged to me once or twice that she knows who Keny mother is, Lila, and now-"

The daughter put her hands to her face and turned a sick with the horror of the scene. Her heart revolted and the vile intrigue her father was proposing. She to and faced him, clasping her hands in her anguish, lifted burning face for a moment and stared pitcously at his she sobbed: "O dear, dear God—is this my father?" shaking with shame and horror she turned away.

CHAPTER L

GE VAN DORN SINGS SOME MERRY SONGS AND THEY TAKE
GRANT ADAMS BEHIND A WHITE DOOR

FTER arguments of counsel, after citation of cases, after the applause of Market Street at some incidental obiter dicts of Judge Van Dorn's about the its of property, after the court had put on its tortoisel rimmed glasses, which the court had brought home its recent trip to Chicago to witness the renomination resident Taft, after the court, peering through its brownmed spectacles, was fumbling over its typewritten opinfrom the typewriter of the offices of Calvin & Calvin, ten during the afternoon by the court's legal alter ego, in the court had cleared its throat to proceed with the ling of the answer to the petition in habeas corpus of int Adams, the court, through its owlish glasses, saw the sof the petitioner Adams fixed, as the court believed, ignantly on the court.

Adams," barked the court, "stand up!" With his black ich hat in his hand, the petitioner Adams rose. It was a night and he wiped his brow with a red handkerchief

sted about his steel claw.

Adams," began the court, laying down the typewritten nuscript, "I suppose you think you are a martyr." he court paused. Grant Adams made no reply. The rt insisted:

Well, speak up. Aren't you a martyr?"

No," meeting the eye of the court, "I want to get out

get to work too keenly to be a martyr."

To get to work," sneered the court. "You mean to keepers from going to work. Now, Adams, isn't it true that are trying to steal the property of this district from its il owners by riot and set yourself up as the head of your nocracy of Labor, to fatten on the folly of the working

men?" The court did not pause for a reply, but continued "Now, Adams, there is no merit to the contentions of you counsel in this hearing, but, even if there was mere be nical weight to his arguments, the moral issues involve the vast importance of this case to the general welfare this Republic, would compel this court to take judicial attice of the logic of its decision in your favor. For it were lease anarchy, backed by legal authority, and strike dor the arm of the State in protecting property and suppresering."

The court paused, and, taking its heavy spectacles in fingers, twirled them before asking: "Adams, do you this you are a God? What is this rot you're talking about a Prince of Peace? What do you mean by saying nothing can hurt you? If you know nothing can hurt you, a do you let your attorney plead the baby act and declare the if you are not released to-night, a mob will wait on you find you are a God, why don't you help yourself—queil to

mob, overcome the devil?"

The crowd laughed and the court perfunctorily rapper for order. The laugh was frankincense and myrrh to court. So the court clearly showed its appreciation of own fine sarcasm as it rapped for order and continued solently: "See here, Adams, if you aren't crazy, what you trying to do? What do you expect to get out of all the glib talk about the power of spiritual forces and the perful revolution and the power greater than bullets and you fanatical ranting about the Holy Ghost in the dupes you inciting to murder? Come now, maybe you are crast Maybe if you'd talk and not stand there like a loon—"

Again the crowd roared and again the court suppresits chuckle and again order was restored. "Maybe if ye not stand there grouching, you'd prove to the court by you are crazy, and on the grounds of insanity the emight grant your prayer. Come, now, Adams, speak up.

the whole length. Give us your creed!"

"Well," began Adams, "since you want-"

"Don't you know how to address a court?" The sellowed.

"To say 'Your honor' would be a formality which et

or friends would laugh at," replied Grant quietly. The wd hissed; the court turned purple. Grant Adams stood rid, with white face and quivering muscles. His jaws otted and his fist clenched. Yet when he spoke he held his ce down. In it was no evidence of his tension. Facing the first few moments of his speech the little group of his ends-Dr. Nesbit, George Brotherton, Captain Morton, than Perry and Amos Adams-who sat at the lawyers' ble with Henry Fenn, Grant Adams plunged abruptly into s creed: "I believe that in every human adult conscioussthere is a spark of altruism, a divine fire, which marks a fatherhood of God and proves the brotherhood of man. avironment fans that spark or stifles it. Its growth is idenced in human institutions, in scales and grades of vilization. Christ was a glowing flame of this fire." The ourt gave a knowing wink to Ahab Wright, who grinned at e court's keen sense of humor. Adams saw the wink, but speceded: "That is what He means when He says: 'I m the resurrection and the life,' for only as men and naons, races and civilization by their institutions fan that bark to fire, will they live, will they conquer the forces of ath ever within them."

Thus far Grant Adams had been speaking slowly, adressing himself more to his friends and the court stenograer than the crowd. Now he faced the crowd defiantly as let his voice rise and cried: "This is no material world. umanity is God trying to express Himself in terms of tice-with the sad handicap of time and space ever holdthe Eternal Spirit in check. We are all Gods."

Again Market Street, which worshiped the god material, sed. Grant turned to the men in the benches a mad, tatic face and throwing his crippled arm high above his

ad, cried aloud:

O men of Harvey, men with whom I have lived and ored, I would give my life if you could understand me; you could know in your hearts how passionately I yearn get into your souls the knowledge that only as you give will have, only as you love these men of the mines and only as you are brothers to these ginks and wops and nies, will prosperity come to Harvey. 'I am the resur-

rection and the life' should ring through your souls; when brotherhood, expressed in law and customs, gives the men their rightful share in the products of their labor, resurrected society will begin to live." He stopped de still for a moment, gazing, almost glaring, into the even the crowd. Ahab Wright dropped his gaze. But Je Kollander, who heard nothing, glared angrily back. Il leaning forward and throwing out his claw as if to grap them, Grant Adams, let out his great voice in a ery startled Market Street into a shudder as he spoke. come, come with us and live, oh, men of Market Street, I who are dead and damned! Come with us and live. the way and the life." He checked his rising voice, the said: "Come, let us go forward together, for only then w God, striving for justice in humanity, restore your dead a atrophied souls. Have faith that as you give you will be as you love, will you live." His manner changed an The court was growing restless. Grant's voice was l pitched, but it showed a heavy tension of emotion. stretched his hand as one pleading: "Oh, come with I Come with us-your brothers. We are one body, why she we have different aims? We are ten thousand here, your many more. Perhaps we are only dreaming a mad dre but if you come with us we shall all awake from our dre into a glorious reality."

Market Street laughed. John Kollander bawled: "Es an anarchist—a socialist!" Grant looked at the deaf man in his blue coat and brass buttons adorned with malittle flags, to advertise his patriotism. Taking a cue for John Kollander, Grant cried: "I am moving with the arent of Heavenly love, I am a part of that love that is using into this planet from the infinite source of life beyour ken. I am moved, I know not how. I am inspired act, I know not whence. I go I know not where—only I is faith, faith that fears nothing, faith that tells me that somuch as I act in love, I am a part of the Great Purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the carnation of Happiness! I am trying—trying—ah, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the carnation of Happiness! I am trying—trying—ah, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe, immortal, all powerful, vital, the love that it is the series of the great purpmoving the universe of the great purpmo

soul will carry. I am-"

"That's enough," snapped the court; and turning to Joh Calvin, Judge Van Dorn said: "That man's crazy.
is court has no jurisdiction over the insane. His family
a bring a proceeding in habeas corpus before the probate
art of the county on the ground of the prisoner's insanity."
It lave no right to take judicial notice of his insanity."
It Judge folded up his opinion, twirled his heavy glasses
soment, blinked wisely and said: "Gentlemen, this is no
se for me. This is a crazy man. I wash my hands of the
label business!"

He rose, put away his glasses deliberately, and was stepbe from his dais, when up rose big George Brotherton and

M:

*Say, Tom Van Dorn—if you want this man murdered, pso. If you want him saved, say so. Don't polly-fox sund here, dodging the issue. You know the truth of the atter as well as—"

The court smiled tolerantly at the impetuous fellow, who selearly in contempt of court. The crowd waited breath-

цу.

Well, George," said the suave. Judge with condescension his tone as he strutted into the group of lawyers and rerters about him, "if you know so much about this case,
ext is the truth?" The crowd roared its approval. "But
we a hall, George—don't bother me with it. It's out of my
riediction."

So saying, he elbowed his way out of the room into his lee and soon was in his automobile, driving toward the mantry Club. He had agreed to be out of reach by telemone during the evening and that part of the agreement

decided to keep.

After the Judge left the room Market Street rose and od out, leaving Grant standing among the little group of a friends. The sheriff stood near by, chatting with the librand as Brotherton came up to bid Grant good-night, eitherton felt a piece of paper slip into his hands, when shook hands with Grant. "Don't let it leave your pocket til you see me again," said Grant in a monotone, that no noticed.

The group-Dr. Nesbit, Nathan Perry, George Brotherton

and Captain Morton—stood dazed and discouraged Grant. No one knew exactly what note to strike—wh of anger or of warning or of cheer. It was Captain M who broke the silence.

"'Y gory, man—free speech is all right, and I'm goi stay with you, boy, and fight it out; but, Grant, thin look mighty shaky here, and I wonder if it's worth it

that class of people, eh?"

From the Captain, Nathan Perry took his cue. "Is say, Grant, that they'll make trouble to-night. Show we call out the boys from the Valley, and—"

Grant cut in:

"Men, I know what you fear," he said. "You are a they will kill me. Why, they can't kill me! All that that is worth living is immortal. What difference do make about this body ?" His face was still lighted with glow it wore while he was addressing the court. " thousand people in the Valley have my faith. And m know that even this strike is not important. The co Democracy of Labor is a spiritual easte. And it has planted in millions of minds. It can never die. It to immortal. What have guns and ropes and steel bars to with a vision like this?" He threw back his head, his eyes blazed and he all but chanted his defiance of mate things: "What can they do to me, to my faith, to " these Valley people, to the millions in the world who what we see, who know what we know and strive for we cherish? Don't talk to me about death-there is death for God's truth. As for this miserable body here He gazed at his friends for a moment, shook his head a and walked to the jailer.

For an hour after the sheriff took Grant to his cell as town went home and presumably to bed, George Brothe with Henry Fenn and Nathan Perry, rolled his car are the court house square in the still, hot June night. The tor stood by his electric runabout, for half an hour or a Then, the Doctor feeling that a false alarm had been spewhirred up the hill. The younger men stayed on Ma Street. They left it long after midnight, deserted and As the watching party broke up, a telephone message

he offices of Calvin & Calvin winged its way to Sands Park, and from the shades there came silently a great company of automobiles with hooded lights. One separated from the thers and shot down into the Valley of the Wahoo. The there went into Market Street.

At three o'clock the work there was done. The office of the Larvey Tribune was wrecked, and in one automobile rode amos Adams, a prisoner, while before him, surrounded by a quad of policemen, rode Grant Adams, bound and gagged.

Around the policemen the mob gathered, and at the city mits the policemen abandoned Grant and Amos. The policetructions were to take the two men out of town. It was the men knew the mob. It was not Market Street. being that Market Street had made with its greed. The ignomance of the town, the scum of the town—men, white and lack, whom Market Street, in thoughtless greed the world wer, had robbed as children of their birthright; men whose bief joy was in cruelty and who lusted for horror. bob was the earth-bound demon of Market Street. Only Ohn Kollander in his brass buttons and blue soldier clothes nd stuttering Kyle Perry and one or two others of the Iwn's respectability were with the mob that took Grant dams and his father after the policemen released the father 3d son at the city limits. The respectables directed; the um and the scruff of the town followed, yelping not unlike Dack of hungry dogs.

John Kollander led the way to the country club grounds. here was a wide stretch of rolling land, quiet, remote from assing intruders, safe; and there great elm trees cast their rotecting shade, even in the starlight, over such deeds as

en might wish to do in darkness.

It was nearly four o'clock and the clouds, banked high in

Le west, were flaming with heat lightning.

On the wide veranda of the country club alone, with a phon and a fancy, square, black bottle, sat Judge Thomas an Dorn. He was in his shirt sleeves. His wilted collar, miny and bedraggled, lay on the floor beside him. He was aughing at something not visible to the waiter, who sat rowsing in the door of the dining room, waiting for the udge either to go to sleep or to leave the club in his car.

The Judge had been singing to himself and laughing quietly at his own ribaldry for nearly an hour. The heat had smothered the poker game in the basement and except for the Judge and the waiter the club house was deserted. The Judge hit the table with the black bottle and babbled:

"Dog bit a rye straw, Dog bit a riddle-0! Dog bit a little boy Playing on a fiddle-0!"

Then he laughed and said to the sleepy waiter: "Didn't

know I could sing, did you, Gustave!"

The waiter grinned. The Judge did not hear a footsique behind him. The waiter looked up and saw Kyle Perp.

"Oh, I know a maid And she's not afraid To face—

"Why, hello Kyle, you old stuttering seoundrel—have on on me—cleanses the teeth—sweetens the breath and make hair grow on your belly!"

He laughed and when Kyle broke in:

"S-s-say, T-T-Tom, the f-f-fellows are all over in the g-g-golf 1-1-links."

"The hell they are, Kyle," laughed the Judge. "Tell 'm
to come over and have a cold one on me—Gustave, you go-"

"B-b-but they d-don't want a drink. The p-p-poler b-b-bunch said you were here and th-th-they s-s-sent m-m-seto-

"S-s-s-sure they d-d-did, Kyle," interrupted Van Den"They sent you to read the Declaration of Independence to morrow and wanted you to begin now and get a g-g-good st-st-start!" He broke into song:

> "Oh, there was an old man from Dundee Who got on a hell of a spree, Oh, he wound up the clock, With—

"Say, Kyle," the Judge looked up foolishly, "you didn't know that I was a cantatrice." He laughed and repeate the last word slowly three times and then giggled.

SOME MERRY SONGS

"Still sober. I tell Mrs. Van Dorn that when I can say materice or specification," he repeated that word slowly, I'm fit to hold court."

"Oh, the keyhole in the door—"

bellowed.

"Now, 1-1-listen, T-T-Tom," insisted Perry. "I t-t-tell but he bunch has g-g-got Grant Adams and the old man out ere in the g-g-golf 1-links and they heard you were h-h-here ad they s-s-sent me to tell you they were g-g-going to g-give him all the d-d-degrees and they w-w-want to t-t-tie s-s-sign on him when they t-t-turn him loose and h-h-head m for Om-m-ma-h-ha—"

"B-b-better h-h-h-head him for h-h-hell," mocked the

udge.

"Well, they've g-got an iron b-b-band they've b-b-bound n h-h-him and they've got a b-b-board and some t-t-tar and sey w-w-want a m-motto."

The Judge reached for his fountain pen in his white vest and when the waiter had brought a sheet of paper, he scribled while he sang sleepily:

> "Oh, there was a man and he could do, He could do—he could do:

"Here," he pushed the paper to Perry, who saw the ords:

"Get on to the Prince of Peace, Big Boss of the Democracy of Labor."

"'That's k-k-kind of t-t-tame, don't y-y-you think?" said yle.

"That's all right, Kyle—anyway, what I've written goes!

"Oh, there was an old woman in Guiana."

He sang and waved Kyle proudly away. And in another our the waiter had put him to bed.

It was nearly dawn when George Brotherton had told his

story to Laura. They sat in the little, close, varnish-said

ing room to which he called her.

She had come through rain from Harvey. As she can into the dreary, shabby, little room in South Harvey, will its artificial palms and artificial wreaths—cheap, comme cial habiliments of ostentatious mourning, Laura Van Dor thought how cruel it was that he should be there, in a palic place at the end, with only the heavy hands of paid attentions to do the last earthly services for him—whose with

life was a symbol of love.

But her heart was stricken, deeply, poignantly stricks by the great peace she found behind the white door. It thus the dust touches our souls' profoundest depths—alway with her memory of that great peace, comes the memory of the odor of varnish and carbolic acid and the drawn, specified of George Brotherton, as he stood before her when a closed the door. He gazed at her piteously, a wreck of man, storm-battered and haggard. His big hands were shaking with a palsy of terrible grief. His moon face we inanimate, and vagrant emotions from his heart flicked across his features in quivers of anguish. His thin his was tousled and his clothes were soiled and disheveled.

"I thought you ought to know, Laura-at once," he after she had closed the white door behind her and numb and dumb before him. "Nate and Henry and I there about four o'clock. Well, there they were-by the elm tree-on the golf course. His father was there and told me coming back that when they wanted Grant to do thing-they would string up Amos-poor old Amos! made Grant stoop over and kiss the flag, while they kiels him; and they made him pull that machine gun around lake. The fools brought it up from the camp in Soul Harvey." Brotherton's face quivered, but his tears we gone. He continued: "They strung poor old Ames four times, Laura-four times, he says." Brotherton looks wearily into the street. "Well, as we came down the hill is our car, we could see Grant. He was nearly naked-about as he is now. We came tearing down the hill, our sale screaming and Nate and me yelling and waving our At the first scream of our siren, there was an awful rear flash. Some one," Brotherton paused and turned his hagand eyes toward Laura-"it was deaf John Kollander, he mned the lever and fired that machine gun. Oh, Laura, >d, it was awful. I saw Grant wilt down. I saw-" The man broke into tears, but bit his lips and continued: Oh, they ran like snakes then—like snakes—like snakes. we came crashing down to the tree and in a moment last machine had piked-but I know 'em, every manek!" he cried. "There was the old man, tied hand and ot, three yards from the tree, and there, half leaning, half Eting by the tree, the boy, the big, red-headed, broken and sppled boy-was panting his life out." Brotherton caught m inquiring eyes. "It was all gone, Laura," he said softly, mil gone. He was the boy, the shy, gentle boy that we used know-and always have loved. All this other that the mrs have brought was wiped from his eyes. They were so nder and—" He could go no further. She nodded her derstanding. He finally continued: "The first thing he id to me was, 'It's all right, George.' He was tied, they id pulled the claw off and his poor stumped arm was showg and he was bleeding-oh, Laura."

Brotherton fumbled in his pocket and handed an en-

lope to her.

"George,' he panted, as I tried to make him comfortable have Nate look after father.' And when Nate had gone whispered between gasps, 'that letter there in the court om—' He had to stop a moment, then he whispered min, 'is for her, for Laura.' He tried to smile, but the od kept bubbling up. We lifted him into an easier posion, but nothing helped much. He realized that and when quit he said:

**Now then, George, promise me this—they're not to ame. John Kollander isn't to blame. It was funny; Kyle rry saw him as I did, and Kyle—' he almost laughed,

tura.

"''Kyle,' he repeated, 'tried to yell at old John, but got excited stuttering, he couldn't! I'm sure the fellows dn't intend—' he was getting weak; 'this,' he said.

"Promise me and make—others; you won't tell. I know ther—he won't. They're not—it's—society. Just that,'

he said. 'This was society!' He had to stop. I fel hand squeeze. 'I'm—so—happy,' he said one word time, gripping my hand tighter and tighter till it ad Brotherton put out his great hand, and looked at it is sonally, as one introducing a stranger for witness. Brotherton lifted his eyes to Laura's and took up his s

" 'That's hers,' he said; 'the letter,' and then 'my

sages-happy.' "

The woman pressed her letter to her lips and look the white door. She rose and, holding her letter to bosom, closed her eyes and stood with a hand on the She dropped her hand and turned from the white The dawn was graying in the ugly street. But on the the glow of sunrise blushed in promise. She walked toward the street. She gazed for a moment at the glosky of dawn.

When her eyes met her friend's, she cried:

"Give me your hand—that hand!"

She seized it, gazed hungrily at it a second, then it passionately. She looked back at the white door shook with sobs as she cried:

"Oh, you don't think he's there—there in the nigh hind the door! We know—oh, we do know he's out!

out here in the dawn."

CHAPTER LI

WHICH WE END AS WE BEGAN AND ALL LIVE HAPPILY
EVER AFTER

HE great strike in the Wahoo Valley now is only an episode in the history of this struggle of labor for its rights. The episode is receding year by year orther and more dimly into the past and is one of the long, of forgotten skirmishes wherein labor is learning the truth at only in so far as labor dares to lean on peace and efficiency can labor move upward in the scale of life. The arger life with its wider hope, requires the deeper fellowip of men. The winning or losing of the strike in the aboo meant little in terms of winning or losing; but because the men kept the peace, kept it to the very end, the pike meant much in terms of progress. For what they have was permanent; based on their own strength, not on we weakness of those who would deny them.

But the workers in the mines and mills of the Wahoo alley, who have gone to and from their gardens, planting and cultivating and harvesting their crops for many changbg seasons, hold the legend of the strong man, maimed and parred, who led them in that first struggle with themselves, b hold themselves worthy of their dreams. In a hundred ittle shacks in the gardens, and in dingy rooms in the tenesents may be found even to-day newspaper clippings pinned • the wall with his picture on them, all curled up and yelwith years. Before a wash-stand, above a bed or pasted ver the kitchen stove, soiled and begrimed, these clippings leall the story of the man who gave his life to prove his ed. So the fellowship he brought into the world lives on. And the fellowship that came into the world as Grant dams went out of it, touched a wider circle than the group ith whom he lived and labored. The sad sincerity with

which he worked proved to Market Street that the man consecrated to a noble purpose, and Market Street's ! learned a lesson. Indeed the lives of that long processis working men who have given themselves so freelylife was all they had to give-for the freedom of their lows from the bondage of the times, the lives of these have found their highest value in making the Market S eternal, realize its own shame. So Grant Adams lay in the company of his peers that Market Street might w stand in his death what his fellows really hoped for. was a seed that is sown and falls upon good ground. Market Street after all is not a stony place; seeds sown bring forth great harvests. And while the harvest of Adams's life is not at hand; the millennium is not the seed is quickening in the earth. And great thing moving in the world.

Of course, there came a time in Harvey, even in the of Nesbit, when there was marrying and giving in mar It was on a winter's night when the house inside the dark Moorish verandas, celebrating Mrs. Nesbit's last with the spirit of architecture, glowed with a jewel of

And in due course they appeared, Rev. Dr. John I leading the way, followed by a thin, dark-skinned man with eyes to match and a rather slight, shortist blond and pink with happy trimmings and real pear her eyelashes. The children jabbered, and the women and the men wiped their eyes, and it was altogether occasion. Just as the young people were ready to lo world squarely in the face, George Brotherton, thinki heard some one moving outside in the deep, dark ver flicked on the porch light, and through the windo saw-and the merry company could not help seein faces-two wan, unhappy faces, staring hungrily in bridal pair. They stood at different corners of the and did not seem to know of one another's presence the light revealed them. Only an instant did their flash into the light, as John Dexter was reading from Bible a part of the service that he loved to put in.

bid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' faces vanished, there was a scurrying across the cemen or of the veranda and two figures met on the lawn in me and anger.
But they in the house did not know of the meeting. For

rybody was kissing everybody else, and the peppermin dy in little Grant Brotherton's mouth tasted on a score lips in three minutes, and a finger dab of candy or

per Adams's shirt front made the world akin. After the guests had gone, three old men lingered by the oldering logs. "Well, now, Doc Jim," asked Amos
hy shouldn't I! Haven't I paid taxes in Greeley County
nearly fifty years! Didn't I make the campaign for tha me in the nineties, when they called it the poor houseest people call it that now. I only stay there when I am nesome and I go out in a taxi-cab at the county's expense e a gentleman to his estate. And I guess it is my estate was talking to Lincoln about it the other night, and he ys he approves. Ruskin says I am living my religion like diamond in the rock."

To the Captain's protest he answered, "Oh, yes, I know hat—but that would be charity. My pencils and shoe rings and collar buttons and coat hangers keep me ir pending money. I couldn't take charity even from you nen. And Jasper's money," the gray poll wagged, and eried, "Oh, no—not Ahab Wright's and Kyle Perry's—ot that money. Kenyon is forever slipping me fifty. But don't need it. John Dexter keeps a room always ready me, and I like it at the Dexters' almost as much as I at the county home. So I don't really need Kenyon's money, however much joy he takes in giving it. And I raise the devil's own fuss to keep him from doing it."

The Doctor puffed, and the Captain in his regal garment haraded the long room, with his hands locked under his

nattails.

"But, Amos," cried the Captain, "under the law, no man rearing that button," and the Captain looked at the triblor of the Loyal Legion, proudly adorning the shiny coat no soldier under the law, has to go out there. They've

got to keep you here in town, and besides you're could to a whopping lot of pension money for all these unclaim

years."

The white old head shook and the pursed old lips sail as the thin little voice replied, "Not yet, Ezra—not yed on't need the pension yet. And as for the Home—it's lonesome there. A lot of 'em are bedfast and stricker a I get a certain amount of fun—chirping 'em up on else days. They like to hear from Emerson and John A. Lot and Sitting Bull and Huxley and their comrades. Since guess I'm being more or less useful." He stroked his serm beard and looked at the fire, "And then," he added, always seems nearer where there is sorrow. Grant, too that way, though neither of 'em really has come."

The Captain finding that his money was ashes in his har and not liking the thought and meditation of death, chan the subject, and when the evening was old, Amos Adcalled a taxi-cab, and at the county's expense rode home

At the end of a hard winter day, descending tardily in the early spring, they missed him at the farm. No knew whether he had gone to visit the Dexters, as was weekly wont, or whether he was staying with Captain in town, where he sometimes spent Saturday night a

the Grand Army meeting.

The next day the sun came out and melted the until snow banks. And some country boys playing by a listone ledge in a wide upland meadow above the Wahoa from the smoke of town, came upon the body of an old a Beside him was strewn a meager peddler's kit. On knees was a tablet of paper; in his left hand was a petightly gripped. On the tablet in a fine, even hand were words: "I am here, Amos," and his old eyes, stark wide, were drooped, perhaps to look at the tri-color of Loyal Legion that shone on his shrunken chest and tok a great dream of a nation come true, or perhaps in the distark eyes was another vision in another world.

And so as in the beginning, there was blue sky and

shine and prairie grass at the end.

CHAPTER LII

ENOT EXACTLY A CHAPTER BUT RATHER A QED OR A HIC PABULA DOCET

And this fable teaches, if it teaches anything, that the fool was indeed a fool. Now do not think that is folly lay chiefly in glutting his life with drab material sings, with wives and concubines, with worldly power and bery. That was but a small part of his folly. For that construed himself. That turned upon his own little destiny. The vast folly of the fool came with his blindness. He could to see the beautiful miracle of progress that God has been working in this America of ours during these splendid fifty wars that have closed a great epoch.

And what a miracle it was! Here lay a continent—rich, rans, material, beckoning humanity to fall down and worship be god of gross and palpable realities. And, on the other and, here stood the American spirit—the eternal love of bedom, which had brought men across the seas, had bid am fight kings and principalities and powers, had forced am into the wilderness by the hundreds of thousands to ake of it "the homestead of the free"; the spirit that had led them by the millions to wage a terrible civil war for a

eat ideal.

This spirit met the god of things as they are, and for a

meration grappled in a mighty struggle.

And men said: The old America is dead; America is oney mad; America is a charnel house of greed. Millions and millions of men from all over the earth came to her hores. And the world said: They have brought only their reed with them. And still the struggle went on. The connent was taken; man abolished the wilderness. A new civitation rose. And because it was strong, the world said it

was not of the old America, but of a new, soft, wicked or

which wist not that God had departed from it.

Then the new epoch dawned; clear and strong came the to Americans to go forth and fight in the Great War—no themselves, not for their own glory, nor their own safety for the soul of the world. And the old spirit of America and responded. The long inward struggle, seen only by wise, only by those who knew how God's truth conque this earth, working beneath the surface, deep in the leathings, the long inward struggle of the spirit of America its own was won.

So it came to pass that the richness of the continent poured out for an ideal, that the genius of those who seemed to be serving only Mammon was devoted passion to a principle, and that the blood of those who came in ing greed to America was shed gloriously in the high em which called America to this new world crusade. Mor the burning bush speaking with God, Saul on the ro Damascus, never came closer to the force outside our which makes for righteousness,-the force that has g humanity upward through the ages,—than America has in this hour of her high resolve. And yet for fifty year has come into this holy ground steadily, and unswervi indeed, for a hundred years, for three hundred years Plymouth Rock to the red fields of France, America has a long and perilous way-yet always sure, and never f ing.

To have lived in the generation now passing, to have the glory of the coming of the Lord in the hearts of people, to have watched the steady triumph in our Amelife of the spirit of justice, of fellowship ever the spir greed, to have seen the Holy Ghost rise in the life of a nation, was a blessed privilege. And if this tale has reffrom the shallow paper hearts of those phantoms fithrough its pages some glimpse of their joy in their plage, the story has played its part. If the fable of Adams's triumphant failure does not dramatize in some the victory of the American spirit—the Puritan conscient our generation, then, alas, this parable has fallen shits aim. But most of all, if the story has not shown

NOT EXACTLY A CHAPTER

a thing it is to sit in the seat of the scornful, and to deny reality of God's purpose in this world, even though it is aied in pomp and power and pride, then indeed this nar-aive has failed. For in all this world one finds no other see so dreary and so desolate as it is in the heart of a fool.

THE END

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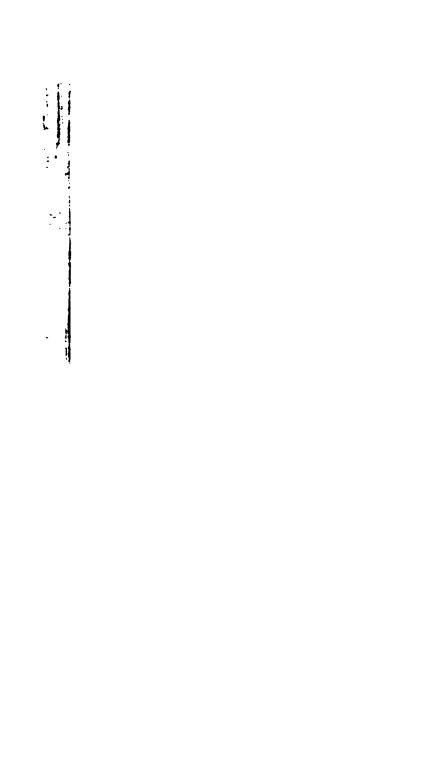
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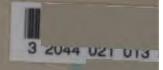
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